Liberty

OCT. 21, 1944 10c

Book: TEN YEARS IN JAPAN
By Joseph C. Grew

HOW WILL THE NEGRO VOTE?
By Walter White

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"I am more than pleased with the service one of your synthetic tires is giving. I frequently travel rough country roads and on hurry calls have to drive at fast speeds. So far this tire has run 16,100 miles and shows very little tread wear."

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"At present we have more than 200 of your synthetic tires on our fleet. 150 of them have already delivered better than 20,000 miles without recapping and I believe with recaps they will average 35,000 miles each. You should be proud of this splendid mileage performance."

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"I purchased two of the first 6.50-16 Goodyear synthetic tires in this part of Iowa. They have given 35,000 miles of service and from the amount of tread design left I will get around 20,000 more miles. I am more than satisfied with your synthetic tires."

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"Accept my unqualified endorsement of your De Luxe synthetic tires. I have two used in hauling farm produce on all kinds of roads. After 16,000 miles they have never been off the wheels, are wearing evenly and have lots of tread left."

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"I am in the oil business and much of my travel is over rough roads. In six months I have put 12,000 miles on three synthetic Goodyear tires and they are still in fine condition, the treads being scarcely worn. Needless to say, I am well pleased."

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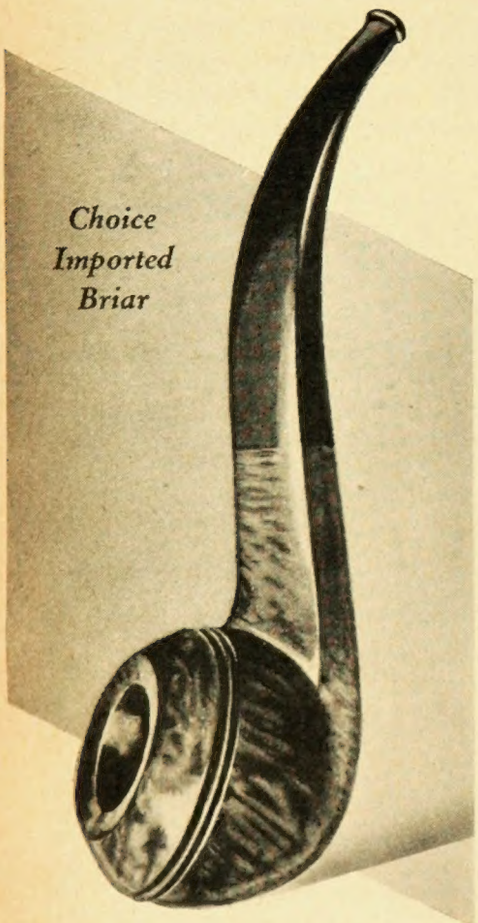

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

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THE Strange Woman

To the World She was an Angel . . . to 8 Men She Was a Devil! — Her Father, Husbands, Sons, Lovers!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do strange things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for being a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell.

But John was different. Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember!

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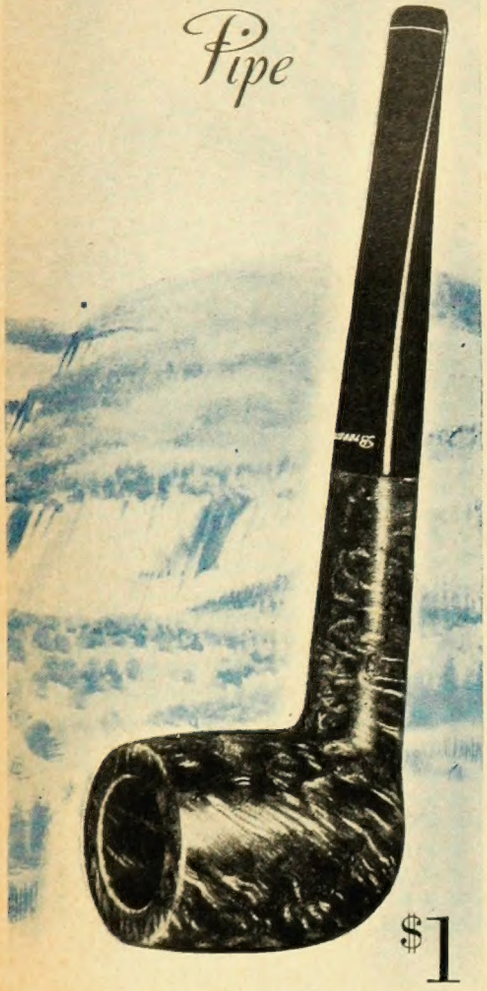
The new Breezewood Pipe



$1

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

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The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

PUZZLE SOLUTION

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Having just read Lillian B. Blackmer's letter (September 2 Vox Pop), it seems to me that others might be interested in my solution of the crossword puzzle problem.

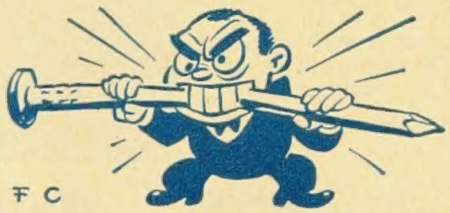
First, I take out the book condensation and staple it, after which it can be folded into an ordinary long envelope and, with a two-page letter, sent for six cents to overseas servicemen. Since the crossword puzzle has been printed on the back of the book condensation, it seems too bad to spoil this page for the soldier. So I take my trusty pencil, a ruler, and a sheet of scratch paper, and soon have my own crossword puzzle, leaving the original in pristine clearness for the soldiers to whom I send it.

Perhaps my solution, which takes so little time and effort, will aid some other Shane fan.—*Mrs. R. A. Decker.*

Mrs. Decker is correct; but you can also mail the condensation plus a two-page letter to any overseas soldier for three cents provided he has an APO address, such as APO, New York. If his address is outside the continental United States, say Hawaii or Alaska, then you need a six-cent stamp.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BITIN' MAD!

OWENSBORO, KY.—When I read James M. Connors' letter (September 9 Vox Pop), it made me so mad I could have bitten a tenpenny nail into two pieces! He seems



to forget when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. It was not our leaders who "willfully led" us into the incessant wars of Europe; Germany declared war on us December 8, 1941. Connors sounds like one of Hitler's paid propagandists.—*Harold Jaslin.*

BITTER WORDS

c/o POSTMASTER, SEATTLE, WASH.—Being some distance from a magazine stand, I just got to reading your July 8 issue.

In Vox Pop, R. F. Williams wrote, "'The people are too damn dumb to know any different.' Don't worry! The Republicans will give the country a chance to get back to fundamentals again in government and decency of thought and action."

While Williams and others are fighting over the Republicans and Democrats, the soldiers, who are fighting so we have a country at all, will vote for whom they think is the right man—no matter what party he belongs to.

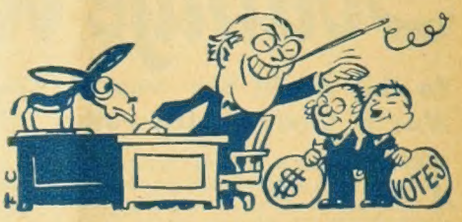
If it's decency of thought and action he wants, he might get a job in a defense plant.

And Sunday, if he's not too busy, he might go to church and do a little praying for the boys. I'm sure he'll find decency of thought there.

It's pretty tough to suffer out here for people like him, but as he said, I guess I'm just "too damn dumb to know any different."—*Sgt. Charles Smyth.*

FRIENDSHIP

LANSING, MICH.—A person's integrity of purpose is often determined by the company he keeps. Perhaps F. D. R. is not a Communist, but why should he be so friendly toward Earl Browder, Sidney Hill-



man, and the Big City Bosses if he is not seeking personal gain in a fourth term?

The above-named parties are the strongest Anti-Laborites we have in the public eye, and their financial antagonism to Dewey's candidacy is the greatest asset the G. O. P. has.—*Samuel H. Davis.*

AUTHOR, AUTHOR!!

SCRANTON, PA.—I want to commend you for the story Career Casualty, by Marian Castle (September 2 Liberty). It told a story that could so easily *not* be fiction. Usually such stories are about a factory worker in a defense plant, but my contacts show me that the so-called intelligent parents are at fault too. The trouble is more often parental delinquency than juvenile.

If the author is a newcomer, may she come often. She has a delightfully accurate understanding of girls of this age.—*Mrs. C. E. Scotchbrook.*

V-DAY CELEBRATIONS?

c/o STATION HOSPITAL, CAMP KILMER, N. J.—May I say something on this matter of V-Day celebrations? It seems that during the past few weeks newspapers have been full of plans for an official celebration on Victory Day—plans that almost all the larger American cities will carry out. In fact, we understand some cities are even planning major demonstrations for the European Victory Day. My buddies and I—a representative group of servicemen—wish to go on record as resenting this bitterly.

Don't get us wrong. We believe that the civic and business leaders who are planning these celebrations are undoubtedly sincere in thinking they are doing all of us service folk a great honor. But there are very few of us who could feel honored by the type of demonstration that seems generally contemplated—bands, con-

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Now you can finish cutting corn, Pop!"

"I had to chase all over town for your pitman rod, Dad, but I finally found one. Good thing the Plymouth doesn't break down. It fetches parts for you, gets stuff to market, brings goods home. Just as Bud says, it's our 'service of supply' in this war. Thank goodness, we *did* buy a Plymouth."★

On country roads as on city streets, Plymouth is a thoroughly *useful* car. It owes its all-around reliability to sound engineering, precision manufacturing and tough testing.

Plymouth is the low-priced car with fine-car engineering. It is a big car — long and wide. It's a sturdy car — with all-steel body and double-channel frame.

★ *Based on an actual interview in the Plymouth files.*

This car has been matched against all kinds of driving conditions. Using the nation as their testing ground, engineers proved, improved and reproved parts and features in deep sand and winter mud, desert dust and far north cold, farm lanes and city streets.

Today, all Plymouth's facilities are going into plane and tank and gun production.

But Plymouths built before the war are proving their extraordinary value — reliable low-cost transportation reliably serviced by Plymouth's experienced dealer organization.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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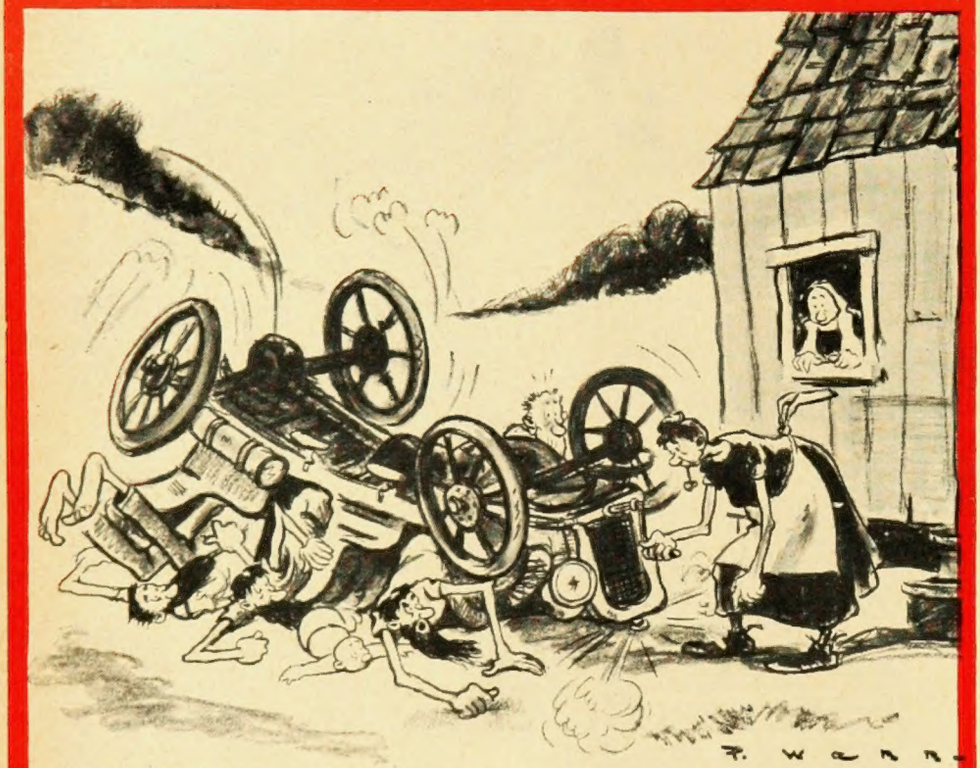
AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Dang it, Maw . . . Ah tol' you to let go the crank when she back-fires."

DO YOUR CAR A GOOD TURN WITH "PLUG-CHEK"...

"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the quick and accurate way of finding the spark plugs that are wasting gas . . . it puts the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to the mileage you are now getting from your coupons, according to tests by the American Automobile Association.

Possibly all your present plugs need is cleaning or regapping — a "Plug-Chek" can give you the answer. But if new ones are needed, install Auto-Lites . . . the spark plugs that are ignition engineered.

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

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Dick Haymes AND GORDON JENKIN'S ORCHESTRA IN . . .
"EVERYTHING FOR THE BOYS"
Featuring men and women on the fighting fronts
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fetti, cheering crowds, waving flags, and all that sort of thing.

We'll be glad when this war nears a finish—of course we will; but how could those of us who have lost our best buddies feel "honored" by such joymaking festivities? And how would the people at home feel who have lost their sons, husbands, and brothers? Their sacrifice has been difficult enough. Are we going to make it harder for them, as we did after the last war, with wild celebrations and joymaking? I suggest that those families whose boys have returned safe and well should have their own private celebrations.

Let public observance, however, be limited to a simple observance of silence. Such restraint, "when the boys come home," would do us proud as a nation. It would be the most reverent, the most satisfying tribute to us all.

Soldiers are known to be habitual gripers. The saying, "They aren't happy unless they have something to gripe about," was coined a long time ago. But let no one make a mistake about this. *This* is no gripe. It is much more than that to us. It is a principle—a question of conscience—that we have felt compelled to express.—*Cpl. Henry Josten.*

HUZZAS FOR HUNTER

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—May I say just a word in praise of Paul Hunter's editorial The President as Commander in Chief (September 9)?

This is the fairest and clearest explanation of the question that I have ever read and deserves the earnest attention of every American voter.

Let us remember that this is the most critical situation we have ever faced.

Shall we replace our vigorous, seasoned, and proven leader with a raw recruit who has never seen any service? Who has never even made up his mind what it is all about?

Let us not forfeit our world leadership by making the same mistake again that we did in 1920.—*William E. Durrell.*

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NEST—AGREE?

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC—Here's a gripe you can print if you wish. I've been reading Vox Pop in Liberty for quite some time and all I see is one person saying something and another person contradicting him or her. In other words, the argument just goes back and forth!

Why can't people read the letters and take it for granted that some people don't agree instead of writing in and saying you're a liar? We'll never get any place if this keeps up!

One of the main arguments is "Whom will I vote for for President?" Now, why not let everyone write what he may think with no contradicting? Period. When the time comes, each man can and will make his own decision.

I should think this mess would drive someone crazy.—*E. P. Abbott Cox.*

It does!—VOX POP EDITOR.

NO DEFROSTING of space stealing coils! More room for food in the Admiral Refrigerator!

A separate built-in **HOME FREEZER** ...for quick freezing or storing frozen foods!

Imagine! *No defrosting* of messy, space-stealing coils. Lots more room for food. Separate, built-in *home freezer* quick freezes or stores nearly two bushels of frozen foods. Extra large purified moist cold compartment keeps foods fresh and appetizing in *uncovered* dishes. *Sterilamp* kills bacteria, retards mold, eliminates odors. Many more features . . . all a postwar promise from Admiral!

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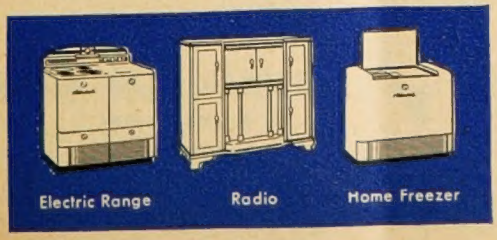

Admiral

A beautiful fabric! A dutiful shirt!

Marlboro shirts of

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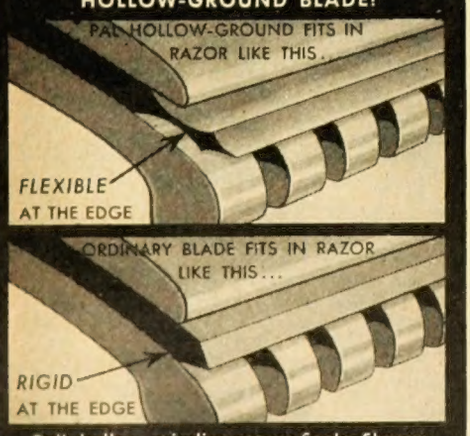
SHIRTS Marlboro SPORTSWEAR

Experts said we couldn't do it! ...SO WE DID IT!

PAL PRODUCED A HOLLOW-GROUND BLADE!



Pal's hollow-grinding means Cooler Shaves and More Shaves per blade because you use only a "Feather Touch". Thanks to its keen *flexible* edge, you shave clean, close and comfortable without "bearing down."

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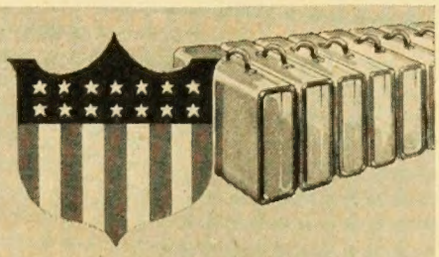
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

Fit all regular razors perfectly



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NEXT WEEK

DIRIGO POINT

By Elizabeth Foster

Liberty's Book Condensation

Years after the divorce of Laura and Roger Hawthorne, the suppressed scandal that had caused it threatened to explode—like a delayed time bomb. This is the story of how two pleasant couples met the menace to their happiness—and conquered it!

LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS!

Politicians forever talk about the basic principles of their respective parties. So Liberty asked a spokesman of each party, namely Senator Carl Hatch, Governor John Bricker, Norman Thomas, and Earl Browder, to state these "basic principles."

Here's proof that it's possible to have four sides to every question—not two!

MURDER FOR PROFIT

By Ralph Parker

Know your enemy! You'll never see him plainer or know him better than after you've read this firsthand report on the Maidanek death camp where the Nazis slaughtered a million and a half people.

HERE'S YOUR COUNTRY, SOLDIER

By Lieutenant William FitzGibbon

What does it feel like to get home after two years? How are the dames? Is it still the good old U. S. A.? Here is a serviceman's report to the boys still over there.

OUR ITALIAN CAPTIVES—PRISONERS OR PRINCES?

By George H. Copeland

What's the real low-down on these Italian prisoners of war? Is it true that we're coddling them? Read the unvarnished facts about a touchy situation.

GOING SOME PLACE?

By Vincent McHugh

Well, if you simply must visit Aunt Gertrude in Oklahoma, you should post yourself on the latest wrinkles in travel—because wrinkles are probably what you'll get!

NURSES WITH WINGS

By Morris Markey

On long plane trips to base hospitals the flight nurse is sister, mother, and friend to wounded boys with aching minds who say fervently, "Thank God they sent a nurse along!"

Advertisement

Advertisement

New Sickness and Accident Plan Pays $25 Weekly Benefits

Costs Only $12 a Year—Down Payment $2.50—Hospital Benefit Included

NEWARK, N. J.—The 58-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago, announces a new plan that pays $25 a week for 10 weeks for both stated accidents and sicknesses. Plus an additional $25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only $12 a year. The purpose of this new Premier Limited Double Duty Policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive $50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and $75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special feature that pays up to $25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of death by a common accident, the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand dollars if caused by a travel accident.

In addition, it covers many common sicknesses such as pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The entire cost is only $12 a year, and that applies to men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Between the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only $18 a year. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination is required.

Men and women who join the armed forces will receive the full benefits of this protection while in the United States.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago is one of America's great insurance companies, the largest and oldest exclusive health and accident insurance company in this country. It has paid out over $35,000,000 to grateful policyholders when they needed help most. North American is under the supervision of the Insurance Departments of 47 States and District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to write a letter or postcard for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy". This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail, without charge or obligation of any kind. No one will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a free copy by sending your name and address with postal zone number to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co., 830 Broad Street, Dept. 2021, Newark 2, New Jersey.

THE *End* OF THE HUNT
FOR GOOD TASTE

Zesty as the first frosty hint of hunting weather... yet relaxing as the friendly glow of firelight on the cabin walls. Here is the end of the hunt for GOOD TASTE in beer—BLATZ.

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 94th year

FAST BECOMING
AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE

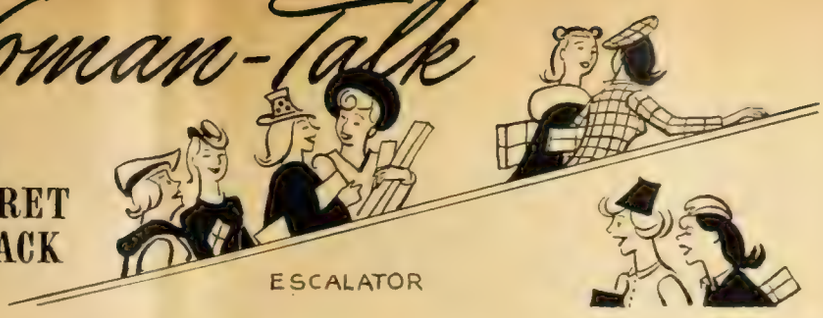
NOTICE
The prompt return of
ALL EMPTY BEER BOTTLES
to your source of supply
is urgently requested

Buy MORE
War Bonds

Blatz Beer

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



SMITHS BY THE WHOLESALE: At the Fleet Post Office in San Francisco alone 21,000 Smiths are registered; in New York there are 14,000 Smiths, of whom 1,500 are J. J. Smiths; 300 are John J. Smiths and 80 are J. A. Smiths. This is just one of the many good reasons for using the *exact* official Navy address of any Smith, or anyone else in the service to whom you may be writing. The Navy's mail service handled over 100,000,000 pieces of mail in July, 1944. In one month more than 200,000 pounds of correspondence was transported by air alone into the Central Pacific ad-

vance areas. Don't add to the tremendous task of delivering mail by sloppy addressing.

PUTTING ON THE HEAT: An American staying at a famous hotel in Rome writes: "We get hot water only when some super big shot arrives. This morning we were sure Churchill had come because the water was scorching, so hot, in fact, with no cold water running from the other faucet, that we couldn't use it at all. I always knew that Winnie was hot, but not that hot. We'll just wash some other day."

GLOVE STORY: A Fifth Avenue leather shop suggests gloves as Christmas gifts for service men and women, and has lined up an imposing collection. Pointing out the fact that WAC officers are now allowed to wear yellow gloves with their dress uniforms, the store offers hand-sewn English chamois pull-ons at $5 and hand-sewn yellow fabric shorties at $2.95. For everyday WAC wear, the suggestion is hand-sewn ginger capeskin at $5 a pair. Waves, it seems, want hand-sewn white doeskin at $5 a pair, while women Marines go for hand-sewn coffee-bean capeskin at the same price. Army men like pigskin at $5 and $7.50—as who wouldn't?—and Navy men will give thanks for gray mocha at $6.50 and $8.50.

THE FINE ART OF FAKING: There is a story going the rounds that has evoked hearty laughter among the magazine boys and girls in midtown Manhattan. It seems the big shots on a certain publication were so hypnotized by the sales talk given them by a European refugee that they fired their art director of many years' standing and hired the wonder boy. When the new man reported for work at the odd hour of 5 P. M., the staff was flabbergasted at his unique explanation. He simply stated that he couldn't work during ordinary nine-to-five office hours because they didn't fit his rhythm. So insistent and persuasive was this genius from the Old World, that an intricate system of memos was devised to keep him abreast of the magazine's needs without his attendance at daytime meetings.

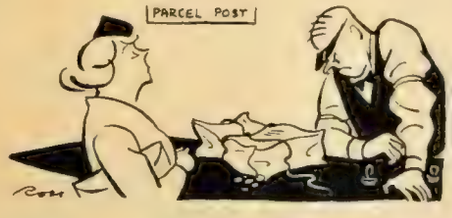
It was two months before the staff discovered that his story of having directed the art of leading European publications was pure fiction. Before he was exposed as a fake, he had contrived to lay out the magazine by the simple expedient of smuggling in two art students from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn on the freight elevator at night. He paid them each $15 a week for doing a job that paid *him* considerably more than $1,000 a month.

IN A RETAIL RAGE: I herewith raise my anguished annual autumn howl of protest against the edict of stores, stylists, and manufacturers that navy blue is a spring color. Obviously they feel it would be a criminal offense to wear navy in fall or winter, so they protect us weak women from ourselves by producing clothes in every hue except navy, which is probably more becoming to more women than any other color in or out of the rainbow.

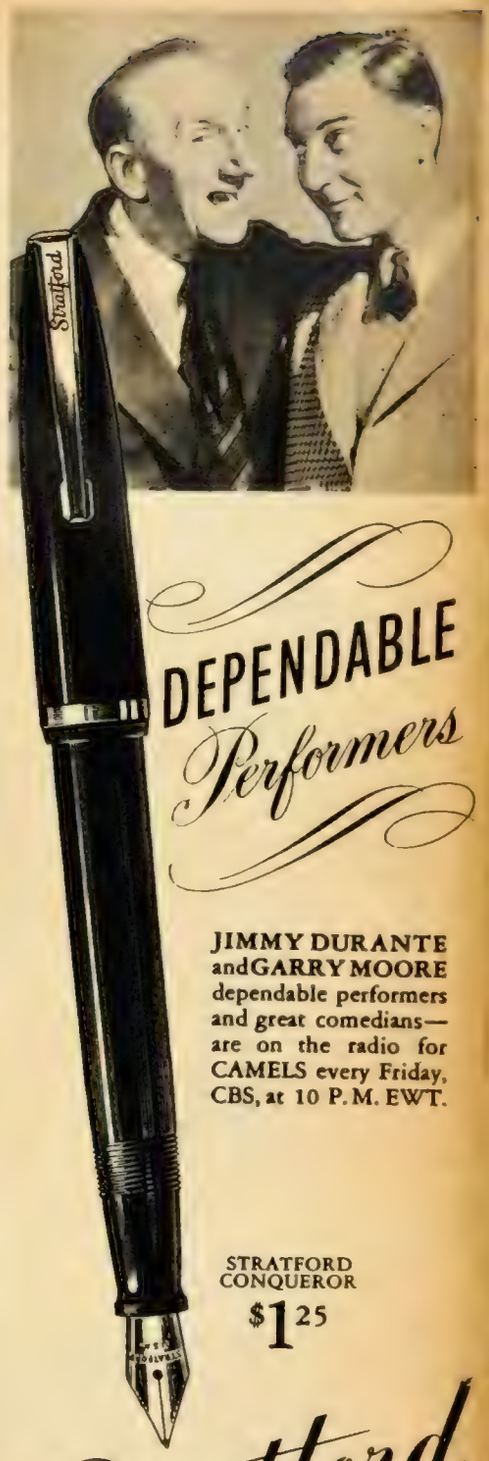
FRUITS OF WAR

I used to scour the town for meat
To make my darling scallopini,
Nor was the marketing complete
Unless I trapped him some zucchini.
To shop for dinner used to be
At least a morning's job for me.

Now he's away, I settle for
A frightened chop, or anything
The butcher offers. Thus the war
Has simplified my marketing.
This program has another use:
It helps a lady to reduce.



LAST CALL: October 15 is the last day on which you can mail Christmas boxes without request letters to the armed forces overseas. As you doubtless know by now, the post office limits weight to 5 pounds, and size to a 15-inch length, and 36 inches in length and girth combined. Use heavy boxes, *not* shoe boxes. The Information Center opposite New York's Grand Central Station displays a sound warning: "If it rattles, it's no good. Pack it again." Other posters warn: "Your Christmas package may *never* reach him if 1. Poorly packed; 2. Carelessly wrapped; 3. Incorrectly or illegibly addressed." And "Your Christmas package WILL reach him if 1. Packed tightly; 2. Wrapped securely; 3. Addressed properly; 4. Mailed before Oct. 15."



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It's hard to believe that this handsome, dependable Stratford Conqueror is a low-priced pen. You'll be delighted with its velvety-smooth point. You'll like its convenient push-button filler. Now look at its slender, streamlined design . . . perfectly balanced! Choice of 4 smart colors. Ask for the Stratford Conqueror . . . precision-built for your writing pleasure.

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"Fresh up"

...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET!

Watch a youngster drink 7-Up. First, a sip . . . and then a smile. And . . . sip by sip . . . the smile grows bigger.

It works the same with grown-ups, too. Try it yourself and see. Let each sip go bubbling over your tongue. Notice the fresh, clean taste . . . the happy, wide-awake flavor. Feel like smiling? Yes, sir! Feel better? You bet! Well, that's what you get from 7-Up. That's a "fresh up".

And here's something else to remember about a "fresh up": You can get it almost any time anywhere. Just look for the store with the 7-Up signs.

"fresh up" with Seven-Up

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Order a case from your dealer

You like it . . .
it likes you

★ Be a "fighter-backer":
Help wherever help is needed

Panagra's cargo transports have maintained an uninterrupted flow of essential war materials between the southern and northern continents.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Aviation—a Driving Force

There is a driving force deep inside some people that keeps them going in aviation despite handicaps. The public as a whole never realized how hopelessly bankrupt the aviation industry was in 1929 and the first half of the '30s. Anyone but aviation folk would have turned to other businesses.

A typical example is Solar Aircraft Company of San Diego, headed by plucky, sincere, and capable Edmund T. Price. Solar has just completed production of its 200,000th exhaust manifold, a very important part of an aircraft engine. The company has been working at capacity during the war, but it went through some very lean years earlier. When the 1929 stock-market crash came, it had an all-metal airplane on its hands and no customers. Solar's debts were five times its assets. Twenty-seven employees went without pay for six months, while Solar turned to manufacturing pots, pans, and beer barrels to raise enough money to keep out of bankruptcy. The nation owes much to hardy companies like Solar, because without the know-how of the industry, our airmen wouldn't be flying so many or so good airplanes as they are flying throughout the world today.

Another Record Broken

In the September 16 Liberty we told you of a record flight from London to Washington in eighteen hours nonstop by a C-54 landplane with Major Henry T. Myers at the controls.

But it seems that this record has been broken. In the first place, the C-54 didn't depart from London, but from a field at a considerable distance west of London. The record nonstop London-Washington flight is held by an American-built C-87 Liberator which brought Lord Beaverbrook and his advisers to Washington in July to attend some oil and aviation conferences. The 3,665-mile flight by way of Newfoundland was made in nineteen hours and forty-four minutes.

The Liberator bears the name of Marco Polo, and well it might. It was one of the first Liberators converted into a transport, and had crashed in Montreal in 1941. It was condemned as junk and remained uncovered on the edge of the field for a year. But the British are not ones to throw away anything that can be rebuilt. It was fixed up and flew many trips to Africa and India, carrying important personages, including Prime Minister Churchill. It's been going strong ever since, and its present crew consists of American pilot and first officer, an Australian navigator, Canadian radio operator and flight engineer, and a British steward.

A Budding Genius

Nineteen-year-old Stanley Hiller left the University of California and built a helicopter that is attracting much interest and he has already received an experimental license from the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Built with materials obtained through a special government laboratory order, the Hiller-copter has a twelve-foot tubular-steel-and-fabric fuselage and carries a ninety-horsepower Franklin engine. It has contra-rotating two-blade rotors of twenty-five-foot diameter and is said to have attained a forward speed of 100 miles an hour.

Army and Navy officers have watched flight demonstrations since May. Hiller is associated with his father in a die-casting firm; in fact, he invented the die-casting machine with his father to enter that business. He was producing gasoline-model automobiles on a production-line basis in his back yard in 1939-40.

Correction

Your On the Beam editor was off the beam a few issues back (August 26) when some errors crept into the details of the Ercoupe light plane. The wing area of this private plane was given as 142.6 square inches, and it should have read 142.6 square feet. The power loading was listed as 19.4 pounds a square foot, and it should have been 19.4 pounds per *horsepower*, as anyone in aviation should know. Mr. Charles Bennett, an aeronautical engineer of Hampton, Virginia, caught these errors and we thank him for calling them to our attention.

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Described in FREE Booklet! Mail coupon below *today* for your copy. Tells how thousands of hard of hearing now feel casual and at ease with Zenith's smartly styled plastic earphone and cord which complements any complexion. Contains valuable information for all hard-of-hearing.

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$40 Complete, Ready to Wear

FREE BOOKLET tells how Zenith combines its leadership in *"Radionics Exclusively"* with *precision mass production* to bring you at $40 an *even finer* hearing aid than Zenith's first $50,000 hand-made model. Also describes many other Zenith advantages. Send coupon below at once!

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YES . . . 63 of them!

AMONG the hundreds of skilled research scientists of the house of Texaco are 63 doctors, not of medicine, but of science – representing many of the world's leading universities.

Among these scientists, too, are many of the outstanding specialists in the various fields of petroleum research – men whose insight and knowledge have completely revolutionized techniques of petroleum manufacture and use.

In hundreds of ways these scientists are working constantly and effectively for Victory.

Here American science fights back against the diabolical science of the Axis.

From these Texaco laboratories have come technical advances that have speeded up enormously the flow of 100-octane gasoline to our fighting flyers . . . created an endless stream of new fuels and lubricants to add power and speed to America's mechanized war machine . . . "secret weapons" . . . fighting chemicals.

And this work will give *you* even finer Texaco Products after the war.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Coming . . finer FIRE-CHIEF *and* Sky Chief *gasolines because of Texaco's research in this war*

TEXACO

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

INTERNATIONAL FROM OWI

The Negroes are more politically conscious than ever, this election. Their influence will be strong.

HOW WILL THE NEGRO VOTE?

BY WALTER WHITE

Secretary, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

A Negro leader explains why the colored vote can be an important factor in the coming election, and what it seeks

IN the 1944 Presidential election the Negro vote holds the potential balance of power in seventeen states which have 281 electoral votes. It takes 266 to elect a President and Vice-President. In addition, the colored voter, casting his ballot as a bloc, can largely determine who shall sit in the United States Senate and House of Representatives as spokesmen for several hundred congressional districts. This includes not only northern and border states but also North Carolina, where there are now close to 100,000 registered colored voters, and congressional districts in states like Texas and Alabama.

Ninety days before election day Governor Dewey led President Roosevelt in New York State by 52 per cent to 48 per cent in the Gallup poll; in Illinois and Ohio by 54 per cent to 46 per cent; in Michigan and Indiana by 57 per cent to 43 per cent. These five states have 132 electoral votes, which will play a tremendous role in deciding who will be the next occupant of the White House. And it is precisely in these states that the colored voter will have much to say about which political party will win those electoral votes.

To narrow the picture even more, there are political experts who predict that as twelve large American cities go, so will the election go. Those cities are New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, Louisville, Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and Kansas City, Missouri. In these cities are to be found the largest concentrations of Negroes.

The following figures compiled in 1940 give some hint of the potency of the Negro vote in sixteen states:

N. Y.	393,056	Ky.	138,001
Pa.	299,998	Okla.	97,137
Ill.	263,426	Calif.	90,407
Ohio	220,164	Ind.	80,451
Md.	183,716	W. Va.	70,094
Mo.	164,605	Kan.	39,381
N. J.	143,661	Del.	22,893
Mich.	138,116	Conn.	20,704

Yet these figures don't tell the whole story, for, since 1940, because of the wartime needs of industry, there has been a tremendous migration of Negroes to industrial centers like Detroit, Cleveland, Kansas City, Bridgeport and New Haven, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Gary, and other cities. This concentration has greatly increased the effectiveness of the colored vote.

The growing restiveness and political independence of the Negro make this vote difficult to gauge until election day. But if they were to cast their ballots to any considerable degree as a bloc, the Negroes in each of the above states could determine the outcome of any reasonably close election and, in many of them, some contests not so close.

For example, New York's forty-seven electoral votes represent a prize for which a bitter battle will be fought. Political seers predict Dewey will amass Republican support in upstate New York which will permit him to come down to the Harlem River with a lead of approximately 400,000. There were nearly that many Negro voters in the state in 1940, and they have been augmented by wartime population shifts, largely concentrated in the New York City area. They may have much to say about which candidate will get those forty-seven

(Continued on page 68)

SUCKER BAIT

PART ONE

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

COLIN McGRATH'S hands were not steady as he filled his pipe. He kept his back deliberately turned to Marcia because he knew his face must give away what he was feeling. That he was deeply hurt would show there, and also that he was bewildered. The situation, he knew, must be handled delicately, yet there was really no way to handle it at all, since he didn't understand it.

He snapped his lighter into flame and got the pipe going. Then he turned and stood with his back to the empty fireplace. He was a trim figure in his blue Navy uniform with the three full stripes on the sleeve. The service ribbons on his chest indicated that he had been in the war pretty well from the start. His face was bronzed from very recent exposure to sun and wind.

"Look here, darling," he said. "I think I understand. If I've been sour about it, it's because I'm selfish. I love you so very much, Marcia."

Marcia McGrath sat on the edge of the couch. Her whole figure suggested tension. She wore a black dinner dress and her hair was red flame to set it off. Her face was pale and her lipstick looked too bright, too heavily applied. This was not the easy, laughing, relaxed Marcia that Colin had left a year ago, when his orders took him to the South Pacific.

"Must we go over it again?" she asked. Her voice was brittle.

"No, darling."

"If I were to visit you at your base, Colin, you couldn't calmly stop doing your job. Personal choice doesn't enter into it. I've undertaken to do this job at the canteen. I've been doing it ever since you left. I can't let them down. You know I'd rather be with you. You *know* that, Colin!"

"Yes," he said. How could he tell her that he knew she was lying? How could he tell her that he had known for a week that there was no canteen, no war job, which took her away from him each evening?

The first night, he had protested against her going, and when she'd insisted, he'd suggested going with her. This suggestion seemed to terrify her. He hadn't understood it, but he had let it pass. She hadn't come home that night till after two. Surely, he thought, the canteen could have spared her before that on his first night home after a year. She had seemed exhausted . . . done in.

The next morning he pointed out to her that she needed rest. They could go away somewhere together. She refused, almost in a panic. She had to stay here in town. It was her job. She kept saying over and over that it was her job.

The job kept her every night till two or three o'clock. It seemed to Colin she was fading away in front of his eyes. He took the bit in his teeth the third night and, a little after twelve, went to the canteen to fetch her. She wasn't there. He knew Grace Avery, who was in charge of the

Colin stood in the center of the room, blood pounding his temples.

A man will go a long way to protect the woman he loves —if he is desperate enough. And when he came home to find his lovely wife caught in a sinister racket, the commander was plenty desperate

canteen. She was an old friend of Colin and Marcia. Grace acted queerly. She stalled for a while and then finally she said:

"I think you ought to know, Colin. We haven't seen Marcia here for weeks."

"But, Grace! Good heavens, she told me . . ."

"I don't know what she told you, Colin. I just know we haven't seen her." Grace was clearly troubled, but if she knew anything, she wasn't telling.

Colin went home and waited. Shortly before three Marcia came in.

"How was the canteen?" he asked, trying to keep the strain out of his voice.

"It's pretty exhausting," she said. Then, suddenly, she was in his arms, weeping like a hysterical child.

He could have questioned her then, but he didn't. He had to think it out. There had never been any barriers between them before he'd gone away. The deliberate lie about the canteen, her nervous exhaustion, her tense, frightened manner convinced Colin that Marcia was in some sort of serious trouble. Why she didn't confide in him, ask for his help, he couldn't explain. It would have been automatic in the old days.

He felt like a heel doing it, but he had to find out where she went each evening. Spying was not up his alley, but there was nothing else he could do.

MARCIA finished her drink and rose from the couch. Colin held her wrap for her.

"I'll go down with you and get you a taxi," he said. "I think I'll drop in at the club for a while."

Marcia's hand closed over his wrist for a moment. "I wish I didn't have to go, darling," she said.

"Me too," he said.

The doorman of the apartment building whistled up a cab for Marcia. There was a cab waiting at the curb, but the meter flag was down.

"Try not to be too late," Colin said. He kissed her cheek.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," she said. "I promise."

She got into the taxi and gave the address of the canteen. As soon as she was gone, the cab with the flag down pulled up to where Colin stood. Colin got in. The driver started off without any instructions. He followed Marcia's taxi.

"Looks like a new trail tonight, commander," the driver said.

Colin leaned forward, his eyes on the red taillight of Marcia's taxi. For three nights he had followed her this way. Each night she had gone to a brownstone house on East Fifty-second Street, dismissed the cab, climbed the front steps, and waited to be admitted after ringing the doorbell. Tonight her cab headed west on Fifty-third and kept going, past Park, past Madison, past Fifth. Finally they hit Broadway and turned down. After a block, the cab stopped. Marcia got out, crossed the sidewalk and disappeared into the building entrance.

Colin's driver whistled. "Danny Coyle's place," he said.

"Who's Coyle?" Colin asked

"You mean to say you never heard of Danny Coyle?" the driver asked

"No."

"Didn't you never bet on the horses or on the fights?"

"No"

"Did you ever bet on anything at all, commander?"

"Not through a bookmaker."

"Danny's no regular bookie."

"What is he, then?"

"Mister, you could write a book on that, I guess. They call him the Lloyd's of New York. You know, Lloyd's, the big English insurance company. Danny will take a bet on anything in the world so long as he can lay the odds."

"I don't get it," Colin said wearily "What's Marcia doing, mixed up with a gambler?"

"Commander," the taxi driver said earnestly, "Danny's the squarest-shooting guy in town. There's plenty of us would give an arm for Danny if he was to ask for it."

"Well, I've had enough of this," Colin said. "I'm going to find out what cooks."

COLIN crossed the sidewalk and went into the building. There was a wide brightly-lit stairway opposite a row of

It was her job. Marcia kept saying over and over that it was her job.

elevators. At the bottom of the stair was a sign which read: DANNY COYLE. ONE FLIGHT UP.

Colin went up the stairs. He found himself in a small foyer containing a couple of comfortable leather chairs and a hat-check room. He walked on into Coyle's place.

He stood in the doorway, a trifle bewildered. He was in a large room which looked like a stockbroker's office in boom times. Leather chairs and sofas, with solid-looking tables handy for drinks and ash trays, were arranged so that they faced a huge blackboard which took up the entire opposite wall of the room. Across the top of the board were chalked the words: HIROHITO VS. THE UNITED STATES, 1,000,000 to 1. Underneath this were chalked-in odds on all sorts of sporting events, fights, baseball, golf tournaments, boat races, horses, elections.

The room was only sparsely filled with people, most of them elderly gentlemen, several of them in dinner coats.

To the right, glass doors opened into another room, and Colin saw that a larger crowd of people was there, all playing cards. He went over to the door and looked in. It could have been a very swank club from the appearance of the men and women seated at the tables. A quick survey showed Colin that Marcia was not there

Again he glanced around and saw a small glassed-in bar off to the right. He went there. Marcia wasn't there. The white-coated bartender came over to Colin.

"What'll it be, sir?"

"Whisky-and-water," Colin said.

THE bartender got busy and came back with a two-ounce jigger of whisky and a highball glass filled with ice. He put a pitcher of water in front of Colin.

"How much?" Colin asked.

The bartender smiled. "Your first visit here, sir?"

"Yes."

"There's no charge for drinks, sir."

"I'm not a member of this club, or whatever it is," Colin said.

"It's not a club, sir. It's open to the public."

"And no charge for drinks?"

"Danny's compliments, sir."

Colin sampled the whisky. It was excellent. "I'm looking for someone," he said.

"Yes, sir?" The bartender showed only mild interest.

"A lady. She came in just a few moments ago. Red hair, black evening dress, bright green earrings."

"And a large emerald dinner ring?"

"You seem to notice things."

"It's my job, sir."

"Where is she?" Colin asked.

"In Mr. Coyle's private office," the bartender answered, readily enough.

"Where is it, please?"

"Does Danny expect you, sir?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid it's no soap, sir. Danny doesn't see anyone except by appointment."

"Look," Colin said. "The lady is my wife."

"I'm afraid that doesn't cut any ice," the bartender said.

"I want to see my wife," Colin said. "I'm going to see her if I have to take this place apart."

The bartender just smiled at him. "Experts have tried that, sir," he said.

"Will you tell Coyle I want to see him?" Colin asked.

"Sure," the bartender said. "I'll tell him. That may not get you in. Your name?"

"Commander McGrath."

The bartender scribbled something on a slip of paper and snapped his fingers loudly. A man in a dinner jacket came in from the card room. He took the paper from the bartender.

"Tell Coyle it's urgent," Colin said.

The man gave him a blank look and went away. Colin stood at the bar sipping his drink. Presently the man came back.

"Danny'll see you," he said; "but you'll have to wait."

"I'm damned if I do!" Colin said.

The bartender grinned at him. "Why don't you not get excited, commander? It won't do any good."

Colin half expected to see a dozen tough hoodlums materialize from somewhere. It didn't happen. At the same time he had the feeling it wouldn't do any good to get tough.

He took a cigarette from his pocket. The bartender struck a match for him. "Nice break in the weather we're getting," the bartender said

Fifteen minutes and a second drink later the man reappeared from the card room. "Danny'll see you, commander. This way."

He led the way across the card room to a heavy oak door. He opened the door and gestured to Colin to go in

Colin found himself in a large private office. His attention was riveted on the man who sat behind a big flat-topped desk in the center of the room. He was an enormous man in bulk; must have weighed

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Among our air-borne weapons are these baby bulldozers which straighten out a captured landing field or build a new one in jig time.

IT'S AN ENGINEER'S WAR

BY MAJOR GENERAL EUGENE REYBOLD

Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army

THE critical moment of D Day on a certain Normandy beachhead came soon after our first troops had landed and were fanning out along the shore and inland through the beach "exits" cleared by the assault engineers. A landing craft had slued around in the surf and was stuck on a steel-rail "spider" placed under water by the Germans. An antitank ditch, back of the beach and parallel to the shore line, threatened to block all vehicles heading inland. Everything promised a general foul-up.

Came more landing craft, carrying equipment this time. First off the ramp snorted the Boss of the Beach—the bulldozer, manned by shore engineers. The bulldozers towed sled pallets or trailers loaded with rolls of wire mesh. They promptly laid the wire mesh over the loose sand to make a firm roadway up and down the beach. One dozer wallowed into the surf and pushed the end of the stranded ship into deeper water, permitting it to back away. Others towed guns and trucks out of trouble and onto the beach road net. Still others shoved sand ramps across the ditches blocking the exits inland, went on to knock holes in the bluffs beyond and unrolled more wire mesh over the flattened trail to make a safe road.

Now arrived organization. More roads were built across the sand, and troops and supplies spread out fast—the first aim of invasion. Dumps for ammunition and supplies were set up, equipment sorted out. More exits inland were marked out, with mines cleared and barbed wire gapped. Enemy strong points were by-passed for the moment in the build-up of invasion strength. The Navy beachmaster and the Army Engineer beachmaster signaled in more men and hustled empty ships away.

—and the bulldozer, the Engineers' indispensable, all-purpose weapon, moves mountains of earth to pave the way to Berlin and Tokyo.

The crisis passed. The drive for Cherbourg and Berlin moved on.

The bulldozer, which solved this primary invasion problem of getting men and supplies past the water hazard, over the loose beach sand, and onto firm ground, where the Army can take care of itself, is new in warfare, but it has grown to be the indispensable, all-purpose weapon of the Engineers. It consists basically of a tractor, on the front of which is mounted a steel blade weighing two to three tons. Through a power-control unit, the same power which propels the whole machine can be used to lift or lower the blade. In felling trees, for example, a bulldozer lowers its blade to cut under the roots at one side of a tree, then raises its blade to shove the weakened giant over.

Actually, the popular name of bulldozer—probably taken from the cowboy term for one who "muscles" a steer to earth—covers a large equipment family.

The dozer doing the most important jobs now is the beach tractor, a tremendously powerful weapon, with the pushing strength of more than 500 men. In addition to its power-control unit, it has an extra winch, rear mounted but with cable guides running under the frame to the front, so that it may tow objects in front. Its blade is "inside mounted"—that is, no wider than the tractor itself—so that it may be loaded or unloaded from landing craft under its own power.

That isn't all. It operates an A-frame crane which is part of the whole apparatus. Capable of a seven-ton lift, this crane is especially useful in lifting heavy stuff ashore. As a final touch, the beach tractor is equipped with an armored cab to protect its operator against small-caliber fire.

The beach tractor is the "papa" of the dozer family. The pocket-size bulldozer, developed by the Aviation Engineers and air-borne, is the baby. There are also "angle dozers" which can set their blades at a slant to push earth to the side or to cut a shallow V trench; and even "tilt dozers," with blades as maneuverable as a potter's hands, to be swung to dig or to shape at the operator's wish.

Odd uses for dozers have been developed or discovered. For example, in clearing out mines, the blade, set low, scoops out and carries along with it a layer of earth which "cushions" the shock when a mine explodes. Bulldozers sometimes go ahead of tanks to supply this protection. The burying by bulldozers of Japs in their own pillboxes on Pacific islands, and of Nazis in Normandy, has been reported.

But these feats are only incidental to the main purpose of the bulldozer—to move earth.

This has been called, rightly, an engineer's war. Our outstanding ability to pick up dirt, sand, or mud here and put it down there, making molehills out of mountains or vice versa, has given us our greatest boost toward victory. Rapidly hacking out advanced airfields, pushing roads through jungles, fording rivers and building bridges—these are American specialties. For these operations our finest weapon is the bulldozer, and it has figured in our critical engineering operations across the Atlantic and in the Pacific.

EARLY in the war a difficult operation in the Mediterranean theater showed what we could do in the way of fast earth-moving. At Bône, seaport in eastern Algeria, our bulldozers licked General Mud in a fight that helped us to win Tunisia. It also showed the foe the shape of things to come, for in December, 1942, our engineers carved a pattern of progress that is today taking us toward Berlin and Tokyo.

We had to hold Bône to protect and supply our forces advancing through Algeria. But our ships in the harbor were sitting ducks for Nazi planes, because mud had kept our own fighters from making use of near-by air strips. Admiral John H. D. Cunningham issued a grave warning. possible air-strip site. The strip could be provided within fifteen days, he would be forced to close the port.

Brigadier General Donald M. Davison, Engineer for the Northwest African Air Force, hurried to Bône. On the muddy delta of the Seybuse River he found a possible air strip site. The strip could be made in fifteen days if he could get every bulldozer and piece of heavy earth-moving equipment in the theater there, and if he could have dry weather. Bulldozers could build a sand causeway across the river and haul dune sand from the seaside to lay a load-bearing fill on the mud of the airdrome site.

Five of the fifteen days were used to collect equipment and build the sand causeway across the Seybuse. Almost every bulldozer and piece of heavy earth-moving equipment already landed in North Africa were pressed into service. In the remaining ten days the engineer battalion moved 66,000 cubic yards of dune sand across the river to form a thick blanket, 150 feet wide, the length of the runway site. A flight deck of portable steel plank followed the sand fill.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth day the heavens opened and the rains came. But by then the job had been licked and the Battle of Bône won.

As the war advanced from Africa to Sicily, the Engineers met a different type of problem. Air strips were still necessary, but keeping the roads open through the mountains was the biggest headache. The Nazis did a thorough job of demolition and mine-laying as they retreated. They blew up hundreds of bridges and they mined the by-passes around the spans, the orchards and the beaches. Repair work was the chief task.

The most spectacular engineering operation in Sicily was at Cape Calava, a rock ridge that extends out over the sea. The road is tunneled under the ridge, and in the middle of the tunnel the Nazis blew a hole 150 feet long. It bottlenecked our armies. It had to be bridged, and it was —in twenty-four hectic hours. The job was a miracle of bulldozers, air compressors, jackhammers, steel cables, spikes, and big timber.

In Italy, the Engineers often had to carry out beachhead operations under fire. A citation tells of six engineers who, in order to extricate from a ravine four M-10 tank destroyers immobilized by high banks, soft terrain, and an enemy mine field, took their angle dozers into the sector—500 yards from an enemy artillery post which shelled them constantly—and constructed a fill over which the vehicles climbed out. At Salerno and at Anzio, the bulldozer did the same type of general-factotum job as it did later in Normandy, organizing the ticklish transfer of command from sea to land.

In the Pacific, the Engineers have to start from scratch. The almost complete absence of modern ports make port-building the first problem.

General MacArthur's decision to fight for northern Australia hinged on our ability to land supplies at Port Moresby, where Australian troops were operating. Designation of Moresby as a port was a gross overstatement. There were few facilities there, dockage for only three Liberty ships. Convoys jammed the harbor, providing perfect targets for Jap fliers based near by. The immediate problem was to provide sufficient dockage so that the convoys could be unloaded quickly and dispatched from the target area.

The Aussies, who had been fighting bush warfare against the Japanese bush warfare, suddenly found themselves bolstered by an American Engineer outfit commanded by Colonel Albert G. Matthews. The obvious solution, to dredge out a larger dockside area and build additional wharfage, had to be dismissed as impracticable. The nearest dredges capable of the job were thousands of miles away. But Colonel Matthews had an idea. A small circular—almost table-top—island half a mile out in Moresby Bay intrigued him.

A few hours after his arrival he had three bulldozers, the only ones at the port, shoving dirt out into the bay. In four days, despite Jap aerial attack, he had built a causeway wide enough for two-way truck passage. On the fifth day Liberty ships were docking around the circular island and trucks were hauling their cargo ashore over the causeway.

The causeway had been in use several days when Radio Tokyo, broadcasting in English to troops there, saluted: "That is a beautiful causeway you boys have built there and we'll not bomb it out of the water [they had made many attempts to] because when we take Port Moresby we'll want to use it ourselves."

In the Pacific, two ways of life are in mortal combat. The Jap way is bush warfare with the least dependence upon supply. The American way is the massive war of machines and American production. The supplies and equipment we were now able to land at Moresby meant that we were at last able to fight on the level we knew. The decision to fight on that level was a difficult one to make. It meant time—time to build supply lines; time to produce and ship the work equipment, cranes and trucks and carryalls and bulldozers; time to put them to use slashing roads and runways and building wharfage.

THE Jap strategy was obvious from the start: to sneak in, dig in, and dare us to come and root them out. The jungle was their defense. Once they were entrenched, they didn't see how we could move enough equipment through the jungle to come against them.

Obviously, they were not acquainted with the American bulldozers—or the men who run them. How they are learning is well illustrated in the preliminaries to our landings in New Britain.

Before we could move effectively against New Britain we had to secure control of the Huon Peninsula of New Guinea. The Finschhafen plantations, right on the nose of the peninsula, had been held by the Japanese for a year and a half. If in that time they had made a real airdrome of its single small landing strip, we might still be trying to fight our way through the banana patches, the bunkers, and foxholes the Japs did manage to scratch out. As it was, we landed and took Finschhafen last October.

The Japanese soldiers retreating up the mountainside to Satelberg were then given a box-seat demonstration of how to do big things in a big way. Exactly one week after we had brought our construction equipment ashore, our bulldozers and dynamite had cleared a heavily timbered stretch of jungle. Three weeks later En-

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The primary function of a bulldozer is to move earth. These scoop up sand in an Alaskan bay to provide fill for soft spots on a landing field.

Engineers who built Munda air strip under the guns of Jap snipers were shielded by improvised armor plate and riflemen.

BIG MONEY and

I get eighteen dollars a week." Eddie said. For a while no one said a thing.

MY brother Eddie is a nuisance. I am not prejudiced when I say that, because he is my brother and so, of course, in the family. But he has been a wear and tear on mama and papa and grandpa ever since he was born, fourteen years ago. I am twelve and I guess it must have been a pretty great relief to everyone to have a girl like me around the house after Eddie.

I expect we would of all gone along just putting up with him and not even realizing we were well off by comparison if he hadn't got that job at the grocery. It was then he began his career of unsufferability. In a way we didn't even realize right off But it grew on us steadily.

Up to going to work he had only been ringing doorbells to pick up scrap things and paper and old magazines and fat, and the only thing about that was that Eddie made our back yard the headquarters. I mean he and the rest of the Boy Scouts brought everything to our place and dumped it, and then they would find something precious like an old bathtub stopper or a washboard that was only a little bent, and Eddie would try to figure out another invention that would help the war effort before taking the whole mess to where the Red Cross wanted. Papa said he sapped out all the good from the old iron and rubber.

He always tried to find magazines that weren't torn, and when he found any he would put them in a separate pile. I knew what for. He wanted to give them like a present to Miss Carson. He has been in love with her ever since he was in the fourth grade.

He never got her for a teacher, but I did. I have her this year and I could tell Eddie—in fact, I have told Eddie—what a meanie she really is. But he keeps on thinking that on account of she has yellow hair and is very small that she is perfect. "And anyhow everyone knows she is doing her level best to make Prof. Goodwell marry her," I've told Eddie. Prof. G. is our principal.

When mama scolded Eddie about how terrible it was to keep even one magazine from the armed war, he began to argue like always. He said that if whoever he gave them to gave them to the armed war what difference did it make? After it was no good appealing to his better nature, mama just put her foot down and I think

LITTLE EDDIE

BY VIRGINIA DALE

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Eddie accepted the invitation to be Mr. Greeley's delivery boy out of pure revenge.

Mama had sent him down to the grocery for some marg and when he didn't come back, why naturally her mother's anxiety was torn between her son and her coupons. We were already sitting down to supper and mama was saying, "He's really not old enough to be trusted with a ration book," when he came in.

"How now, Thomas Edison?" papa said.

My brother just reached for a soybean mûffin. "I've given up inventing for the duration," he told us.

I LOOKED to see was he still in love and when he took more than his share of butter I could not tell. Mama said how he simply must not be late like this, but away she went and got his extended meat loaf she had been keeping in the oven.

"If I come late when I was a young one," grandpa said, "I wouldn't of been given anything. Even an extended," he added. He knows it is not mama's fault that we don't have steaks and pork roasts but he says that really doesn't excuse women for what they turn out these days.

"Well," Eddie looked around at everyone, "I've got a job."

"Oh, cheers and cheers!" my papa cried.

"Why, Eddie," mama handed over what we call gravy, "that's perfectly splendid." She is a wonderful person, kind to one and all.

"A job, huh?" grandpa said and pushed away his plate. "I mind my first job. I was a mighty up-and-coming shaver and I—"

"Let Eddie tell us what he's going to do, grandpa," mama begged.

"—I pounded on doors," grandpa went on, interrupting in a way which if Eddie or I had done we would of been scolded for. "I went all over town. I showed my muscle and told 'em I was willing. I kept right on asking and wheedling till old man Hawks saw I was a polite, bright young—"

"I didn't," Eddie said.

"Eddie," mama reproached the interruption of grandpa.

I asked, "Didn't what?"

"Wheedle. I was just standing there at the counter waiting for mama's marg and Mr. Greeley offered me a position."

"But, Eddie," mama said quicker than grandpa could, "you have to go to school."

"This is for after school and Saturdays."

"That's fine," papa put in. "What does this position call for?"

Eddie said he delivered.

"Do you get paid?" I was the one who wanted to know that.

Eddie said certainly he got paid and did I think he was a goof, though of course he knew I did, and then he turned to papa. "I got a business proposition to put up to you."

"I should be very glad to listen to anything that might bring in an honest penny," papa answered.

"Eddie," I had to persist. "Listen, Eddie, how much do you get?"

"Time I started I got two fifty a week and I was worth every cent of it," grandpa recalled.

"*Two fifty?*" Eddie repeated in a shocked voice. "You mean two dollars and fifty cents a week?"

"And worth—" grandpa began, but that time mama interrupted. She told Eddie that she and papa were very proud that Eddie wanted to work. "And the money isn't the important thing," she said and looked at papa who made a funny noise. "Times have changed since grandpa went to work, son. So don't you care. What did Mr. Greeley say he'd give you? Twenty-five cents an afternoon or—"

"I get eighteen dollars a week," said Eddie.

For quite a little while no one said a single, solitary thing.

At last papa coughed. "As you say, mama, times have changed. Eddie, about that business proposition you spoke of; I trust it's that you think you can work me in as an assistant delivery boy?"

"No, that isn't my proposition. It's like this, papa. If a fellow gets eighteen a week he only needs seventy-five cents more to get a twenty-five-dollar war bond. That's a true fact, isn't it?"

The hilarious story of the rise of little Eddie—or how to retire from business at age fourteen

I thought papa looked kind of cautious when he admitted yes, it was.

Eddie leaned his elbows on the table and mama never said a thing. "Well, look, papa, this is what I figured. If you, or maybe you and grandpa, went in together, you could make up the seventy-five cents and then I could buy a war bond every week."

"Eddie!" I cried. "I'd like to know why you can't save up from one week to another and have your own seventy-five cents. Mama!" I appealed, because I certainly thought it was time for Eddie to realize who is boss around our house.

"Sis is right, son," mama said.

Grandpa got up from the table. He never has to say "Excuse me," and it was funny he did that night. "Excuse me," he said. "If the world's come to this, so that squirts—so that goslings can—can—I—" He just muttered his way out.

Well, Eddie began arguying with papa about the seventy-five cents, but as it turned out it wouldn't of been any use to him. I mean he made a lot more. It was fifteen cents here and a quarter there and my goodness gracious! a whole half dollar when he delivered to Mrs. Higgens whose husband has a war contract, and he got so he merely and solely scorned families who just gave him a dime.

Eddie had bonds and all the licorice he could hold and he bought mama a perfectly enormous purple cotton rose, though mama had never worn such a thing, but Eddie said fellows like he were buying things they never had before, and grandpa brooded terribly.

"Just wait," he'd tell Eddie, "just you wait till you're twenty, say, and try to make a living."

"What's the trick in making money?" Eddie asked. He couldn't help laughing.

I wouldn't know why grandpa laughed, but he did. "You'll find out," he told Eddie. "Oh, boy, will you find out!"

And then Eddie up and resigned.

I'll always think it was on account of Miss Carson living in a boardinghouse and so not having any use for groceries, but he said otherwise.

"I was just walking past Gus's delicatessen," Eddie explained, "and I saw a dime on the sidewalk."

"Surely you didn't deign to pick it up?" papa asked.

Eddie looked kind of humiliated. "I just had to stoop. But then," he brightened up, "I saw a quarter lying over nearer the door."

Papa held his head in his hands.

"It was a lure!" I cried.

Eddie went straight on talking. "So when I looked up, there stood Gus. He asked did I want any pop and then he gave me some potato chips and a pickle and then he cut me off a piece of cheese—"

"Cheese!" grandpa echoed bitterly.

"—and real kind of bashful," Eddie reported, "Gus asked wouldn't I like to work for him."

Mama leaned across the table. "For how much?" she whispered.

"Well, naturally I wouldn't listen without it was for an increase," Eddie said. "It's for nineteen a week, including Sundays and holidays."

Mama tried to put her foot down. "But, Eddie, I won't have you hanging around Gus's on Sundays."

"There won't be much hanging, mama." Eddie had got so he sort of explained things to mama and papa very patiently. "You see, Sundays are the busiest days for a delicatessen because everyone wants sandwiches, Gus says. And besides my salary, Gus says I can have all the pop I want, and if I have to keep up my strenth there'll always be a snack."

"Why doesn't Gus deed you the business and get you to employ him?" papa demanded.

"No, I wouldn't want the worry of the business," Eddie said. "I'll pick up plenty on the side. You take the delicatessen field, it's a convenience, see how I mean? Rush orders. To the hotels and boardinghouses." So I said, "Ah-ha," knowing that my brother and I were both thinking of the same Miss Carson, only in different ways.

"If you get company unexpected," Eddie didn't even look at me, he was so busy talking, "why you telephone the delicatessen and we rush you over a snack and naturally you pay a boy pretty well for such swell service."

WE got to know an awful lot about the delicatessen business.

Of course we'd known how meat that's in sandwiches don't have to have coupons, but we had no idea how people went and took advantage. Eddie told how if a double ham on rye was ordered a person got two enormous slices of boiled ham that no one could of bought without points, and lots of times they just threw away the bread that made it a sandwich even when that bread was thicker with butter than we've had in our house since we got rationing instead. But the awful thing about Eddie's new job was that it undermined grandpa.

It came about because Eddie began bringing home the beautiful buttered bread and gave them to grandpa, and grandpa got to saying that maybe the administration wasn't all wrong after all, though he had been a dyed wool Republican all his life. He said the administration's ways on the home front might be kind of unscru-

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Arresting violators is not the game warden's only job. This young doe would have been easy prey were it not for a friendly hand.

LEAVE THE WARDEN LAY IN THE WOODS

BY JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

Fish and game wardens run into all kinds of tricksters — even cold-blooded killers. If you think they're just spoil-sports, this will change your mind

ON a July day, two game wardens sat in an automobile on a dirt road in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Below them a trout brook babbled toward the river. As they sat there, a rifle shot echoed through the valley. Leaving their car, they separated. One climbed down to the stream. His companion hurried up the road for about half a mile before he, too, made his way down to the stream bed.

Making his way upstream, the first warden found two men scooping trout from one of the larger pools. He recognized them as two brothers who were known officially to the enforcement officers for their methods of taking fish and game. One of them waded about the pool while the other stood on the bank holding a deer rifle. On the bank lay several dead trout. The man in the water looked up at his brother.

"There's some in here that ain't dead yet."

"Step back a minute," said his brother, "and I'll let 'em have it again."

Waiting until the shot had been fired, the warden came forward. "All right, boys," he said, "let's pick up those trout and go down and see the alderman."

The man who was holding the rifle jumped from the bank, ran across the stream, and stopped in the brush on the other side, while his brother stood in the pool, not sure what his next move would be.

"No use running," said the warden, calling the man by name. "You'll only make things worse for yourself. Now come on up here on the bank, both of you."

The man with the rifle stepped out of [illegible] and walked slowly across the stream while the other picked up three trout that were drifting on the surface, tossed them on the grass, and waded toward the bank. The warden noticed that the man with the rifle held it crossways before him, at the "ready" position, his right thumb on the hammer.

"I'll take that gun," said the warden, holding out his hand.

"You're —— —— right you'll take it," snarled the man, swinging the muzzle about sharply into the pit of the warden's stomach. The warden, trained for just such emergencies, bent forward, his left arm knocking the muzzle of the gun away from him. Just at that moment the man in the pool, trying to wade out while watching the scene on the bank, stumbled and fell to his knees at the water's edge. The gun was discharged and the high-powered bullet struck the fallen man, tearing away his forehead and most of his face.

Without waiting to see if anything could be done for his brother, the killer wheeled and darted off up the hill toward the road. Seeing that the man on the bank was beyond the reach of first aid, the warden hurried up hill in pursuit of the brother, shouting for him to stop. As the warden's head appeared above the level of the roadway, a rifle bullet whistled past his ear and embedded itself in a tree behind him. Automatically, he ducked out of sight. With drawn revolver, he crept silently along the edge of the bank, shielded by the roadway.

About twenty feet from where he had made his first appearance he shoved his gun ahead of him through some protecting brush, removed his hat, and cautiously raised his head—to find himself looking into the business end of a high-power rifle. Instantly he fired. Another bullet whizzed past his head and he fired a second time before dropping back from sight. When he chanced another look over the edge of the roadway, he saw his adversary lying face down, with his rifle just out of reach. Shaken by the experience, the warden climbed to the roadway and stood there waiting for his companion.

Meanwhile the other warden, hearing two rifle shots, had run down the stream bed and found the man at the pool. As he stood looking down at him, stunned by the sight, another shot rang out—then three more in rapid succession. Hurrying up the hill, he found his friend standing in the road, hatless and gun in hand. Together they examined the prostrate figure in the grass. One of the warden's bullets had ripped through the poacher's left forearm and out at the elbow, evidently spinning

Pennsylvania wardens check cars for illegal game and weapons. The true sportsman who abides by the rules doesn't need to worry.

him about, for the second shot had found its mark in the back of his head. He was still breathing, so the two wardens hurried him to the nearest hospital, where he died two days later without regaining consciousness.

This affair caused tremendous excitement. The second shot from the warden's gun, which had struck the man in the back of the head, provoked endless comment and speculation.

Feeling ran high. At last it was thought best to bring the case to trial—the warden, if you please, being accused of murder in the first degree. The case was heard in a county well removed from the district where the shooting had occurred and a verdict of "Not guilty" was rendered. The judge commended the wardens for courageous performance of their duty.

All of this demonstrates that the life of a conservation officer in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania—or elsewhere, for that matter—is not exactly a bed of roses.

Resentment and animosity toward the enforcement officers of the Fish and Game Commissions of the country seem to be the by-product of the early days when fish and game laws were first inaugurated. Before that, the fish in our lakes and streams and the game in our forests, fields, and marshes were public property, to be taken when, how, and in what quantity the taker might choose. The market hunter and the market fisherman flourished and there was usually a ready demand for their commodities. Curtailment of this slaughter was a bitter pill to many, particularly to those who lived in the rural districts where fresh meat was not easily come by and refrigeration almost unheard of.

For years a lively war of sorts was carried on between market hunters and fishermen who refused to find a more legal sphere of activity, and the wardens. It was then that the slogan, "Leave the warden lay in the woods," was adopted. These were not mere idle words. Many wardens—a truly formidable total—have been found lying in the woods of the nation, and their killers never have been apprehended. Even in my comparatively limited sphere, three wardens whom I knew have met violent death in the performance of their duty.

One, a man in his late sixties, attempted to arrest a hunter for shooting a hen pheasant. The man resisted, and in the scuffle the warden was knocked to the ground and his chest impaled on a sharp stick. Help reached him too late and he died from shock and loss of blood. Another, a deputy warden who worked without pay, was found after a two-day search, lying face down in the mud of a Long Island marsh, his chest blown open by a double charge of number four shot fired at close range. The third was found lying beside a trout stream in the Pennsylvania hills with a rifle bullet in his back. Not one of the killers of these men was ever found. And these are not isolated instances. The records in the enforcement offices of the Fish and Game Commissions, federal and state, make gruesome reading.

Penn warden Carl Bidelspacker looks at a catch. Law enforcement means future sport.

The warden's job is manifold. First and foremost, it is up to him to protect one of the nation's largest crops. The 1942 harvest of game in the United States totaled more than 140,000,000 pieces of game which weighed, dressed, more than 250,000,000 pounds. In the same year more than 300,000,000 pounds of fish were taken from our lakes and streams. And that was not a record-breaking year by any means. The warden sees to it that this crop is harvested legally.

In addition, he lends a hand in the restocking of our lands and waters with game and fish. He investigates damage to crops, lands, and livestock by the larger animals such as deer, beaver, and bear. Often he must trap troublesome bears and beavers and transport them to less congested districts. Thousands of rabbits are trapped annually in the cities and towns and released in the open country. In some states the numbers of destructive animals, such as jack rabbits, must be reduced in the interests of crop preservation. Pollution control, promotion of better farmer-sportsman relations, posting and policing the game sanctuaries and hatchery streams—these and a hundred and one other chores are done by the wardens or under their supervision. While thus engaged, however, the warden must always keep a watchful eye for violations of the fish and game laws.

The motives which prompt men—and women—to break the fish and game laws are many and varied. Greed is perhaps the most common. When the fish are biting actively, or when game is plentiful, the "occasional" sportsman finds it difficult to stop when he has taken his legal limit. He takes a chance, makes a pig of himself, and looks to the high heavens when he is picked up by a warden.

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Clifton Mack. Some government agency will probably want an impossible number within the next hour of the strange gadget he's holding.

BARGAIN HUNTER for the WORLD

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS and EDWARD A. HARRIS

A railway train for North Africa, a tire factory for Russia, diapers for the Arabs—Clifton Mack buys 'em all. He's Washington's shopper for lend-lease goods in the multi-billions

ON the desk of a mild-mannered man in Washington are dumped all the impossible requests that come from our allies in the four corners of the globe. Sometimes Clifton Mack gets a little discouraged. It seems to him, in his job as Director of Procurement, that they sit around thinking up things hard to find.

One day came a super-urgent message from the Russians. They wanted 187 miles of submarine telephone cable to lay under the Caspian Sea. What was more, they wanted it in eleven pieces of varying lengths, the longest fifty-six miles. The Nazi Wehrmacht had thrust a bulky spearhead past the Maikop oil fields into the Caucasus in a desperate drive for the shores of the Caspian. The Soviets believed they needed that cable for future operations in the Caspian area, and at once.

To Mack it didn't matter why they needed it. If they said it was urgent, then it was urgent. He knew the assignment would be a tough one; fifty-six miles of copper cable in one hunk is not just routine.

Engineers of several large copper companies were called in. They submitted bids, and the low bid of $1,650,000 was accepted. On D Day, which for the Procurement office is Delivery Day, five railroad flatcars were sent to the plant. The piece of cable fifty-six miles long was coiled in a series of figure eights on three of the five cars.

On the way to a port for shipment one of the flatcars became separated from the rest, jarring and possibly straining that all-important cable. The train was stopped and Russian and American engineers promptly flew to the scene. As a result of their inspection, part of the whole order was sent back to the plant for new tests.

Three weeks had been lost. But still the cable for the Caspian was loaded in time. With it went explicit diagrams and directions in Russian and English on how to transfer the precious lengths of copper from shipboard to railroad cars and then how to ensure safe arrival overland. That's an important phase of Mack's job—not only to get the stuff, but to try to ensure its safe arrival.

In this war Mack is official shopper for lend-lease, the Foreign Economic Administration, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, and the Red Cross. Foreign governments funnel their orders through lend-lease. When they come to Mack, they have already been approved by a half dozen agencies. Then it's up to him to fill the order.

Before the war brought a score of purchasing commissions from as many nations to Washington, Mack was shopper for the federal government. With quiet efficiency he had consolidated the task of buying the thousand and one things a swollen government in Washington uses. That experience has helped to see him through his present Herculean task. During the war crisis Mack has bought more than 2,000,000 different items—from watch jewels to bulldozers to nursing bottles to complete railway trains. Military equipment is, of course, purchased directly by the armed services. Food for lend-lease is bought by the War Food Administration.

Those nursing bottles, incidentally, gave the experts on Mack's staff something of a headache. They were a little out of their line. The order was for 30,000 nursing bottles and a suitable number of nipples. After serious study, the number of nipples was put at 100,000—same ratio as is used by the trade in this country. They went to North Africa as "incentive goods" under FEA's program to keep the natives contented.

Mack's shopping sleuths have sent thousands of pounds of cloth for diapers to liberated areas for "essential use." Some

time ago they got back one disconcerting report that Arab sheiks were using the stuff for turbans. In a two-week period last March the Procurement office sent 40,000 half-pound boxes of common pins and 7,500 gross of safety pins to FEA's clients, presumably for fastening those diapers.

While the Procurement office played no direct part in equipping the "second front," invasions always raise new problems for Mack. Even in advance of the launching of a front, Procurement often gets word of the materials the liberated areas will require: types of clothing and shoes, medicines and what not.

Russia's liberated areas have leaned heavily on the American lend-lease program and the know-how of the Office of Procurement. In their methodical destruction of Soviet cities, the Nazis invariably blew up all power plants to slow down the task of Russian rehabilitation. The Reds hit on the idea of using mobile power plants, attached to trains, which could move into a stricken city and hasten immeasurably the restoration of electric lighting and other power facilities. But they had no such mobile power units.

The War Production Board, on getting the order, gave it top priority, and Procurement was next in line. So urgent was the Russian need that power machinery built by private plants for specific domestic purchasers was requisitioned. Private utilities surrendered some of their replacement power facilities. The Russians soon expanded their order, and before long ninety-seven mobile power units were ready to do their part in the reconstruction of the Soviet's devastated cities.

SPEED was essential in procurement when a power plant supplying juice to an entire military community in North Africa broke down. By radio the officers of the French garrison advised representatives of the French Committee of Liberation in Washington of the parts needed to make the plant function again.

FEA cleared the request and asked Procurement to make the purchase as fast as possible. The order called for twelve steel compression springs for Diesel engines of an unusual size and type. Getting a verbal request for the material at ten o'clock one morning, Procurement an hour and a half later had located a supplier by telephone.

The parts were packed in accordance with Army specifications and dispatched by air to an Army air base.

By late afternoon they were being flown by bomber to Africa. The power plant was operating the next day. Mack is proud of that record.

Early in 1942 the Russians put through an emergency plea for parts to assemble a complete tire plant. The request was at first turned down, because of the uncertainty of our own requirements; but when the plea was carried to the White House, William Jeffers, then Rubber director, was asked to "do something."

Jeffers made a quick survey of the field and decided that Henry Ford's River Rouge tire plant, built five years earlier and idle because of lack of sufficient crude rubber, filled the bill. At five o'clock one evening J. W. Flatley, chief of the contract and purchase branch, was directed to go to River Rouge and not return until the plant had been acquired. The following afternoon Flatley signed a contract with the late Edsel Ford. It was the newest and most modern tire plant in the nation, capable of using either crude or synthetic rubber, and the Soviet was highly pleased to get it.

The Ford plant was dismantled piece by piece, and each part labeled and marked with instructions for reassembly. It is now somewhere in Russia being reconstructed by Red engineers with the aid of United States experts sent over to help. And the Ford company got the price it asked—$5,000,000, although the aggregate cost to the Russians, including transit, will be substantially more.

You never can tell what kind of request is going to turn up next. Two types of cigarette paper, both the actual paper used in the manufacture of cigarettes and the paper used to package them, were bought by Procurement under a lend-lease requisition from the Allied Military Government in Italy. The paper for the packages had to be in yellow, light green, light blue, and brick red because the majority of Italians pick their favorite brand by those colors.

From Procurement's files you get an idea of how deeply these things cut. For example, 16 per cent of the Italian government's revenue is derived from tobacco sales. Getting paper over there helped to get the industry started again and thereby to jack up the failing domestic economy of a war-ravaged country.

But it's from the Russians that the really tough requests come. At the top of the world is a chain of Russian bases extending along a barren stretch of the Arctic Sea. These bases are accessible by sea only about three weeks out of the year. From Moscow came a request for provisions and equipment for these bases—in all 70,000 long tons, which would fill about ten merchant ships. That big order had to be readied and put on board ship by a date that would allow the convoy to get in and out of the ice-locked Arctic Sea.

Minimum requirements for the bases for a year taxed even the flexible ingenuity of Mack and his men. The Russians in the Arctic needed rubber boots and buttons and bronze bearings; they had to have machines and repair parts, cable and copper wire, cloth, nails, vitamins, saws, kitchenware, pens and paper, shovels and can openers.

The autumn equinox was the dead line for shipment of the supplies out of our hemisphere. In midsummer Washington the Procurement boys set to work. Suppliers were located with difficulty, but once the urgency of the project was made clear they caught the spirit of the unusual procurement adventure. Commitments were counted in the thousands; contracts were distributed to more than 300 localities, touching virtually every state in the nation.

To every supplier went carefully-worded directions covering packaging and crating and addressing, plus instructions for shipping the goods to ports of embarkation Every transport facility was utilized, including express, railway freight, highway motor truck, and airplane, to get the material to the proper ports. A ship was loaded, cleared, and sailed. Others followed, on the Atlantic and on the Pacific. The final sailing antedated the equinox by a safe margin. Delivery was successfully accomplished for every article.

THE whole jigsaw puzzle of this Russian supply operation exemplifies the exact science of procurement as Mack's office knows it. At the other extreme is the more leisurely purchasing of stock piles of used clothing by Mack's shoppers, an activity that inevitably sends them to Manhattan's famed Elizabeth Street.

Mack's old-clothes connoisseurs burrow through the apparel-laden warehouses and sprawling buildings of this old-clothes center in search of suits, overcoats, shoes, mackinaws, and gloves. Inspectors and buyers from the Office of Procurement are familiar figures in the lofts, watching the busy workers in the sorting rooms, examining a cotton dress here, a man's tweed suit there, and buying huge quantities for foreign-relief distribution.

Here they pit their bargaining genius against master bargainers. Women's dresses are obtained for twenty to twenty-five cents apiece. As an indication of the magnitude of this particular purchasing job, the figures show that from February 28 to March 13 of this year, Procurement bought 424,000 units of secondhand work garments for natives in Algeria; 290,890 women's skirts, 123,150 men's suits, and 20,000 men's and boys' overcoats for essential civilian use in North Africa.

Clifton Mack is a civil servant in the best sense of the word. He was a wool salesman before he entered government service. In his speech is the twang of his native Boston. In his eye is an almost Coolidgean glint as he looks with cal-

(*Continued on page 88*)

Busiest office in Building of Procurement is where Mack's buyers met factory sellers.

ONE I LOVE — TWO I LOVE

When ladies meet because of a man, it's the one who really understands husbands who comes off the winner

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ANNE HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY N. MACHTEY

IMPATIENTLY she answered the telephone. "Yes?" Years ago Cynthia Ainsworth had discovered that "Hello" encouraged telephone conversations. Her crisp impersonal "Yes?" sounded as if she had been interrupted at something very important.

A clear voice at the other end of the wire was saying, "Mrs. Drew Ainsworth? This is Mrs. Joe Farnum from Philadelphia. You don't know me, but I've heard so much about you from Joe I feel as if we were old friends. We're both service widows, you know. Joe asked me to call you when I came to New York, and I wondered if we might have lunch together."

For once in her well-arranged, well-poised life, Cynthia Ainsworth was at a loss for words. She didn't want to lunch with Mrs. Joe Farnum. She didn't even want to set eyes on Mrs. Farnum. As long as she could keep Joe's wife a shadowy, unreal part of his background, everything would be easy to arrange. With voice, hair, and eyes to remember, it would not be so simple for Cynthia to take Mrs. Farnum's husband from her.

There was a clicking in her ear.

"Hello? Oh, I thought we'd been cut off. I say this is Mrs. Joe Farnum from Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes." *Oh, yes indeed! What a coincidence! You are Mrs. Joe Farnum and I'm going to be Mrs. Joe Farnum.*

There was a slight pause. Cynthia's "Oh, yes" period was as discouraging as her "Oh, yes" question mark. Undoubtedly Mrs. Farnum would murmur that another time might be more convenient. It certainly would be. Another time . . . another lifetime.

Mrs. Farnum said, "Joe is so anxious for us to know each other."

Cynthia felt a quick catch at her heart. It was a strange, sweet sharpness, that only Joe Farnum had brought to her. From the first moment she had looked into his keen gray eyes he had filled her with a bittersweet happiness. It was an uncertain, almost fearful happiness. Uncertain because she couldn't really believe in its future; fearful because at times it seemed to be slipping away from her before she had fully tasted it. But now . . . this must mean that Joe wanted Cynthia and his wife to get things settled . . . while he was overseas.

With a rush of new confidence, she spoke in a rush of gay, light tones.

"Mrs. Farnum! I am so stupid. There is a similar name on one of my committees. Do forgive me. It's charming of you to call and I'd certainly love to lunch with you."

Drew Ainsworth always said, when she wanted to, Cynthia could be more cordial, more friendly than anybody. Well, [illegible] to now . . . for Joe. She wanted to shed all the hard, brittle surface she had acquired after years of smart apartment-house existence in New York. She had built a bright shining shell about herself, to protect her from the things in her life she didn't like, the things, the people . . . the husband. But now she wanted to become a gracious suburbanite of Philadelphia . . . interested in gardens and community projects . . . and, yes, even children. She could learn all these things for Joe . . . because she loved him.

She wrote down the appointed time and place for the luncheon, hung up, and sat staring into space. The engagement before her was an extremely distasteful one. She had no desire to hurt anyone. But it was perfectly evident, from all Joe had revealed, that somewhere along the way he and his wife had taken the wrong turning, even as Cynthia and Drew Ainsworth had.

The old cliché, that it's better for one person to be hurt than for four lives to continue unhappily and incompatibly, still held. She believed in it. And certainly Mrs. Farnum would be the only one really hurt. Drew would be only baffled and bewildered to learn that she wanted a rambling comfortable country house, with flowers and dogs and wood fires . . . and babies. Drew liked things streamlined, sleek and shining . . . his car, his apartment, his wife. That was why Drew would be only baffled and bewildered by her dreams of a warm and gracious life. Dreams today . . . tomorrow they would come true.

Because Joe Farnum did not love his wife. He hadn't actually said so . . . but everything else he had ever said to Cynthia had borne it out. His last letters . . . longing for the time when they would be together . . . belong together; when tomorrow, for them, would be a point of time and not just a pleasant dream. And now, insisting that his wife and Cynthia meet . . . it could only mean that he, too, wanted the future settled. Out there on the rim of creation, where he was fighting for the right to the pursuit of happiness, he wanted a definite picture of that happiness before him.

CYNTHIA had deliberately formed no picture of the current Mrs. Farnum, and yet, when she saw her waiting in the hotel lobby, she picked her out at once. Small, with an electric compactness, she was dressed in handsome leaf-brown tweeds. There was a casualness, almost a carelessness, about her appearance, evident in her shoes, her accessories . . . and only from Philadelphia could have come such a dip in the hemline! One almost expected to see a clutter of children around her. But, thank heaven, there were no children . . . here or anywhere. That made things simpler.

"Mrs. Farnum?"

The small figure turned swiftly, and Cynthia Ainsworth found herself looking into a pair of clear brown eyes. If they were shadowed for a moment with sadness, it vanished when she smiled.

"Oh, you're Mrs. Ainsworth! I'm Becky Farnum. Somehow I knew you'd look this way. Joe said you were so beautiful . . . and so glamorous."

Cynthia felt self-conscious and wished she had planned exactly what to say. After all, you can't just blurt out "I've come to tell you that I'm taking your husband away from you. Because he's in love with me."

But there was no need to say anything just then. Becky Farnum led the way into the restaurant, talking easily as if they had been friends for years.

"Don't laugh at my shoes. I get to New York so seldom I nearly walk myself to death, and I have to wear growing-girl shoes to stand it. I used to enjoy window shopping from the ankles up, but now I'm having a field day."

As she talked her brown eyes danced, and her voice was strong and sure.

"Let's be wild and have a cocktail, shall we? I'm a hard-working gal and since Joe's been gone I don't get around much any more. What would you like, Mrs. Ainsworth?"

To her complete amazement, Cynthia heard herself saying, "I would like you to call me Cynthia, and let me call you Becky. Becky suits you."

She had never said such a thing before in her married life; she never encouraged intimacy, having few close friends among the people Drew's success had brought into her life.

"TELL me," she asked with unfamiliar interest. "What kind of hard work do you do? You mean housework and gardening?"

Becky laughed. "Golly, no. I wish I did. That's what I love to do and what I was born for. But I'm trying to run Joe's business. It was a flourishing coal-and-oil business before the world went to pot, and it has taken all of what I laughingly refer to as my intelligence to hold the outfit together for him. Trying to keep everybody in the community warm has been quite a major undertaking. Most people are pretty understanding and blame everything on the administration. But there are always a few, you know." She paused and her eyes glowed warmly. "If Joe didn't have such boundless faith in me, I'd just quit. The goon actually believes I can keep the home fires burning—but literally—and somehow I can't fail him."

From there on things happened so bewilderingly Cynthia wanted to jump up and cry out, "Let me go! Let me go! This isn't the way I want it. I want Joe—Joe, your husband! I'm not interested in his

Cynthia heard herself saying, "I would like you to call me Cynthia."

faith in you or your boundless effort to carry on for him. I want Joe . . ."

But she said nothing. She just sat there and found Becky Farnum the most engaging, delightfully friendly person she had ever met. She'd forgotten women like that were in the world. Ironically, it occurred to her that it was friends like Becky who peopled her dreams of life with Joe. Cynthia found herself abandoning all her poses, all her social tricks. She was talking easily, frankly, without affectation. She was laughing, not just politely but happily.

Becky was saying, "I don't pretend I'm able to manage the job by myself. It's Joe who does it. The men all adore Joe. He's a wonderful guy—if you know him." She paused. "And I know him."

Panic-stricken, Cynthia held her breath. She didn't want Becky to talk about Joe. She only felt numb and aching at the thought of Joe.

But Becky *was* talking about him, and as she went on and on, Cynthia felt quick tears come again and again to her eyes.

"If you ever hear I've gone crazy as a coot," Becky said softly, "it'll be because somebody's caught me talking out loud to Joe—the way they do in the movies or on the radio. I can't quit it. If I get in a jam, I just stop what I'm doing and roar out, 'Joe, you screwball, I can't get Mrs. Field to use soft coal again!' In some zany way I think I get the answer. I try it and, by golly, it works!"

Impulsively Cynthia said, "You kind of love that Joe, don't you, Becky?"

Becky's fine eyes shadowed for a moment—or maybe Cynthia imagined it—and she answered, "All there is, I guess."

Cynthia could not resist one more question. "And he loves you?"

The shadows, real or imagined, were gone now. There was only the smile and the voice, strong and sure.

"Yep, he loves me. Like most husbands, he's a blackhearted ape—but he loves me."

As she watched her, Cynthia knew clearly she would never be the one to cause Becky's eyes to cloud with pain and uncertainty. There was a genuineness about Becky that made Cynthia's dream seem tarnished.

They laughed together when they saw the time. Becky had to rush for the train. At the curb, where Cynthia hailed a cab for her, they parted. As they shook hands Cynthia said softly, "Good-by, Mrs. Joe Farnum." Impulsively she leaned forward and brushed Becky's cheek with her lips.

It was a strange gesture for her but one she felt she had to make for a new-found friend. As she watched her out of sight she whispered bleakly, "And good-by to you, too, Joe. It's all over, dear one, it's all over."

BECKY'S taxi whirled away. She leaned wearily back in the seat. There were shadows in her eyes all right—real and deeply troubled ones. But Cynthia Ainsworth had not brought them there. Becky Farnum's eyes had been burdened with them off and on for many years. And [illegible], as she rode away, she said [illegible]—to herself—and to the absent Joe. "She's a [illegible] person, Joe. I fixed it, but it hurt, and I'm warning you, my roving-eyed darling, this is absolutely the last time I'll get you out of a mess like this."

THE END

RADIO'S ONE-MAN CIRCUS

BY RUTH MOORE

His name is Barker—but he also roars like a lion, squawks like a parrot, and, in a pinch, fries like an egg

WHEN a distinguished gray-haired man entered the rehearsal studio, the actors quit kidding around. The prosperous cut of his clothes, his air of authority, spelled nothing less than sponsor. They were still on their best behavior ten minutes later when he stepped up to the microphone in response to a signal from the director.

The actors shrugged. They were used to personal messages from sponsors. The man at the mike opened his mouth. So did the actors.

"Arf! Arf!" he barked. Not even a sponsor whose Crossley rating had hit a new low could give forth with such a genuinely lifelike yap.

That was no sponsor. That was the one and only Bradley Barker, radio's unique actor. He can imitate practically any animal in the world, wild or domestic, extinct or extant—and so perfectly that not even the animals can tell the difference.

Ordinarily radio actors are surprise-proof. For a man to make like an animal in a world where mature men jump on berry baskets to simulate crashed-in doors and grown women wail like newborn babes is not out of the ordinary. But Barker, who reads Shakespeare between growls, gets them every time.

Actors and directors who've never worked with him before, and even those who have, are always taken aback by his dignified and scholarly appearance. Not that they expect this Barker, by birth as well as profession, to look like a dog or a rat or any other member of the vast menagerie that makes up his repertoire, but all agree that issuing orders over an interoffice phone or delivering a college lecture would seem far more in character for him than playing circus via the air waves.

But Brad, as he's familiarly known along Radio Row, has an easy answer. Animal vocalizing *is* a business with him. He averages some fifteen to twenty shows a week throughout the year, and anyone who's acquainted with American Federation of Radio Artists rates will realize that is business in a big way.

MILLIONS of Americans shivered in their seats a few years back when Frank Buck's wild-animal films were presented. Deadly screams of live panthers and the terrifying roars of man-eating tigers swelled out from the cinema sound track.

Naturally, the press agents couldn't let the public in on the secret. It would have ruined the effect. But every one of the animal noises in Bring 'Em Back Alive, Wild Cargo, and Fang and Claw came up from under Bradley Barker's epiglottis.

That's why Barker's name hasn't become a household word to the radio listeners who've been hearing his voice, or rather his animal voice, almost daily for the past seventeen years. It would spoil the make-believe.

Brad is a network institution. For years he chilled the blood of juvenile America with his wolf howl on that thrilling adventure of the Far North, Renfrew of the Mounted. A critic, reviewing the show in 1936, wrote: If there's anyone who deserves star billing on this show, it's the mimic.

Brad was Bones, the lovable old hound-dog in Lula Vollmer's popular serial, Moonshine and Honeysuckle. He was big dogs, little dogs, and in-betweens on the famous Spratt's Dogfood show which featured the late Albert Payson Terhune, and he was once a whole circus, radio's first, mimicking everything from seals to elephants.

At present he can be heard as the terrier on Portia Faces Life, as the St. Bernard on Mary Marlin, as the Scottie on When a Girl Marries. Almost every Saturday for the past five years he's been on CBS's wonder program for children, Let's Pretend, playing anything from field mice and bullfrogs to dragons. In addition to these regular shows, his bellows, barks, brays, meows, and neighs can be heard weekly in spot performances on dozens of other popular programs.

Since the war he's been busier than ever. Adventure scripts like The Sea Hound and Superman, which carry their heroes to distant fronts, use local fauna for atmosphere. Brad is usually it. March of Time, Report to the Nation, and Words at War also keep his already overtaxed larynx humming with background animal noises. He's been mountain goats in China, bears in Alaska, monkeys in Pacific foxholes.

Recently a director, unfamiliar with the scope of Brad's Adam's apple, called him for the part of a monkey. "What kind of monkey?" inquired Brad. The director stuttered a bit: "Why, why—just a monkey." Brad's cultured voice was patient. "I have to know," he said. "I do baboons, gibbons, ringtails, spiders, howlers, mangabeys." The director was a little dazed. "Well," he ventured hopefully, "this script takes place in the East Indies." "Oh," said Brad, "of course. What you want is the pig-tailed macaque." "Yes," whispered the director, "that's it, the pig-tailed macaque."

Barker's mike technique. He can imitate any animal—dog or dromedary.

When this specialist in animal linguistics feels he needs to brush up on vocabulary, he refers to his file of recorded animal noises, which include such oddities as the wail of a mother camel and the laugh of a hyena. Now and then he does a little research at the Central Park Zoo. When Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus comes to town, Brad's wife usually cancels all social engagements for the duration. He's too busy pursuing his studies in the basement of Madison Square Garden, where the animals are quartered.

But once none of these sources was very helpful. Brad was asked by the Sinclair Oil Company to imitate the voice of an electrically-animated dinosaur for the Texas Centennial in 1935. Since the dinosaur has been extinct for so long that not even a cave man could have heard him, this was a problem. But Professor Barker has a lively imagination as well as technique. Thousands of visitors to the dinosaur exhibit can tell you exactly how this prehistoric monster sounded. They'll describe it as a kind of high scream, a cross between a horse's whinny and the trumpeting of an elephant.

Brad is quite proud of that achievement. Besides, the Sinclair Company paid him a sizable sum for those horrendous screechings.

HOW does he do it? Brad isn't concealing any trade secrets when he says he can't tell. He doesn't use any artificial aids except for a wooden resonator which adds volume to his lion and tiger roars. It's a two-partition box, open on one end. When Brad puts his mouth to one of the openings and lets go, it's enough to make hair stand up on a bald man's head.

Brad honestly can't describe the individual manipulations of palate, throat, and lips that go into the production of a specific animal sound. "I just feel that way," he says, "and out it comes." One wag who overheard this explanation following one of Brad's uncanny canine performances, remarked, "Better not go too far with that feeling stuff, Brad; you'll wind up with distemper."

At least part of his secret, aside from an unusually stout set of vocal cords, lies in the possession of a remarkable ear. Witness his recent performance on Hop Harrigan. Jessica Maxwell, the director, thought Brad, of all people, would know how to make like a Hindu fakir charming a cobra. This was a little out of Brad's line, but he obligingly pursed his lips and produced some reedy notes.

Miss Maxwell had a letter from a university professor a few days later, congratulating her on the authentic music used in the snake sequence. "When I was in New Delhi several years ago," he wrote, "I heard snake charmers in the market places, and your version was very authentic."

"I must have heard it somewhere sometime," says Brad, who's never been beyond the United States' borders. "Once I hear a sound I never forget it."

Whatever his secret, Brad is head man in this curious profession. A few mimes try now and again to cut in on his animal kingdom. But they're licked from the start.

When you hear a howl over the radio, ten to one Brad Barker's making it. The resonator takes the strain off his tonsils for a lion's roar.

Nobody can compete with a man who's perfected his art to such a degree that even an animal's age and sex are orally defined. The only imitators who have a chance against Brad's monopoly are the bird specialists. Except for roosters, parrots, and an occasional hoot owl, he sticks to four-legged creatures. "I'm a throat man, not a whistler," he says.

Earle McGill, top-flight CBS director, pays tribute to Brad's virtuosity in his book, Radio Directing. He also issues a warning to parlor amateurs: "Not everyone is adaptable to this kind of work, either vocally or temperamentally. It requires years of patience and study, and unless properly done, animal sounds can wreak havoc with the vocal cords." Brad's natural voice, still a rich baritone, is proof of his skill.

BRAD'S talent was apparent at the tender age of three. His keen interest in the lingual activities of the cow wrung two dollars out of the Bright Sayings department of a New York newspaper. "It must cost a lot of money to keep her in chewing gum," observed this infant prodigy. Fifty-odd years later his mooing cows were to be immortalized on that stirring radio saga, Death Valley Days.

But his talent might have lain dormant within his trachea if it hadn't been for an old theater custom. Brad, like other personalities of the silent screen, was invited to make personal appearances at first-run movie houses. He and Johnny Hines, the Mickey Rooney of the silents, worked up a swell parody on the Pathé weekly newsreel. Johnny was the gag man and Brad did all the sound effects. For the first time, Brad's great guttural gifts were exercised. The audience practically rolled in the aisles.

But even then Brad didn't realize that act was basic training for his future career as animal imitator extraordinary, or that he was destined a short time later to crow like a rooster for that same Pathé feature.

Brad didn't go professional until March 8, 1925. That date, a landmark in his career, also marked the first time in radio history that vocal animal sounds were used on the air.

The whole thing was an accident. Brad was rehearsing the part of a sea captain for an hour-length drama, sponsored by Eveready. The story was about shipwrecked sailors in the Galápagos Islands. Midway in the script they happened on a herd of seals. Suddenly, above the actors' voices and the swishing waves effected by the sound man, came several shrill, staccato barks. The director pressed the talkback button in the control room and bellowed, "Who did that?"

Brad saw a $100 check winging away in the distance. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Sorry, hell!" barked the director in turn. "Keep it in!"

"But I can't do the captain and the seal barks too!" objected Brad.

"To hell with the captain!" shouted the director.

In that instant the man who had played opposite Marguerite Clark, Mae Marsh, and Olga Petrova, whose name had been featured on the marquees beside those of Constance Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Richard Barthelmess, and the Dolly sisters, became a seal pack. It was destiny, nothing less.

NBC's head production man showered him with scripts. The Victor Company in Camden, New Jersey, offered him $100 a day to make sound records to accompany the silents of the pre-talkie days. Few men resist fate when it's wrapped in dollar bills. Brad was no exception.

THAT'S when he crowed for Pathé's rooster. Not to be outdone, Major Bowes, then vice-president of M-G-M, had him roar for M-G-M's original lion. He was crackling peanuts, voices heckling the umpire, and the smack of the ball in Paramount's Warming Up, which starred Richard Dix.

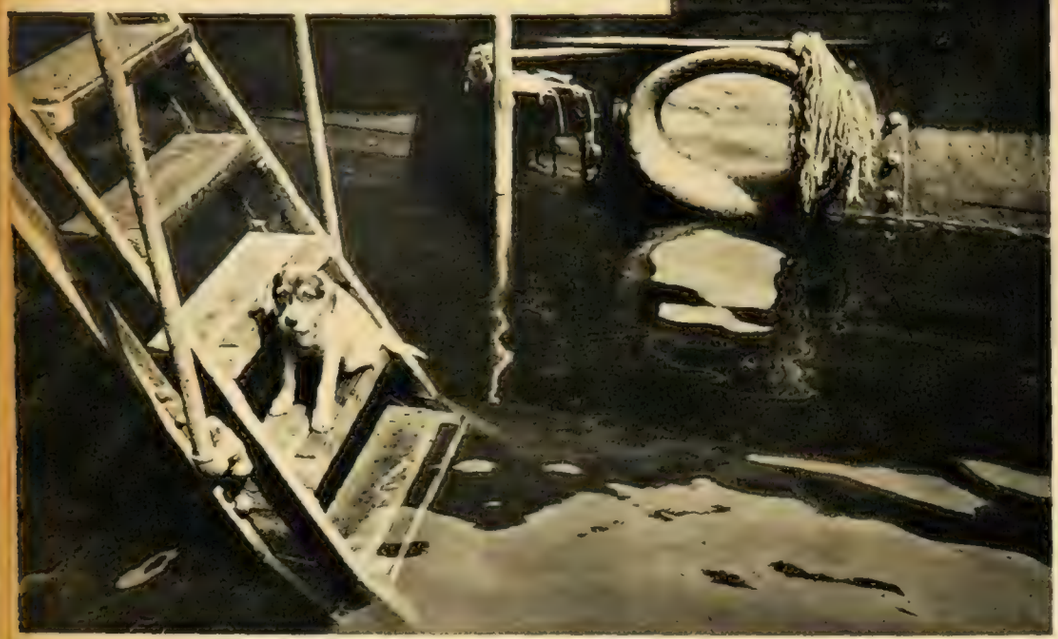
He was wind in the trees, wailing natives, and dripping coconuts in M-G-M's Shadows of the South Seas. He was all the sound in the Our Gang comedies, including the yelping of the dog with the ring around his eye. On one occasion he even played a fried egg.

He was doing the platter work for a Columbia picture starring Jack Holt. One scene toward the end of a reel showed the heroine popping eggs into a skillet. Brad's assistant was prepared to caress the surface of a water bucket with a red-hot

(Continued on page 82)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

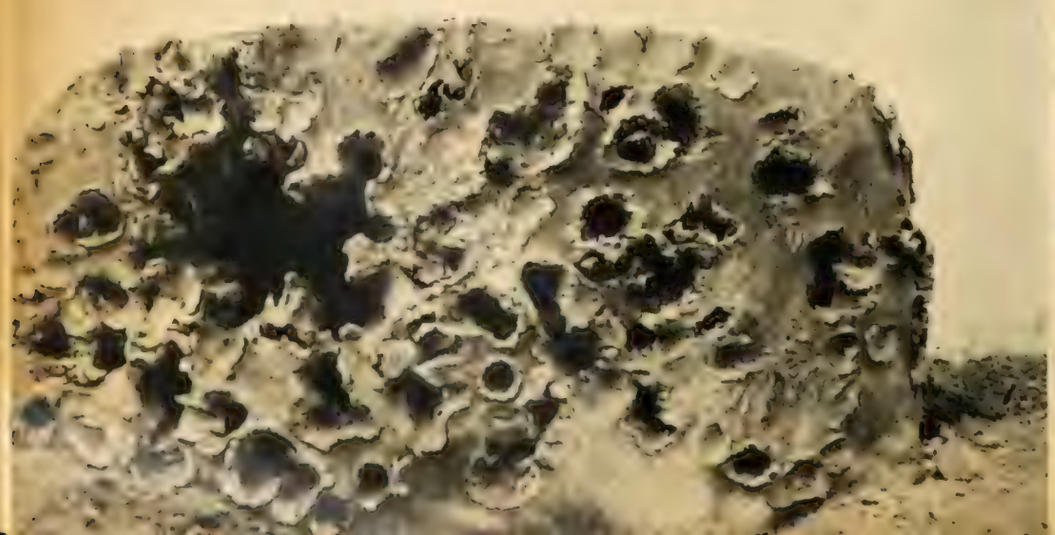


JOE VOTES—At a 7th A. A. F. base in the Central Pacific a voting service representative sees that Sgt. Seaborn Ewer of Moultrie, Ga., and Pvt. Tom Lloyd of Waco, Texas, get their ballots for the big event.

BEST OF BREED—This picture, taken as a rescue boat pulled alongside a sinking craft to save the dog, won first prize at a recent Coast Guard photo show in Washington.

THE DEWEY DIP—We don't know how far they'll get with it, but Phil Osterhouse and Mandell Hagen, introduced this new dance at the convention of the National Association of Dancing Masters in Chicago.

PILLBOX PEPPERED—There are no fortifications any more. This pillbox in France was sieved by American fire. Note shells that bored in but did not explode.

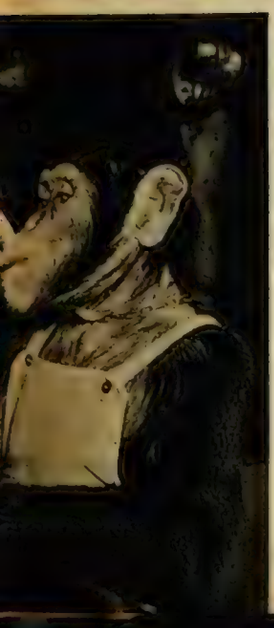


WARM WELCOME—In New York, Sveinn Bjoernsson, first President of Iceland is greeted by the daughter of the consul general, who is watching the birdie while Mayor LaGuardia, an old camera mugger, hangs back.

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Towering up out of the Bay of Cancale off the coast of France, Mont St. Michel seems to float in air to the traveler seeing it the first time. The ancient, historic landmark is getting a lot of G. I. tourists.

ROOKIE MEETS VET—Mickey Rooney and Clark Gable meet up in Chicago. Private Rooney is starting his Army career with a bang, if that sharpshooter medal means anything. Even Major Gable, now on inactive duty, seems impressed.

SHOTS IN THE STREET—The people of Paris got a taste of war as their city was liberated. Snipers fired into the crowds on the Place de la Concorde as Allied tanks rumbled in.



NO DUMMY—Some fast-moving G. I. couldn't wait for his pals in Villedieu, France, so he rigged up this dummy to show the way. Also headed in that direction was T/Sgt. Armand Messier of Pawtucket, R. I., above.

EVERY DAY YOU MEET QUITE A FEW—Mugwump, four-year-old chimpanzee, cools off with his master, Armand Denis, after a hard day's work in the 20th Century-Fox adventure film, Dangerous Journey.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

A tense moment in a game between teams of the All-American Girls Professional Ball League. Members of the South Bend Blue Sox registering their emotions.

WHAT'S A BALL GAME WITHOUT CURVES?

The All-American Girls Professional Ball League winds up its second season in a blaze of glory with an attendance of 300,000—50 per cent up over 1943. The girl players, selected as much for looks and ladylike qualities as for playing skill, are true professionals. They earn from $40 to $90 a week, with plenty of would-be recruits on the outside looking in. The game they play is a stiff one, neither regular softball nor major-league baseball. It's a special game, played according to league rules, designed to provide a fast, snappy spectacle.

Six clubs, all in the Midwest, are in the league roster. They represent Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Kenosha, Racine, Rockford, and South Bend. The season is divided into halves with the winning teams in each half meeting for a Female World Series at the season's close. This year Kenosha and Milwaukee tangled with each other for the best four out of seven games and the title of world's champs.

The boys have nothing on the femmes when it comes to fancy pitching. Mary Nesbitt Crews of the Racine Belles is a knuckle-ball artist—and a southpaw, too.

The girls are a free-stealing bunch and pilfer bases rather more often than major leaguers. Here Shirley Sameson of the Kenosha Comets adds to her team's total of ninety-two for the first half of the season.

Left to right: Helen Callaghan, Margaret Callaghan—the only sister combination in the league. They came from Vancouver to join the Minneapolis Girls Club. Helen plays left field; Margaret, third base.

Edythe Perlick of the Racine Belles takes her ball game seriously. This picture, while it shows the strain of beating the throw to first, probably won't appeal much to Edythe.

A no-hit, no-run game calls for a celebration. Pitcher Carolyn Morris of the Rockford Peaches gets a free ride off the field after turning the trick against Milwaukee.

Manager Marty McManus of the Kenosha Comets with the league's leading pitcher, Helen Nicol, who flings the old apple in true professional style.

The girl at the desk said, "Would you show your orders to Miss Andrews?"

WING MAN

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DeSOTO

AS the fighter planes began coming back, the public-relations officer and his two sergeants grabbed paper, found pencils, and went out to cover the mission.

"Get some quotes," the PRO said. "And if anybody got any Jerries, make sure whether it was in the air or on the ground."

"I'll bet Adams got a couple, at least," one sergeant said hopefully.

"You watch Burton," the other said.

Each had his favorite pilot. As the PRO crossed around the perimeter of the landing field he smiled with satisfaction. The Mustangs were buzzing the field before [illegible]. The pilots felt good; Jerry, then, had had a bad day. The PRO grinned. He had his own favorite—Hastings. Three more victories would make Bill Hastings the leading ace of the ETO.

The pilots were coming in to the dispersal room, wearing their yellow Mae Wests, excited, keyed-up, talking fast, gesturing with their hands the turns and twists of combat as they told their stories to the Intelligence officer. The PRO listened for quotes and kept watching for Hastings.

When he got back to his office the two sergeants were exultant. Adams and Burton each had another aerial victory.

"And how did Hastings do?"

A shrug. "Hastings—didn't get back."

"How did he get it? What did his wing man say—Morton?"

"Morton didn't come back either. Morton and Hastings got separated from the others in the clouds."

"A hell of a break!" the PRO cried, as if he'd been personally played a very dirty trick. "There goes our chance to have the leading ace of the ETO! And I can't even put out a release on his going down for ten days. He was a swell guy, to boot."

"His wing man, Morton—"

"Oh, to hell with that playboy! *Hastings* is gone. Who gives a damn about Morton?"

"I was going to say, sir—there's that letter that Morton left with you. I'll get it from the safe."

Across the face of the buff official envelope was written: "Deliver to Miss Catherine Andrews at Red Cross if I do not return." It was unsealed.

Katie,

I know it's you and Bill Hastings; and

insomuch as you want Bill, then that's the way I want it to be.

But I've missed out in a rather important moment of existence, and I don't like the idea of not having lived a full life. So I'm doing it this way. I've never told any girl I loved her before this moment.

In case you ever read this, it won't make any difference. I don't even know why I'd like you to know. But I do. Good luck to you and Bill.

MORT.

The sergeant, reading over the PRO's shoulder, blew his nose noisily.

"That would make a nice yarn," the PRO mused, tapping the edge of the letter against his lower lip. "A beautiful piece. Hastings and his wing man both in love with the same girl. Morton giving her up, just like he gave up victories in the air. 'Just a Wing Man'—that's the theme. In love and combat. A nice little feature. . . . Too bad I'm too chickenhearted to cash in on it."

WHEN he first had arrived by train at the little East Anglian village, Lieutenant Morton asked the way to the Red Cross—"Top of the street and bear right, and you can't miss it." He walked along a cobbled street bordered with high brick walls. Overhead, two flights of Mustangs roared east under the clouds. He'd soon be flying one of them. Doing something. Something on his own. He was tired of being J. J. Morton's son.

His musette bag bumped gently against his leg as he swung along. It was a raw English day, with a gusty wind, smelling of rain. A big American flag hanging over the street before the Red Cross gave him a warmish feeling. Funny how the flag did that to a man over here.

Inside, he said to the girl at the reception desk, "Could you tell me how to get to Fighter Base 333?"

"I'm sorry, but we don't have that information."

"It's all right. I'm to report there."

"Would you show your orders to Miss Andrews at that table in the corner?"

The name, Miss Andrews, didn't register, nor her wealth of copper-colored hair, as he walked across the room. She wore the tailored blue-gray Red Cross uniform. Her back was toward him; there were two coffee cups, half empty, on the little table.

"Miss Andrews?" he asked; and then, as she turned, he cried, "Katie!"

She was even prettier than he remembered her. She was a knockout.

"Well, Mort," she said, regarding him with something like amused tolerance, "I see you made it."

"Made it?"

"You got your wings. I remember before I came over it was even money—even if you *were* J. J.'s son."

The room seemed suddenly hot. The thing was following him over here.

"Yes," he admitted, "I've been pretty much of an ass. But the Army's a great equalizer." It wasn't easy to say this, but he'd done a number of things in the Army that weren't easy. "Let's forget the J. J. part, can't we? I'm just Lieutenant Morton over here."

"I'm afraid that's the way it will be over here," she admitted dryly, and turned to a big man crossing from a phone booth. "You know Bill Hastings."

"Glad to see you, Bill."

Hastings shook hands, saying, "I heard you were joining us, lieutenant."

Morton was conscious of the silver oak leaves on Bill Hastings' shoulders.

"Yes, sir, colonel," he said stiffly.

"I've got a jeep coming if you want a ride. Will you join us for a cup of coffee?"

Morton soon wished he hadn't accepted the invitation. The other two tried to include him in the conversation with an obvious effort at politeness. He remembered Bill Hastings as a lad hanging around the airport at home, crazy about flying, saving his money to log hours, eager to wipe off Morton's private plane for an occasional chance to take it up. And Katie Andrews had worked in the J. J. Morton Manufacturing Co. It was fantastic, coming together here with everything reversed.

Katie was no longer a kid, dazzled by the boss's son. Bill Hastings was a big man,

Morton didn't know how to play second fiddle—in love or in war. But when he flew wing for his rival in love, he learned

good-looking, with short blond hair; a man self-possessed and with the dignity of his rank. Below the silver wings on the blue combat background were a double row of ribbons, D. S. C., D. F. C., Silver Star with cluster, Air Medal with four clusters, and ETO.

Morton was conscious of the fact that at one time he had been a rather nasty sort of snob. It had amused him to take Katie to the best places. He'd been rather superior the night she slapped his face. He'd laughed outright, next day, when Bill Hasting's had told him, "If you weren't J. J.'s son, I'd knock your teeth down your throat."

It wasn't funny any more, but that was something he never would be able to explain to Katie or Bill.

He was glad when the jeep came. He rode on the back seat, with Bill Hastings up front beside the driver.

"I thought maybe you'd stay in the States as instructor," Hastings said.

"I put in for combat duty, sir," Morton said, answering the implication that as J. J.'s son he might ride out the war with a nice safe job at home.

"Well, it's not all glory and glamour."

Morton said nothing. It seemed he was bound to be misunderstood.

"Frankly," Hastings said, "no group was anxious to have you over here. You're a fine pilot, and that's all that kept you from washing out a couple of times. I know your record. I may as well tell you that you'll be treated exactly like anybody else."

"That's what I want, sir."

"I'll break you in as my wing man."

Morton considered this. Was this Bill Hastings' way of getting even?

"I'd rather not, sir."

Hastings turned around. His gray eyes were steady. "I requested you. I'm taking a chance on you. You can be a great pilot, if you've learned discipline."

"The personal element might enter."

"Not from my side." Then, after a slight pause, "You may request transfer if you can't take it."

HIS quarters were in a long low building made of concrete slabs ingeniously fitted together to form walls, beams, and roof. The partitions of his room were of raw red brick with white plaster between. He shared the room with a lieutenant named Turlock. The room was just wide enough to allow the double-decked bunk to fit across the end.

"Luckily I'm not troubled with claustrophobia," Morton observed.

Turlock grinned. He was around thirty, old for a pilot; he'd been an insurance adjuster. "When you've been in the ETO as long as I have, youngster, you'll appreciate a linoleum floor and hot and cold running water. I hear you're flying wing to Hastings."

"I don't get it."

"I know; you want to be a hero. But you've got plenty to learn yet. Those Jerries aren't pushovers."

"I was an instructor in the States."

"Wonderful. So was I—and I got back from my first few missions only by the grace of a kind Providence. When you fly wing, you learn from the guy in front of you. If he's good, you'll learn inside stuff you never dreamed of. And Bill Hastings is the best."

This was something Morton hadn't considered. He walked over to the squadron dispersal room. Bill Hastings was working on a report in his office.

"Sir, about being your wing man—"

Bill Hastings arose from the folding table that served as his desk.

"Let's straighten things out right now, lieutenant. So far as personal feelings go, you know how things stand. We never can

"So long, Bill." Morton saw Bill Hastings push back his canopy.

like each other. But this is the Army and personalities don't enter. I'm not, on one hand, trying to rub it in because I outrank you; and on the other hand, I'm not putting you on my wing because you're J. J. Morton's son. We needed a replacement and I considered you the best pilot available. I'm taking the chance that you've learned discipline. That's all. Is it clear?"

"Yes, sir."

IT rained that night and for the next three days. It was hard, sitting around, waiting. Turlock talked a lot about his wife and child.

There was a dance Saturday night at the officers' lounge. Katie came with Bill Hastings. Morton found her easily the most attractive girl on the dance floor.

"Could you accept a very belated apology?" he asked her, as they danced.

"Apology?"

"It was a long time ago, but my cheek still burns a little."

"And my hand still stings," she admitted. "But maybe it'll go away now."

Somebody cut in, and he didn't have a chance to say more; but he felt good all evening.

BRIEFING: 0915 hours. A huge map covered the end of the room. Taped in blue ribbon was the course, in and out, of the bombers. Red splotches on the map were flak areas. In yellow ribbon was the course of the Mustangs. Target: Berlin. The fighters would rendezvous with the bombers over the target and escort them on the first leg of the return. The Intelligence officer briefed them; the chaplain prayed.

"Morton?" asked a short man with pencil and paper, as the pilots came out of briefing. "I'm the PRO. Can you give me just a little quote? How do you feel? First mission for J. J. Morton's son—"

Morton excused himself and brushed by. In the doorway, Bill Hastings, bulky in his flying suit, was looking back, his face inscrutable. Morton went in a jeep to his Mustang in the dispersal area.

"Plane's all ready, sir," the crew chief said. "I'm Sergeant Wallace."

"Glad to know you, sergeant. I'm Lieutenant Morton."

"Yes, sir; I know."

Morton looked at him sharply, but the sergeant's face below the long upturned beak of his cap revealed nothing.

In the air he felt better. There was a tight something inside him as the Channel passed below. In a matter of minutes from take-off time he was over enemy territory.

J. J.'s son, eh? Well, he could fly. Even Bill Hastings had had to admit that. What he'd do from here on out would be on his own. He checked his instruments, gently caressing the knob that would send bullets chattering from his wing guns.

"Red One to Red Two," came Hastings' voice over the R/T. "Keep formation."

"Yes, sir." Morton pulled into position. He'd play along, but when the time came, when the chips were down . . . He craned his neck, looking all about the great horizon. Where were the Jerries? His plane throbbed smoothly.

And suddenly he saw them below. Two FW-190s, drifting along, oblivious to the Mustangs overhead.

"Bandits, four o'clock!" he shouted, and peeled off. His plane roared in a dive, straight for the tail of the rear Hun. He had his thumb on the button, ready to squirt death when he got into range.

And then, sickeningly, he realized it was a trap. The two Jerries turned up and over just before he got within range. His speed was too great to follow. As he shot past they fell on his tail. Little balls of fire danced along his wings, peeling the skin from the framework. He pulled back the stick and was crushed down into the seat as the Mustang came out of its dive. A red haze came before his eyes. When it cleared, the sky was full of planes. FW-190s and Me-109s had dived out of the sun.

The fight was brief. As Morton climbed back to altitude, the Jerries were hitting for the deck; but two of them, and one Mustang, were twisting downward, leaving huge black corkscrews of smoke in the bitter air. Two parachutes had bloomed, white and gleaming, little men swinging below them. One of them waved, and, climbing past, Morton saw it was Turlock, his face white and taut but trying to grin.

"Get back into formation," Bill Hastings was saying over the R/T.

As the Mustangs roared along to make rendezvous with the bombers over Berlin, Morton kept seeing Turlock's face as the man drifted down into enemy territory.

"I feel rotten about that fool trick," Morton told Hastings, when they got back. "I deserve anything that's coming to me."

Hastings said, "We allow one boner from a new man. You've used up yours."

"But—Turlock. His face—"

"Don't brood about that. Our job is to destroy the Luftwaffe. You're the one that was suckered. You're living on borrowed time. Turlock got his in fair combat."

HE saw Katie off and on during the following months. He wondered if she went out with him because she felt a bit sorry for him. As a pilot, he was nothing. Flying wing, he'd watched Bill Hastings steadily getting victory after victory, to need now only three more kills to become the leading ace of the theater. Bill was good, no doubt about it. He'd taught Morton a lot of inside stuff.

"I don't know if I've got it," Morton said one evening to Katie. "I know what a good pilot is, after tailing Bill."

They'd been walking in the twilight, and now they sat beside a hawthorn hedge.

"Bill thinks you're all right, or you wouldn't have stayed on his wing."

"But, you see, I never had to work for anything in my life. Things were handed to me. I thought I was pretty hot when I first got over here. But I've learned more from Bill Hastings than I ever dreamed there was to know about flying. I'm to the point now where I feel I don't know anything."

"The psychological moment—the humbleness of an expert," Katie said, half kidding. "I don't know if it's a military secret or not—but Bill told me you'd be leading a flight after tomorrow's mission."

Morton let out a slow breath. Leading a flight! Then Bill thought he was ready!

"Bill's a great guy," he said.

Katie nodded. "Yes, the best there is." Her face was soft in the fading light. Something swelled in Morton's throat. There'd been a time when he could have had this girl. He'd known it when, aloof with the superior feeling of the boss's son towards a factory hand, he'd seen affection growing in her. Now the shoe was on the other foot, and it pinched. Looking back, he realized that for a long time he'd been in love with Katie Andrews.

He swallowed. His heart was hammering as it never had done in air combat.

"Katie—what do you think about Bill? I mean—"

"He asked me to marry him."

"Bill's a swell guy. I think we'd better be heading back."

That night he wrote a letter to Katie, and scrawled on the envelope, "Deliver to Miss Catherine Andrews at Red Cross, if I do not return." Next morning he asked the PRO to hold it for him.

Briefing: 0710 hours. Targets: communications, airdromes, transportation; targets of opportunity. A strafing sweep. Weather: ten tenths low stratus cloud over England and the Channel, breaking to five to eight tenths over the Continent.

It was a big day for Morton. At last he felt the recoil of his guns shaking the plane as he screamed across airfields, strafing hangars and sitting planes and flak towers. He saw his bullets striking a locomotive, and then the great explosion of steam jolted his Mustang almost out of control. Within an hour he and Bill Hastings were alone, having lost the others in the clouds; and they had a field day.

They were heading back, low on gas, when they spotted another airdrome with three Ju-88s lined up like sitting ducks.

"Too good to miss," Hastings said. "It won't take much gas." And he peeled off, Morton following.

Black roses with red and yellow centers began blooming all around the diving planes. Flak. Morton felt his Mustang jerk as if kicked by a giant boot. Pieces of his right wing blew off like leaves in a wind. The two Mustangs came across, guns spitting, through the heavy black smoke of the flak and the yellow lines of machine-gun tracers. And as he pulled up, Morton looked back and saw one of the Ju-88s burning. Another exploded, throwing wing sections and fuselage apart.

"Let's take a run again, and get the third one!" Morton cried.

"Sorry; I've had it," Bill Hastings said laconically.

And, looking ahead, Morton saw the thick smoke coming from Hastings' Mustang. He had a feeling of sudden helplessness. He was so close to Hastings but he could do nothing to help.

"Flak got my glycol," Hastings' voice said over the R/T. "Temperature climbing. You'll have to finish it out for me, Morton. I've taught you everything I know. You'll be a great pilot."

"Thanks." Morton swallowed. He wished he could say something. He wanted to tell Bill Hastings the past was gone.

"Maybe you'll get back, sir. A few do. Beat your way at night—"

"We'll see. Give my best to Katie."

"Yes, sir."

"And there's one thing—this is no time for it, but we're not very formal in the Air Force, and—oh, hell! So long, Mort."

"So long, Bill."

Morton saw Bill Hastings push back his canopy.

And at the same instant he saw three Me-109s diving out of the sun in tandem on the crippled plane. He pulled up and met the first one head on. The Hun broke at the last instant, to the right, and Morton fell on his tail and felt a fierce joy in seeing his bullets chew into the 109, tearing it apart in great hunks.

"Watch your tail, Mort!" crackled Bill Hastings' voice, and, looking back, Morton saw a Hun behind had him in exactly the right position for the kill.

The Jerry behind suddenly flipped over and spun down, smoking. And streaming out from behind where he'd been was the smoke of Hastings' Mustang. Then Hastings came out of the cockpit and his parachute billowed above his falling plane.

MORTON headed west for England, gaining altitude slowly. He was at eight thousand feet when his engine died.

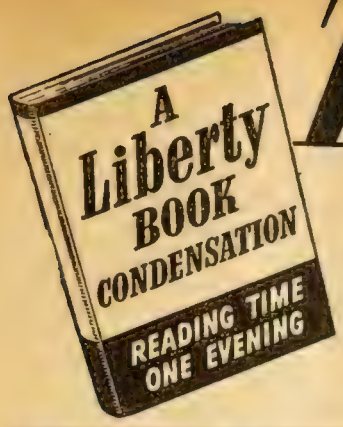
The irony of it was too much. This couldn't happen to him, right when for the first time he knew he had what it took.

"Mayday . . . Mayday . . . Mayday . . ."

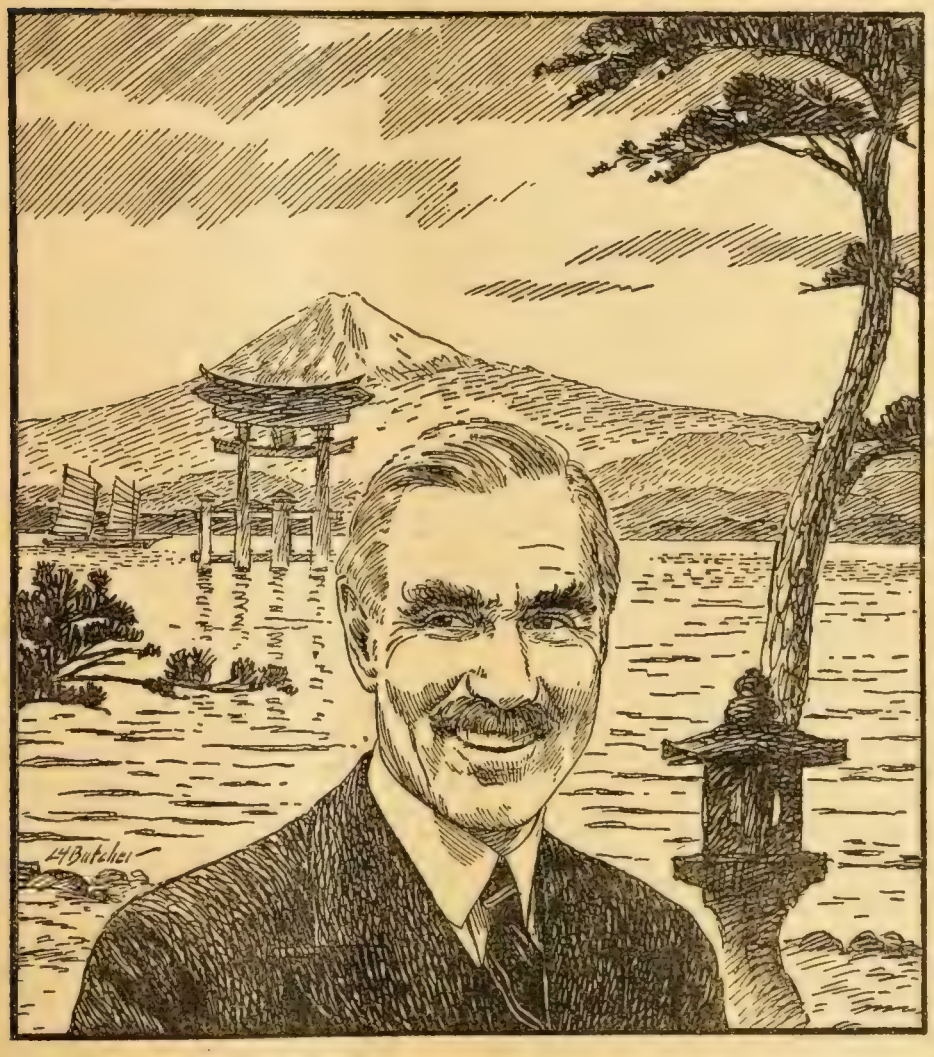
He kept calling. It was a little time before he realized his radio was dead. He bailed out. According to reckoning, he was somewhere over the Channel.

He floated into the dense clouds, straining to see the sea through the grayness all

(*Continued on page 72*)



TEN YEARS IN JAPAN



BY JOSEPH C. GREW

U. S. Ambassador to Japan
1932-1942

While the flood waters of Japanese militarism were steadily rising, Ambassador Grew was doing all that any human being could to strengthen the slipping bulwarks of peace. These day-by-day notes of the struggle, culled from his diary, tell one of the great dramatic stories of American history.

●

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

1932

MAY 14-18: *On the Overland Limited, Chicago to San Francisco.* We're off. Our fourteenth post and our fourth mission, and it promises to be the most adventurous of all.

I shall do my utmost to keep a detached and balanced point of view. An ambassador who starts prejudiced against the country to which he is accredited might just as well pack up and go home. To begin with, I have a great deal of sympathy with Japan's legitimate aspirations in Manchuria, but no sympathy at all with the illegitimate way in which Japan has been carrying them out. The purely Sino-Japanese problem has many complicated features. Fortunately our position is clear as crystal: we hold no brief for either side in the Sino-Japanese dispute; we hold a brief for the inviolability of the international peace treaties and the Open Door.

At the very start the pot begins to boil. Flaring headlines: JAPANESE PREMIER SLAIN: SERIOUS REVOLT; PALACE IN PERIL. This is the fourth important assassination. The military are simply taking the bit in their teeth and running away with it, evidently with a Fascist regime in view.

JUNE 6, *Tokyo:* By golly, what a day! I was up at the absurd hour of 4.45 A. M., hating to miss a trick.

Alice, our daughter Elsie, and I met the quarantine officer at 6 A. M., and another Japanese officer examined our police dog Kim, while still a third man took charge of our baggage.

We motored to Tokyo to the Embassy—big bushes, smooth green lawns, flowers, fountains, tessellated pools, and the buildings themselves, four of them, white with black ironwork trimmings, already framed in luxuriant

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trees. The residence is on the crest of a hill looking down on the chancery and the dormitories, to which one descends on little steppingstones through a thick grove of leafy woods.

At 3, Edwin Neville, Counselor of the Embassy, came to take me to the Diet to call on Viscount Saito, who has now stepped into the breach as Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

JUNE 7: At 11 came Takeo Yamagata, a chief of section under the Master of Ceremonies in the Imperial Household Department. Mr. Yamagata said that the Emperor would receive me in audience on June 14 and that the Empress would also receive Alice and Elsie and that after the audience we would all three lunch with the Emperor and Empress.

JUNE 14: This has been a terrific day. The Imperial coaches came to the chancery at 10.20. It was pouring rain, and the plumes of the coachman's hat and on the

cap of the captain of the convoying lancers were sadly wilted, but not even the rain could dull the birthday-cake effect of the coach.

We solemnly entered the very beautiful palace grounds, where a guard of honor stood at attention and the bugler gave a fanfare.

I read my speech; it was translated into Japanese by the interpreter, the well-known Shiratori, "spokesman of the Foreign Office"; the Emperor read his speech in Japanese in a high singsong voice, which was translated into English by Shiratori; then, according to the protocol, "shake hands," and the Emperor asked two or three of the usual formal questions, which I did my best to answer intelligently in spite of hearing only one word in four of Shiratori's translation (he had been told that I heard badly but simply couldn't raise his voice in the Imperial presence). I successfully negotiated the backward retreat, and that was over. The whole thing was done with clockwork precision and solemnity.

The Emperor Hirohito is young—thirty-one, I believe; he has a small mustache and glasses and smiles pleasantly when talking. Of course he received in military uniform. There is a marked resemblance between the three brothers, the Emperor, Prince Chichibu, and Prince Takamatsu.

Immediately after the audience with the Emperor, Alice, Elsie, and I went in to the Empress, where the same thing was repeated.

Then we went to the Embassy. I had just seven minutes to change into a morning coat, and start again for the palace in our own car for lunch.

The luncheon was far less formidable than I had imagined; it was quiet and stately, of course, but both the Emperor and Empress talked with us almost steadily and without any formality. Alice was on the Emperor's left, with Count Makino, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and an advisor to the Throne, next her; I was on the Empress' left with Madame Takagi next to me.

JUNE 15: Confidential memorandums from the staff are already beginning to come in as a result of my request at a meeting the other day.

At luncheon, the counselor of another embassy made the interesting statement that he believed future co-operation between Russia and Japan to be much more probable than a war between the two countries.

The same informant also stated that handbills urging the assassination of Premier Saito had been circulated.

JUNE 17: In the evening at 6 we went to the Kabuki-Zu Theater. There we saw two plays, one featuring the celebrated actor Utaemon; the other, the outstanding dancer-actor of Japan, Kikugoro, in his Lion Dance.

We were tremendously impressed; this was the best theater in Japan and the best classical drama and dancing. The scenery and costumes were simply magnificent. All the women's parts were taken by men, and they did it extraordinarily well. There is almost a national veneration for Kikugoro and for the Lion Dance, which is supposedly his masterpiece. The orchestra, eighteen men in kimonos, sits at the back of the stage, facing the audience; about a third of them sing or chant while the rest play instruments and drums. It is, to our Western ears, sheer cacophony, and after an hour of it I had a good old-fashioned headache, but it certainly added to the impressiveness of the dance.

JUNE 29: The following statement was made to one of my staff by a Japanese:

The situation in Japan is very serious. It appears quiet on the surface, but underneath there is a great discontent among the people. . . . The young army officers are out of hand; they have their own ideas of what should be done. The whole place is full of malcontents.

As for the cabinet—Viscount Saito is an honest man and there are a few others in the cabinet who are trying to do their best for the country. . . .

Yes, I think it is very possible that there will be some more assassinations.

JULY 5: Fleisher, the only American correspondent who has followed my invitation to drop in often, told me that he had cabled the New York Herald Tribune that Sir Francis Lindley, the British Ambassador, had made representations to the Foreign Office against Japanese recognition of Manchukuo and that Arita, Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, had told Lindley that recognition would not take place, at least until the Commission had submitted its report to Geneva.

JULY 6: I went to see De Martel, the French Ambassador, to find out if he too had made representations concerning the recognition of Manchukuo by Japan. He told me that he had had no instructions to do so, but that yesterday, in a conversation with Arita, he had urged against precipitancy.

JULY 9: The Japanese government knows the point of view of the United States perfectly, and I believe that in the present very restive state of public opinion, more is to be lost than gained by rubbing it in. Any publicity to the effect that the American Ambassador was trying to prevent the Government from recognizing Manchukuo would result in a howl from the public and in the press which might force the Government into earlier action than it intended.

JULY 20: The new Chinese Minister made his formal call this morning. He has me stumped as to dress (that all-important element of diplomacy) because he came in a short black coat and a top hat. If I return his call correctly clad in a tail coat and top hat I shall be exceeding his procedure, whereas if I wear a short coat and a bowler I shall clearly be jeopardizing the good relations between China and the United States.

AUGUST 15: The next event, which called me from a few days of refreshment at Karuizawa back to Tokyo, was the outburst in the Japanese press against Mr. Stimson's speech before the Council on Foreign Relations. The Secretary spoke of the application of the Kellogg Pact to the Far Eastern situation in an academic way and did not directly charge Japan as the aggressor. However that may be, the dynamic Mr. Shiratori told the Japanese press that all Japan was indignant at Mr. Stimson's charges. For two days the vernacular press was full of it, and the tone was not a bit conducive to good relations between Japan and the United States. The text, when it finally came to me after the incident was closed, showed

that the speech contained nothing whatever at which Japan had any good reason to take offense.

Excerpt from Letter to Secretary of State Stimson.

Tokyo, August 13, 1932.

Strictly Confidential

Dear Mr. Secretary:

The outburst in Japan against your speech before the Council on Foreign Relations savors distinctly of a tempest in a teapot if not of a guilty conscience on the part of the Japanese, for we now understand that the speech was merely an academic discussion of a hypothetical case, while the Japanese took it as a specific charge of guilt. . . . However that may be, the Foreign Office has used the speech deliberately to pour fuel on the temporarily quiescent flames of public animosity against the United States. . . .

I believe that on the part of the Japanese it is a sign of weakness, not of strength. The internal economic and financial situation in Japan is serious and may become desperate. . . . Millions of yen are being squandered to support the Manchurian venture, of which the eventual economic advantage is highly problematical, and when the full purport of these expenses becomes known to the people, in their own serious deprivation, there is no telling what effect it will create. . . . It seems to be primarily the military element—vocalized by such men as Shiratori—who believe that the best way to obscure these facts is to work the public into a patriotic and nationalistic fervor by representing foreign nations, particularly the United States, as trying to thwart Japan's efforts for alleged self-preservation.

SEPTEMBER 3: I had a conference of the staff and read to them my telegram to Mr. Stimson. The telegram said that I could not too strongly impress on the Secretary the certainty that the Japanese Government firmly intends to carry out its Manchuria program unless prevented by superior force.

SEPTEMBER 10: Today was largely taken up with the National City Bank affair. The matter would be ludicrous if it were not serious. The bank in New York had instructed its various branches throughout the Far East to forward photographs of the business sections in their respective cities. In Osaka, the Japanese gendarmes suddenly asked the local branch of the bank to stop taking these photographs, and shortly thereafter the Japanese press carried sensational headlines charging the bank with taking these photographs for the purpose of furnishing the United States Government with plans for bombing these districts in case of war. The matter on the face of it was absurd because photographs of these same spots can be bought in the open shops.

OCTOBER 7: I quote the card of a Japanese reporter which was handed in to me at the chancery the other day, applying for an interview:

"Please show me on the Litton Commission Report, your american people's views coincide with Lord Stimson?"

He deserved the interview but didn't get it because interviews are just as dangerous as speeches.

EXCERPT from Letter to Secretary of State Stimson.

Tokyo, October 8, 1932.

Strictly Confidential

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Since my last letter to you the two outstanding events in Japan have been the recognition of Manchukuo and the publication of the Lytton Report. . . .

The reaction to the Lytton Report here has been just what was expected—a general condemnation of the findings and an outburst of self-righteous indignation. . . . The military are still completely in control. . . . The Army undertook the Manchurian venture because it felt that it would lose all influence if it did not do something "for the good of the country." Whatever developments may occur in the future, there will therefore enter into the problem the important element of "saving face" so essential in Oriental countries. Here, I think, is the most dangerous factor in the whole situation. If the fanatical military clique finds that its program is being impeded and is likely to fail, whether from internal or external influences, it is quite capable of plunging the country into any kind of disaster rather than give in to the saner and more moderate elements in the country. . . .

OCTOBER 27: A perfect day at Nikko. In the morning we went out to see the temples. There is no use attempting to describe them, their amazing richness of architectural design and detail or the wealth of color in their lacquer work and wood carving. Of course I was particularly interested in the world-famous design of the three monkeys, hearing, seeing, and speaking no evil, and in the sacred bridge in red and gold.

NOVEMBER 9: My own reaction to the results of the election is that of "watchful waiting" because I have very little knowledge of Frank Roosevelt's potential capabilities. As to the effect on our own fortunes, of course I haven't the slightest idea and probably shall not have until March 4.

The Japanese press is unanimously pleased with the election result, first because they foresee a tariff policy more favorable for them, and second because it means the passing of Mr. Stimson.

1933

FEBRUARY 14: Yesterday and today I had conversations with the German Ambassador, on whom I called, and with the Dutch Minister and the Italian and French Chargés d'Affaires, who called on me. Voretzsch calls the situation more dangerous than at any time since the Sino-Japanese dispute began. Weillschott, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, is even more inflammatory and confidently predicts a world war within two years. He and the German, Voretzsch, both foresee the eventual application of sanctions under Article XVI of the Covenant and the withdrawal of Japan from the League. In my personal opinion I do not believe that the powers who have interests in the Far East will readily let matters get to that stage. I therefore do not believe that the League will go beyond moral sanctions.

There being nothing further to report today, I take refuge in the following "Rules of the Road in English" as allegedly posted in the Central Police Station in Tokyo:

1. At the rise of the hand policeman, stop rapidly.
2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
3. When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet at him. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour, express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi Hi."
4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him as you pass him by. Go soothingly by.
5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
6. Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.
7. Avoid tanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.
8. Press the braking of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie up.

FEBRUARY 20: The cabinet today voted to secede from the League of Nations.

My own guess was wrong; until recently I did not think they would do it. Their policy is to face the world with one *fait accompli* after another. The military are still supreme and still form a dictatorship of terrorism. Shiratori announces that the advance into Jehol may be expected to start any day. If Japan does go on to Peiping there will be great risk of a general war. The outlook could hardly be blacker than it is.

Now that Japan has finally determined to defy the world and to isolate herself, putting into practice the "Back to Asia" movement and with the probable intention of eventually formulating a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, there seems to be no further purpose in trying to humor her by patience.

The Japanese are fundamentally incapable of comprehending the sanctity of contractual obligations when such obligations conflict with what they conceive to be their own interests. Japan is perfectly capable of replying to any action of the League by promptly occupying North China. This really constitutes the greatest potential danger for the future.

MARCH 23: Alice, Elsie, and I started out in a dismal

downpour of rain for the Imperial Duck Hunt. The wild ducks, of which there are thousands in the vicinity, settle in canals, attracted by tame decoys. For each "hunt" ten guests are selected and are given great nets, like butterfly nets, although much larger and broader at the mouth. The wild ducks rise from the canals and the "sport" is to catch them in the nets as they rise. It isn't sport at all because it is almost impossible not to catch those that fly up within reach of one's net, unless they escape because two nets clash. If a duck flies up and escapes, a falcon is sent after it to bring it down.

The real amusement of the day was in the minor sports, which were carried on in front of the lodge—a baby golf course, a clock putting green, ping-pong, quoits, battledore and shuttlecock—and a delicious luncheon. We were with the Chichibus. I beat him in the ping-pong tournament, but the Princess finally won the tournament.

MARCH 23: Returned at 5 and found a very pleasant telegram from Secretary Hull stating that he was happy to inform me that as the President was satisfied with my services here, he desired me to continue as Ambassador to Japan. It makes us very happy to know definitely that we are to carry on.

MARCH 27: Japan's formal withdrawal from the League of Nations was cabled to Geneva today.

The great majority of Japanese are astonishingly capable of really fooling themselves; they really believe that everything they have done is right, that the Lytton Commission was misled by Chinese propaganda and that the League of Nations has likewise been misled.

Such a mentality is a great deal harder to deal with than a mentality which, however brazen, knows that it is in the wrong. The great majority of Japanese—and I include intelligent Japanese—do not know that they are in the wrong, and therefore their determination to resist foreign interference is doubly resolute and strong. Their mental processes and methods of reaching conclusions are radically different from ours. This is one of the reasons why treaty commitments between the West and the East will always be open to misinterpretation and subject to controversy.

JUNE 29: Captain Johnson, our Naval Attaché, gave a geisha dinner at the Koyokan for the high admirals of the Japanese Navy and most of our staff, thirty-two in all. We sat on the floor in two long rows, while the girls plied us with hot sake and the courses of an excellent Japanese dinner were gradually served.

Your neighbors are continually proposing toasts. Visitors slip along the floor to drink every other guest's health in turn, and then you return their visits. So, all in all, a good deal of sake is consumed during the evening. It certainly helps to make a gay and highly amusing party that is convivial but never obstreperous, intimate yet always dignified, formal, and restrained.

SEPTEMBER 18: An American newspaperman quotes a Japanese business man as "opening up" one night as follows:

"I am going to tell you the real truth about Manchuria. It was a War College plan of long standing, but with no immediate prospects of fulfillment. The Chinese in Manchuria exasperated the Army beyond endurance. The Army suddenly went off half-cocked and decided to punish them. The Army expected resistance, but got none. The Chinese ran away. We chased them all over Manchuria. In the course of the chase we felt something heavy on one of our feet. We looked down to see what was sticking to our shoe. To our amazement, we found it was Manchuria."

OCTOBER 7: Elsie's wedding day. At 10 we all filed in to the Consulate General, where papers were signed. That ceremony over (it cost the munificent sum of fifteen sen—about three cents), we returned to the Consulate for the religious ceremony at 3. I cannot do more than say the bride was as lovely as they make them, that the groom did credit to his nation. Alice and I had to look after the Chichibus, who are not a bit stiff, but I can't say that I ever feel very comfortable entertaining royalty, especially in Japan.

DECEMBER 23: Alice awoke me punctually at 7, saying, "It's the siren." Sure enough, the siren was blowing to announce the birth of the Imperial babe, one minute if a girl, and two minutes, with a ten-second interval, if a boy. I waited eagerly through that ten-second interval, and when the second blast shrieked out, we were happy, for only those who have lived in Japan can realize all that this means.

DECEMBER 28: The new German Ambassador came to call. He arrives fresh from Moscow. With typical Prussian methods he started off by sending Knoll, of the German Embassy, to the Japan Advertiser to say that he didn't like the tone of some of their articles about Germany and that this must change. As a matter of fact, Fleisher has carefully avoided all editorial comment on Hitlerism because he didn't want to cause ructions in the German element of the rather compact foreign community here.

Among the messages given to Nichi Nichi by the various ambassadors and ministers on the birth of the Crown Prince, the Ambassador is quoted as saying: "Upon hearing the news of the birth of the Crown Prince, I wish to express my hearty congratulations. So soon upon my arrival at my post, *I consider it a personal honor to me.*" It really was very kind of the Empress to welcome him so cordially.

1934

JANUARY 15: This afternoon we went to the Japanese Sumo wrestling tournament in the big arena. No form of sport that I can imagine could be more boring. The wrestlers are a caste by themselves, chosen in youth for their height and then stuffed like turkeys to make them enormously fat and heavy. In each match the opponents face one another, after various lengthy ceremonial gestures, precisely like cocks in a ring, stooping and with their fists on the floor. They spring simultaneously, and the stronger one almost always throws his adversary out of the ring with one shove and the match is over. Once in a while one of them actually barks at the other. Sometimes, also, one will spring while the other remains crouching, constituting a false start and a repetition of the process. We were glad to have seen it, once.

JANUARY 19: Elsie and I were taking a walk with our dogs, Kim and Sambo, along the palace moat this morning when, suddenly looking back, we found that Sambo had disappeared. Elsie said, "Do you think he could have fallen into the moat?" We looked over the edge, and there, at least thirty feet below, was poor Sambo, struggling in the ice and water with only his head showing. I ran to see if a rowboat was available anywhere, but the policeman on duty shook his head. When I got back to the spot, there was Sambo, shivering in the midst of a large crowd of people who had stopped to look on or to help.

It appears that Motosawa, our chauffeur, a passing taxi driver, and a delivery boy had managed to climb down that perfectly sheer wall of the moat with the aid of a rope, and had rescued the poor little animal.

Count Kabayama, to whom I told the tale after lunch, said it would make a good story for the press. The next day the story, with Sambo's picture, was nicely spread, so that Sambo is now a well-known public character.

JANUARY 21: General Araki resigned as War Minister today, and I had to draft a long telegram to the Department trying to interpret it after talking with a great many people.

In the Army itself Araki is not overpopular with the younger officers. General Hayashi, his successor, is a leader of troops rather than a staff officer. The majority of observers feel that his appointment presages an improvement in Japan's foreign relations. There are others, however, who see in his appointment a definite step in preparation for possible war, because he is a leader of troops.

JANUARY 23: Prime Minister Hirota is genuinely doing his best to improve Japan's relations with foreign countries all along the line. He has succeeded in creating a better atmosphere with the United States, mainly through keeping the military comparatively quiet and by exerting a calming influence on the press. But if there is any real improvement in the general political situation, it probably represents the calm before the storm.

FEBRUARY 23: Today the Imperial princes and princesses, the Diplomatic Chiefs of Mission, and the members of the cabinet and their wives were invited to luncheon with the Emperor and Empress to celebrate the birth of the Crown Prince.

The Emperor said he was glad to see a distinct improvement in Japanese-American relations, and then to our surprise he said, "How's Sambo?" He had evidently read all about the dog's falling into the palace moat and subsequent rescue. The Emperor seemed to me exceedingly cordial, and the Empress was beaming; she wanted to know all about Elsie. The wives of the members of the cabinet were dressed in costumes of some 1,000 years ago—magnificent brocades, red shoes, hair down their backs plaited with sticks.

APRIL 28: These are days of political intensity. Ever since the statement of Foreign Office spokesman Eiji Amau on April 17, the political pot has been boiling. According to the unofficial translation Amau said:

". . . This country considers it only natural that, to keep peace and order in East Asia, it must act single-handed and upon its own responsibility. In order to be able to fulfill this obligation, Japan must expect its neighbor countries to share the responsibility of maintaining peace in East Asia, but Japan does not consider any other country, except China, to be in a position to share that responsibility with Japan."

The net result of the statement will probably be: (1) an intensification of the feeling of isolation; (2) a furtherance of the Army and Navy campaign to prepare for the "crisis" of 1935-36; and (3) the development of patriotic feeling to such an extent that no Japanese government will be able to compromise with the powers in case of decided differences in viewpoint regarding policies toward China or with respect to naval ratios.

APRIL 29: Fortunately I was at home when Mr. Hull's *aide-mémoire* on the question of foreign assistance to China came in. I immediately wrote a personal letter to Hirota asking if he could see me urgently. He merely remarked that Amau's statement had caused "great misunderstanding" and said that he would reply after studying our *aide-mémoire* in due course.

At any rate we have registered our own position with complete clarity.

SEPTEMBER 7: The Minister, on his own initiative, approached the question of the Naval Conference and said that Japan had definitely decided to abrogate the Washington Treaties toward the end of 1934.

NOVEMBER 2: We have a firsthand report of a meeting at the Young Men's and Ex-Soldiers' Association in Kobe, where a Lieutenant Colonel Matsumoto made an inflammatory address of which the gist was as follows:

1. The outcome of the Naval Conference is immaterial in that Japan now has a preponderance of warships of the class desired. Japan is in a position to defeat America at any time.

2. American duplicity during former naval conferences degraded Japan, and this insult to the Imperial Navy must be *avenged.*

3. America is the one nation that stands in the way of justice, and the long list of insults from that country must be wiped out, and to establish Japan as the just ruler of the world America must be crushed.

4. America, formerly the richest and most opulent nation in the world, has become weak and flabby through dissipation.

5. War is surely coming. The Japanese Army is now waiting for the time to act.

6. Japan has never lost a war and never will.

When one considers the impressionable age and somewhat limited outlook of the young persons who usually attend these meetings, speeches of the type reported seem dangerous and may easily lead to incidents.

DECEMBER 27: In the London naval conversations the firm stand of our Government and delegation to maintain the present naval ratios intact were especially gratifying to those of us who have watched the development from this angle.

The thought which is uppermost in my mind is that the United States is faced with two main alternatives. One is to be prepared to withdraw from the Far East, permitting our treaty rights to be nullified, the Open Door to be closed, our vested economic interests to be dissolved, and our commerce to operate unprotected.

The other main alternative is to insist, not aggressively yet not the less firmly, on the maintenance of our legitimate rights and interests in this part of the world.

There has already been abundant indication that the present administration in Washington proposes to follow the second of these alternatives.

It is difficult for those who do not live in Japan to appraise the present temper of the country. An American senator is reported to have recommended recently that we should accord parity to Japan in order to avoid future war.

Whatever the senator's views, he probably does not realize what harm that sort of public statement does. The Japanese press of course picks out such statements and publishes them far and wide, thus confirming the general belief in Japan that the pacifist element in the United States is preponderantly strong.

It would be helpful if those who share the senator's views could hear and read some of the things that are

constantly being said and written in Japan, to the effect that Japan's destiny is to subjugate and rule the world.

I wish that more Americans would come out here and live here and gradually come to sense the real potential risks and dangers of the situation.

Perhaps this gives the impression that we at the Embassy are developing something of an "anti-Japanese" complex. That is not the case. One can dislike and disagree with certain members of a family without necessarily feeling hostility to the family itself.

1935

APRIL 2: The German declaration of rearmament has certainly brought about a sort of *bouleversement* in the general situation, all in favor of Japanese interests. The increased tension in Europe absorbs most of the available attention of the foreign powers, with the exception of the United States. We have indications that there is an intimate exchange of views and information going on between Japan and Germany. But all this is nebulous, and the main fact is that Japan can now "sit pretty" and carry on more or less as she wishes, with the assurance that the European powers are much too busy at home to bother very much about the Far East.

JULY 18: I called on the Minister for Foreign Affairs this morning and told him that having been more than three years in Japan, my Government had accorded me a leave of absence and that I was sailing for the United States tomorrow.

I said that on arriving in Washington I would of course report directly to the President and to the Secretary of State and if the Minister should desire to express any views, I would be only too happy to communicate them. Mr. Hirota mentioned the naval situation and said that unless there was some prospect of coming to an agree-

ment and concluding a treaty this year, he thought it much better to leave matters in abeyance and to maintain the present "peaceful" situation.

DECEMBER 17, *Back in Tokyo:* In the afternoon I called on Hirota merely to report my return, and in our brief conversation nothing of interest came up except that Hirota observed with a twinkle in his eye that the Japanese press had recently shifted its customary broadsides of vituperation from the United States to England.

1936

JANUARY 5: The President's message to Congress was published here in extensive summary with long quotations but without any editorial comment whatever in the vernacular press; I rather think that the Foreign Office has passed out word to stay off it in order to avoid the vituperative reaction in which some of the papers would surely have indulged. The President's remark that any nation which chose to do so might fit the shoe to its own foot was a masterly stroke.

There was some pretty plain speaking, directed obviously at Italy, Germany, and Japan. This I call courageous statesmanship, and whether or not it will have any real effect, it will inevitably sink deep into the consciousness and conscience of those at whom it is directed. It won't stop the Japanese push into China—for nothing can stop that except defeat in war—but it may conceivably exert a moderating influence.

FEBRUARY 11: Received from the Department a cablegram quoting Senator Pittman's inflammatory speech in the Senate about the danger to the United States of Japanese aggression. Of course the Pittman speech was utterly jingoistic. But just the same I personally and unofficially am not sorry that it was delivered and believe that its net result will be helpful rather than harmful. It should tend to indicate to the Government and public that we are not, as many believe here, a country ruled by our peace organizations and women pacifists.

Telegram Sent To: Secstate Washington
February 26, 10 A. M., 1936

The military took partial possession of the Government and city early this morning and it is reported have assassinated several prominent men. . . .

Excerpts from Telegram To: Secstate Washington
RUSH. February 26, noon, 1936.

It now appears fairly certain that Admiral Saito, Count Makino, Admiral Suzuki, and General Watanabe have been assassinated.

The military have established a cordon around the district containing the Government administration offices and the Imperial palace and do not permit ingress without Army passes.

It is reported that Premier Okada, Home Minister Goto, and former War Minister Hayashi were also assassinated.

So far there has been no disorder and no street fighting, as far as the Embassy is aware. . . . There appears to be absolutely no antiforeign feeling involved in the affair.

The uprising, as far as can be ascertained by the Embassy, is in the nature of a *coup d'état* engineered by the young Fascist element in the Army. . . . GREW.

MARCH 1: Little by little I shall have to try and piece out all that took place between February 26 and 29. The final denouement, namely the sudden reappearance of Prime Minister Okada, alive and uninjured, after we and nearly everybody else believed him to have been assassinated, savors of the most intense melodrama.

To begin the story, the telephone rang early on the 26th—it was Neville, I think, who broke the news of the assassination—wild rumors that the insurgents had taken over the Government and parts of the city—no one knowing who had been killed and who survived. The officers who had engineered the revolt finally surrendered after four days and the Government gave them two hours to commit hara-kiri. But they didn't commit hara-kiri, because they expected civil trials, as in the case of former assassins and they fully intended to use the courtroom as a forum to stir up the people against the Government. It must have been a great shock to them when they were tried by court-martial and several of them sentenced to death.

Gradually, from the account of friends, we can now reconstruct the way the assassinations took place—how Viscountess Saito placed herself in front of her husband, said, "Kill me instead; my husband cannot be spared by the country," and actually put her hand on the mouth of the machine gun until her wounds forced her aside.

The facts concerning the escape of the Prime Minister are fairly well established. Early in the morning of February 26 the alarm bells in the official residence rang. Admiral Okada looked at his watch and remarked to his brother-in-law, Matsuo, who was sleeping in the same room, "Well, my last hour has come, but I won't die in pajamas." Matsuo replied, "Your life is too valuable to be spared," and while Okada dressed, Matsuo ran downstairs and into the garden, shouting "Banzai!" where he was pursued and promptly killed, being mistaken for Okada in the early-morning light. Okada remained in hiding until the next night, when, disguised, he simply walked out with the mourners.

The period of the insurrection lasted for only four days, and yet we in the Embassy felt as if an era had passed.

The Secretary of State to the Ambassador in Japan (paraphrase):

Washington, June 13, 1936

For several years now the Government of Japan has requested each year that the American Government extend facilities in its territorial waters off the Alaskan coast to two Japanese Government ships and permit their entry into harbors in Alaska and in the Aleutian Islands

that are not open, ordinarily, to foreign commerce. It was stated that their purpose was to make studies in connection with protection of fur-bearing seals. . . . No objection to the visits has been made, as it was believed that the opportunities which were open in this way for observation by Japanese vessels would serve to remove any suspicion . . . that any improvements have been made of such a nature as would violate either the letter or the spirit of the naval treaty signed on February 6, 1922.

In our view it is unfortunate that the Government of Japan so far has not adopted an attitude similarly liberal in the face of allegations that in the Japanese mandated islands of the Pacific improvements are being carried out which are irreconcilable with Japan's treaty obligations not to fortify these islands.

The American destroyer Alden will be sent shortly to the Asiatic Station according to the Navy Department plans. . . . An invitation by the Government of Japan for the Alden to visit these ports would have, in our opinion, highly beneficial results from the point of view of relations between the two nations. . . . HULL.

The Ambassador in Japan to the Secretary of State (paraphrase):

Tokyo, July 28, 1936

The Counselor of the Embassy called on the Vice-Minister to discuss certain questions. . . . One of these

questions related to the possibility of the visit by the Alden to ports in the Japanese mandated islands. . . .

The Vice-Minister stated that the suggestion of the Ambassador had been referred to the Ministry of Overseas Affairs but that no reply had been received. . . . GREW.

The Acting Secretary of State to the Ambassador in Japan (paraphrase):

Washington, August 7, 1936

With regard to the suggestion made relative to the Alden, the Department assumes that there is no prospect that the Japanese authorities will take favorable action. In reply to a communication from the Japanese Embassy here, the Department is today returning an adverse answer to that Embassy's request that the Japanese Government training ship Shintoku Maru be permitted to enter a Hawaiian harbor which is not listed as a port of entry. . . . PHILLIPS.

1937

JANUARY 1: The New Year for Japan, so far as her international relations are concerned, opens in an ominous key. Not only has her reputation in the world suffered an important deterioration during the past year, but her relations with Great Britain, Soviet Russia, and China are on a far from satisfactory footing and recently have been growing worse.

The temporary amelioration in Soviet-Japanese relations was rudely shattered by the conclusion by Japan of the anti-Comintern pact with Germany.

With the expiration on December 31, 1936, of the Washington Naval Treaty of 1921-22 and of the London Naval Treaty of 1930, Japan enters the New Year in a nontreaty status vis-à-vis the major naval powers of the world.

The main reason which impelled Japan to withdraw from the naval treaties was, and is, her passionate unwillingness to bind herself to a position of inferiority. The 5-5-3 ratio had, in the minds of the Japanese, so humiliated this country as to have become intolerable, and the nation made up its mind to pay whatever price might be necessary to rid herself of the stigma of inferiority.

FEBRUARY 1: Last night President Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth arrived in Tokyo on his way to the United States. I met him at the station and motored him and General MacArthur to the Embassy, where they will be our guests for a night. In the evening Quezon dined with Foreign Minister Arita.

The speeches at the dinner were very significant because Arita made no mention whatever of the United States, but Quezon in his reply talked of the United States all the way through his speech and very gracefully spoke of the gratitude which the Philippines owed to America for all we had done for them. General MacArthur told us that he considers Quezon one of the five great statesmen of the world, and I dare say he is right. I found him thoroughly stimulating and was very glad to have had him under our roof.

JULY 8: Fighting has broken out at the Marco Polo Bridge not far from Peiping between Chinese and Japanese troops. Not clear who started the trouble, but Nelson Johnson says that considering the fact that the Japanese conduct maneuvers close to a Chinese garrison it is only surprising that such an incident had not occurred long ago.

JULY 31: Cabled the Department today that the Japanese determination to use decisive force against any Chinese military advance into North China would appear to be increasingly firm. After a five-Minister conference yesterday, Prince Konoye went to see the Emperor, and a press report said that a decision of the greatest importance had been taken, a "second step" in Japan's program in China. Troop activities are everywhere evident here.

SEPTEMBER 20, *Kawana:* Dooman, who had succeeded Neville as our counselor, telephoned that it would probably be necessary for me to see Hirota today, so we hurried back and I found that the Japanese plans to bomb Nanking called for immediate representations. I saw the Minister at 6 and talked to him in much stronger terms than I had yet employed, feeling that the time had come for the most emphatic language. Later, under instructions, I filed a strong note here. This is no time for pussyfooting.

SEPTEMBER 20: The Minister inquired if I had received his note concerning the bombing of the American missionary hospital at Waichow, to which I replied in the affirmative and expressed appreciation of the Minister's expressions of regret and the offer to consider indemnification.

I then turned to the announced plans of the Japanese naval forces to bomb Nanking commencing tomorrow at noon, and I made to the Minister the most emphatic and earnest representations with regard to the serious danger to which the foreign diplomatic establishments and personnel would inevitably be subjected if such a course is pursued. I then spoke of the steadily mounting feeling which is developing in the United States and in other countries against Japan. I said to the Minister that the good will between our countries which he and I had been building up during these past years was rapidly dissolving as a result of Japan's action in China.

The fundamental theme of the Japanese is that they are fighting China in self-defense, and no American will listen to such rot, however presented. Japan is fighting on Chinese soil. What more need be said?

On October 5, President Roosevelt delivered his famous "Chicago speech" calling for a "quarantine" of aggressor nations. Shortly thereafter, the Belgian Government invited the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 to attend a conference at Brussels.

OCTOBER 22: Yoshizawa told Dooman yesterday that so far as the Foreign Office was concerned, the Nine-Power Conference invitation would definitely be declined.

DECEMBER 13: This was a black day indeed. The Japanese military were shelling the retreating remnants of the Chinese troops fleeing from Nanking by way of the Yangtze and indiscriminately firing on all ships whether native or foreign.

The U.S.S. Panay, with members of our Embassy staff, and three Standard Oil boats bearing American refugees were moving up-river from Nanking and were being followed by shellfire for at least two miles, according to information. Shells were falling all around them. I appealed to the Minister to take steps to restrain this indiscriminate shelling of our ships. Hirota merely observed that all foreigners had been warned to evacuate the area of hostilities around Nanking.

Nothing more appeared until 3 o'clock when Alice told me that Hirota had just telephoned that he was coming to see me at the Embassy. I said to her at once that if the Minister for Foreign Affairs was coming in person to the chancery, an unprecedented step, something terrible had happened, and of course I immediately thought of the Panay. Hirota was in my office when I got down there, and he at once told me of the reports of the sinking of the Panay and a Standard Oil ship. He made no effort whatever to pretend that it might have been caused by Chinese planes, and he expressed "the profound apologies and regrets" of the Japanese Government. Hirota seemed as genuinely moved as any Japanese is capable of being.

DECEMBER 20: The incident of the Panay does seem really incredible. War never is and never can be a humane pursuit, but the action of the Japanese naval and military elements, first in bombing the Panay and then in machine-gunning at close range and attempting to exterminate the wounded and other survivors even after they had crawled into the thicket on the shore, is almost past comprehension.

Hitherto the Japanese have pleaded "poor visibility" and error as excuse for their various air bombings of nonmilitary objectives, including hospitals, missionary institutions and universities, but no such plea can be advanced with any weight in the case of the Panay. There could have been no possibility whatsoever of failure to see the American flag. It looks very much as if the intention was to exterminate the witnesses to the original bombing.

My first thought was that this might result in a breach

of diplomatic relations and that I would be recalled, for I "remembered the Maine." As the details come out at home and the country begins to realize the incredible brutality of the attack, I still believe that this may happen.

DECEMBER 26: This was an eminently happy day and it showed the wisdom and good sense of two Governments which refused to be stampeded into potential war in spite of the tendency of the one side to "save face" at almost all costs, and in spite of an outrageous affront offered to the other. The Japanese Government had expressed the most abject apologies for the sinking of the Panay, and we, without a moment's delay, accepted those apologies.

Yet I cannot look into the future with any feeling of serenity. The patience of the American people is not inexhaustible. War between Japan and the United States will not come through mere interference with or even destruction of our tangible interests in China, but war may very easily come from some further act in derogation of American sovereignty or from an accumulation of open affronts.

I left the Minister's house realizing only too clearly that our satisfaction at the settlement of the Panay incident may be but temporary.

1938

FEBRUARY 10: The year opened on an ominous note.

Hardly had the reverberations of the Panay incident begun to die down when the news came of the utter ruthlessness of the invading Japanese forces in Nanking and their wanton violation of American rights, including the looting of American homes and the desecration of the American flag.

JULY 1: June brought chiefly the fearful bombings of Canton and the Japanese preparations to advance on Hankow.

On June 9 I took the occasion of my call on Horinouchi, the Japanese Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, in connection with the Scovell case (an American missionary shot by a drunken Japanese soldier) to say that I wished to speak informally with regard to the bombing by Japanese forces of civilian populations in China. I said distinctly that I was not making official representations and that I was acting on my own initiative and from the point of view of Japanese-American relations.

I said that I did not wish today to go into the technical aspects of these bombing operations. What I did wish to do was to point out the deplorable effect on American public opinion when large numbers of civilian populations were killed or injured. It seemed to me of the utmost importance that the Japanese Government should constantly bear in mind the deep humanitarian interest of the American Government and of the American people in the bombings of civilian populations wherever and however carried out.

SEPTEMBER 30: September 28 was a busy and important day. Europe was trembling on the brink of war. We gathered around the radio but received little enlightenment, only reports of general mobilization, of Chamberlain's final message to Hitler, and of President Roosevelt's second appeal for peace addressed directly to Hitler himself, a powerful and enlightened document.

Then toward midnight, I was awakened by a message that the Hamburg American Line had ordered its ships to remain in Japanese waters and that the British P. & O. had ordered its ships to leave Japanese waters within twenty-four hours, an ominous development.

On the 29th Dr. Goodsell, American Congregational missionary, came in to tell me the result of his interview with the Foreign Minister. Goodsell got right down to brass tacks, told the Minister frankly of atrocities, murder, rape, truculence, cruelty, and left him with a long list of notes which Goodsell had prepared. The Minister received it all in good part. Goodsell actually told Ugaki the story of the inscription on the wall of a town adjoining the Marco Polo Bridge where the "China Incident" began. It read: "Birthplace of Peace in East Asia." The Minister, said Goodsell, loved the story and chuckled over it.

NOVEMBER 7: My initial interview today with Mr. Arita, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, assumed on his part a negative and therefore unsatisfactory character.

The Minister said that in estimating opinion in his own country he must proceed slowly and "with great prudence."

On my stating that some matters are urgent and that they are so regarded by my Government, Mr. Arita counseled patience and added that if he should press for an immediate reply to our note of October 6, he was afraid that the Japanese reply would not be satisfactory.

The Nyhus case, wherein an American mission was bombed by Japanese planes far from any Chinese military objective, the youngest daughter, Phoebe, killed, and her mother and sister wounded, made me even more sick at heart than usual, while firsthand accounts, supported by photographs, of the barbaric behavior of the Japanese troops fill me with impotent anger. Once in a while I break loose and openly express my feelings to a few of my Japanese friends.

I am sure they think I am being fed with Chinese propaganda and exaggerated tales because they themselves have no access to the facts.

DECEMBER 5: November saw no improvement in our relations with Japan; quite the contrary. Whereas we had previously received assurances from every succeeding Foreign Minister that the Open Door and equal opportunity in China would be maintained and that American rights and interests would be respected, there came on November 3 a sudden reversal of policy.

Arita says his predecessors had merely tried without success to reconcile principle with actualities, whereas he himself, realizing that this was impossible, proposed to call a spade a spade. His attitude as expressed to me was now, in effect: "A new situation has arisen in East Asia; Japan must, for her own strategic and economic safety, control certain sources of raw material in China and certain industrial opportunities. But there will be plenty of other things left over, in matters of trade and economic and financial opportunities, in which respect the Open Door will be kept well open."

That, as I see it, is the policy of the Japanese Government expressed in a nutshell. But it is not at all the policy of the extremists in the Government, the business world, and the Army. They want and intend to crowd foreign interests and foreign trade out of China completely and to make of China an exclusive mart and economic and industrial stamping ground for Japan alone.

1939

JANUARY 31: Seldom in modern history has a year commenced under more inauspicious circumstances than has 1939, for the totalitarian states on the one hand and the democracies on the other are rapidly lining up in battle array for what may well become another Armageddon.

APRIL 3: I am deep in the arrangement of the program attendant upon the arrival in Japan of the U.S.S. Astoria, bearing the ashes of the late Ambassador Hirosi Saito.

The proposal of our Government to take this unprecedented step was presented by me to the Japanese Government and gratefully accepted. The reaction here was immediately and inevitably political. The Japanese interpreted the gesture as of deep political significance, and a tremendous reaction, both emotional and political, immediately took place.

So intense and widespread had become the feeling, that a monster public mass meeting to express these sentiments began to take shape. I realized at once that such a gathering would certainly not accord with our Government's wish to avoid publicity, and that this sort of ballyhoo would intensely irritate the American people, whose reaction would be: "Show us your appreciation in acts, not words."

So I put my foot in the door as quickly as possible, while fully realizing that this situation must be handled with finesse.

I accepted a compromise by which a quiet athletic meet would take place, with only a single speech by Kaneko and a brief reply by Captain Turner.

APRIL 19: Luncheon by the Foreign Minister to Captain Turner of the Astoria and his officers. After lunch we sat

on the lawn and exchanged stories, which enabled the press to publish an excellent picture of Arita, Turner, and myself headed "Japanese-American Smiles."

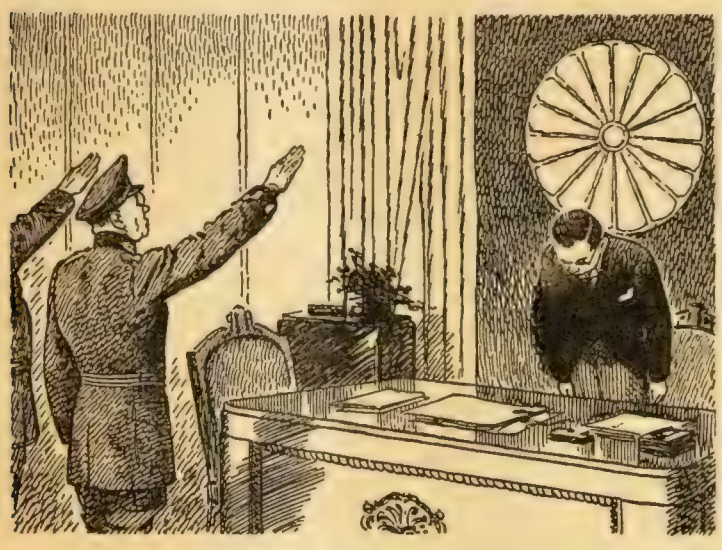
In the evening a big dinner was given by the Navy Minister, Admiral Yonai, at the Navy Club.

After dinner Admiral Yonai took Dooman aside and asked him to tell me that my concern about the possibility of Japan's becoming involved in Europe had come to his attention and that he wished to tell me that I need have no further concern.

In further conversation with Admiral Yonai he said that the need for restoring good relations with the United States was being keenly felt. "There must be disarmament," he repeatedly said.

MAY 15: The high light of the first half of May until we sailed on leave of absence was the effort to keep Japan from tying up in a general alliance with Germany and Italy.

The line that I have taken in talking with Japanese



high and low is this: If a general war breaks out in Europe it is almost inevitable that the United States will be unable to stay out of it. If Japan were then tied up in the German camp it would be almost impossible for the United States to remain at peace with Japan.

OCTOBER 12: The Polish Ambassador said that the Japanese still remembered my feeling last spring that if war should break out in Europe the United States would almost certainly become involved, and they wondered whether I still felt the same way about it. I replied that my visit to the United States had opened my eyes to the intense and almost universal determination to stay out of the war.

OCTOBER 15: Worked all day on my forthcoming speech before the America-Japan Society. I find that the present cabinet and its backers, Hiranuma and Prince Konoye, are apparently genuinely anxious to improve relations with the United States and that it would be very short-sighted to embarrass them by the publication of the sort of speech we had drafted in Washington.

The tone of my speech will be important. What are needed now are "brass tacks"—an appeal to stop the bombings, indignities, trade restrictions, and other concrete interferences with American rights. As the draft stands now, there will be some unpleasant reverberations, but there is precious little in the speech to which exception could properly be taken.

During my stay in the United States American public opinion was steadily hardening against Japan. There is an almost universal demand for an embargo against Japan next winter.

The present attitude of the administration is that we will not allow American interests to be crowded out of China.

In view of the determined attitude of the American Government and people, I believe that much is now to be gained by discreetly conveying this present attitude to the Japanese Government and people in order to offset the prevailing feeling in Japan that in the last analysis the United States will back down. Only danger, and no good, can come from leaving the Japanese under a misapprehension on that score.

OCTOBER 25: One of my liberal Japanese friends has told me that ever since my "epoch-making" speech he had been discussing it with the highest officials. The speech, he said, had made a very deep impression; I had started the ball rolling at precisely the right moment, and now those high officials would form a team to keep it rolling in the right direction.

DECEMBER 1: The crux of Japanese-American relations lies in the fact that while the Government is prone to give us soothing assurances, no individual or group in Japan is strong enough to bring about the full implementation of those assurances.

The United States is solemnly committed to uphold the principles of the Nine-Power Treaty, primarily to uphold the territorial and administrative integrity of China and the Open Door.

On the other side of the picture, nothing in international affairs can be more mathematically certain than that Japan is not going to respect the territorial and administrative integrity of China, now or in future, and could be brought to do so only by complete defeat.

Statisticians have proved to their own satisfaction, and will continue so to prove, that Japan can be defeated by economic pressure from without. But the statisticians generally fail to include psychological factors in their estimates.

Japan is a nation of hardy warriors, still inculcated with the samurai do-or-die spirit. By long experience they are inured to hardships. Estimates based on statistics alone may well mislead.

During the months since my return from the United States I have carefully and thoroughly studied opinion in Japan, and on one issue that opinion can definitely be said to be unanimous: the so-called "new order in East Asia" has come to stay.

1940

JANUARY 23: The incident in which a British cruiser stopped the Asama Maru and took off twenty-one Germans, said to be liable to naval service in Germany, promises to cause a first-class scandal. One Japanese paper says that "the soul of Japan has been polluted," and when Sir Robert Craigie pointed out in a public statement that there have been more than 191 cases of visit and search by Japanese warships of British vessels off Hong Kong, the Japanese press rose in its wrath and shrieked with fury at the idea of comparing noble Japan with a mere colony like Hong Kong. The emotional patriotism and chauvinism of the entire country have been let loose.

APRIL 10: Many American writers and speakers discount the possibility of Japan's declaring war on the United States under any circumstances, but what those speakers and writers do not understand is the potential intensity of Japanese nationalistic fanaticism. Important elements in the Army as well as the civilian population not only could and would halt in its tracks the effort of the present government to steer a course of conciliating the United States, but also could and probably would take steps which could subject Japanese-American relations to a serious if not dangerous strain.

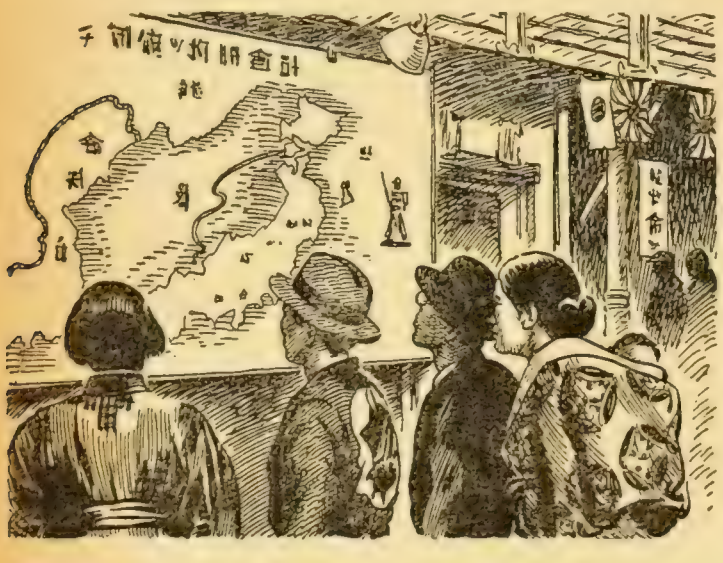
APRIL 26: When Mr. Arita came to the Embassy this evening he said he wished to apologize for having failed to continue the conversations begun with me by his predecessor, Admiral Nomura. After studying the situation he had come to the conclusion that because of the wide discrepancy in the views of the two countries a continuance of the conversations looking toward the negotiation of a new commercial treaty would be futile.

I agreed with Mr. Arita, but I added that more acute phases of the difficulties between the United States and Japan centered in the continued and recently aggravated interference on the part of the Japanese armed forces with American rights and interests in China. At this point I showed the Minister a statement of more than twenty typewritten pages covering the instances of renewed bombings which have occurred since the first of this year.

I said that I had become greatly discouraged by this recrudescence of bombings and other acute cases of interference with American rights.

The Minister replied that he was doing his best to ameliorate these conditions.

The Minister then spoke of the rumors of my return to the United States on leave of absence. I replied that I was becoming doubtful of my ability to accomplish constructive work here and felt that personal contact with my Government at this time might be more helpful than remaining in Tokyo. If I should decide to abandon my



leave of absence, I hoped that the decision would prove to be justified through a positive improvement in the situation of American interests in China.

JUNE 18: With the appalling developments that are going on in the world I have little stomach to sit down and record our trivial doings and interests here. Events in Europe are bound to exert an important, possibly drastic, influence in the Far East and are likely to lead to developments of far-reaching consequence. I am profoundly thankful that I didn't leave the job at this perhaps crucial period.

JULY 2: The German victories, the collapse of France, and the generally predicted defeat of England are having their logical repercussions and effects here. The military—blusteringly—and the Government are demanding the complete cessation of the flow of war materials into China from Indo-China, Hong Kong, and Burma, as well as the removal of British troops from the International Settlement in Shanghai.

The implication is that all of these various demands must be met—or else.

My private conversations with Arita on June 10, 19, 24, and 28 have led to no concrete results, but they have at least served to keep the door open between our two Governments, which was their primary purpose.

AUGUST 1: At first sight the Konoye Government gives every indication of going hell-bent toward the Axis and of riding roughshod over the rights and interests and the principles and policies of the United States and Great Britain.

Those Japanese, especially in the Army, who favor such a policy, see in the present world situation a "golden opportunity" to pursue their expansionist desires unhampered by the allegedly hamstrung democracies.

SEPTEMBER 1: August was a month of building up the "new structure" in Japan under the Konoye Government.

Japan is rapidly becoming a regimented nation, although in its main outlines this regimentation cannot be said to be either Fascism or Nazism. While there are as yet no concentration camps, the police and the gendarmes are busy cracking down hard on all who violate the principles of the "new structure." I fear that the traditional Japanese smile will become less and less evident.

SEPTEMBER 20: Mr. Matsuoka said that on August 30 the French Ambassador and the Japanese Government had signed an agreement in Tokyo. The agreement provided for the movement of troops of Japan through Indo-China and the temporary use of airports.

The Minister, upon the conclusion of his remarks, left at once and I had time only to say that if Japanese troops moved into Indo-China my Government would regard it emphatically as an infringement of the *status quo* which the Japanese Government had already pledged to preserve.

OCTOBER 1: The alliance between Germany, Italy, and Japan became a potential consequence of the trend of Japanese policy from the moment of the establishment of the Konoye Government, but the pact itself came to a head with unexpected swiftness. A veil of secrecy had been drawn over the proceedings. The pact was signed in Berlin on September 27.

Clearly, by the conclusion of this pact, Japan has embarked upon a tremendous gamble on Great Britain's defeat by Germany. While talking off the record and informally in a recent meeting with the Foreign Minister, I expressed the opinion that Japan is headed straight for the rocks in pursuing her present course; that Japan, by tying up with Germany, would become merely the tail to a kite; that Germany, whatever her promises, could not and would not furnish effective support to Japan.

Another important event, from my point of view, was the sending to Washington in September of what I can only call my "green light" telegram, perhaps the most significant message sent to Washington in all the eight years of my mission to Japan. Up until the fall of the Yonai cabinet in July, my recommendations have consistently been of the "red light" variety, advocating not "appeasement" but constructive statesmanship through conciliatory methods and the avoidance of coercive measures.

After the fall of the Yonai cabinet and the setting up of the so-called "new structure" under Konoye and Matsuoka, some six weeks or more were spent in observation and cogitation.

It is impossible to discuss the direct question of relations between the United States and Japan without viewing it as an integral part of the world problem.

Our own country and Britain are the leaders of a large group of English-speaking nations in various parts of the world. These nations stand for a manner of living which is today threatened by a group of countries—Germany, Japan, and Italy—whose declared objective is to force their will upon nations conquered by force of arms. Diplomatic methods are in general ineffective in endeavoring to treat with such nations. Only force or a readiness to show that force will be employed can stop those nations from realizing their objectives. At the present time Japan must be placed among predatory nations. It has put aside all sense of morals or ethics and has become avowedly and shamelessly opportunistic.

In view, therefore, of actual conditions here in Japan and the present outlook, it is my belief that the time has arrived when a continuance of the use of patience and restraint by the United States may and probably will tend to render relations between the United States and Japan increasingly uncertain.

MY heart is heavy as I close the diary for September. This is not the Japan which I have known in times past.

OCTOBER 5: The Foreign Minister handed to me a statement in Japanese, entitled "A Statement to the United States concerning the Three-Power Alliance," to the general effect that the pact is aimed at no particular country.

This is the first time, so far as I am aware, that the Japanese Government has committed to writing some of the points that frequently arise in my conversations with Japanese officials. Certain salient points are:

(*a*) The "New Order" now embraces Greater East Asia *including the South Seas.*

(*b*) Within this great sphere, Japan "may freely carry on enterprise, trade, and emigration."

(If Japan once gets a foothold in those areas, the other nations will have a swell chance of "free trade and enterprise" if the Japanese remain true to form.)

(c) The China Incident broke out *because* England

and the United States refused to recognize Manchukuo. (This is an entirely new thought which I have never seen recorded before.)

OCTOBER 9: For the first time in many weeks I went out to Kasumigaseki today to play in the semiannual American Club golf tournament, about seventy minutes from Tokyo, and of course the Foreign Office took just this occasion to call me back in a hurry. There was no reason whatever for hurry, except that the Foreign Minister clearly had the jitters over the action of our Government in "ordering" American citizens in the Far East to evacuate, and also over press reports that the American Government had decided to declare a total embargo against Japan.

With regard to an embargo I said that I had no information, and with regard to the evacuation I said that our Government had issued no "order" but only a suggestion as a precautionary measure.

NOVEMBER 10: Today was the first of two days of celebrating the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire. The first was the day of ceremonial greetings, and the second the day of celebration. For several months squads of men and schoolgirls have been working in the big plaza opposite to the palace, building a big pavilion and rows of seats in front of it for about 50,000 people.

No one was allowed on the roofs or in the windows which would have afforded observation spots for many thousands. No one may look down upon the Emperor, and I noticed how completely vacant those roofs and windows were.

NOVEMBER 11: Today a Japanese meal was served with sake and everything, but we were expected to take it home in a *furoshiki,* or big silk napkin, given us for the purpose.

There was also a ceremonial dance and a lot of chorus singing of patriotic songs, and band music. Prince Takamatsu made the welcoming speech in Japanese to the Emperor and then I had to speak for the diplomatic corps.

It was quite an ordeal to walk sedately in front of all the guests and the 50,000 people below, in complete silence, then to face the Emperor, bow, get out spectacles and manuscript, read, bow, replace manuscript and spectacles, bow again, turn backward, and pace solemnly back to my place. The Emperor, who had preserved an almost rigid expression throughout the rest of the program, nodded at each of my points and nodded vigorously when at the end the hope was expressed that Japan would contribute to the general culture and well-being of mankind.

1941

JANUARY 1: With all our desire to keep America out of war, it would be the height of folly to allow ourselves to be lulled into a feeling of false security. Japan, not we, is on the warpath, and that path is not a whit the less dangerous to our own future welfare because it is camouflaged in such righteous-sounding terms as the "New Order in Greater East Asia including the South Seas" and the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." If those Americans who counsel appeasement could read even a few of the articles by leading Japanese in the current Japanese magazines wherein their real desires and intentions are given expression, our peace-minded fellow countrymen would realize the utter hopelessness of a policy of appeasement. The time for that has now passed.

On December 14, 1940, I wrote the following letter to the President:

"Dear Frank:

". . . About Japan and all her works. It seems to me to be increasingly clear that we are bound to have a showdown someday, and the principal question at issue is whether it is to our advantage to have that showdown sooner or to have it later. . . . The Germans here are working overtime to push Japan into war with us. I have told Matsuoka point-blank that his country is heading for disaster. He has at least seen that his efforts to intimidate us have fallen flat and have had an effect precisely the reverse of that intended. . . . The principal point at issue, as I see it, is not whether we must call a halt to the Japanese program, but when. . . ."

The President replied:

"Dear Joe:

"I have given careful consideration to your letter of December 14. . . . I find myself in decided agreement with your conclusions. . . .

"I also want you to believe that the fundamental proposition is that we must recognize that the hostilities in Europe, in Africa, and in Asia are all parts of a single world conflict. We must, consequently, recognize that our interests are menaced both in Europe and in the Far East. We are engaged in the task of defending our way of life and our vital national interests wherever they are seriously endangered. Our strategy of self-defense must be a global strategy which takes account of every front and takes advantage of every opportunity to contribute to our total security. . . . I firmly believe, as I have recently declared publicly, that the British, with our help, will be victorious in this conflict. The conflict may well be long and we must bear in mind that when England is victorious she may not have left the strength that would be needed to bring about a rearrangement of such territorial changes in the western and southern Pacific as might occur during the course of the conflict if Japan is not kept within bounds. . . . The problems which we face are so vast and so interrelated that any attempt even to state them compels one to think in terms of five continents and seven seas. . . . We cannot lay down hard-and-fast plans. As each new development occurs we must, in the light of the circumstances then existing, decide when and where and how we can most effectively marshal and make use of our resources.

"With warmest regards,

"As ever

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

JANUARY 7: A long editorial in today's Kokumin warns the Japanese people that war between Japan and the United States will be necessary because of the collapse of Great Britain, and America's entrance into the hostilities is expected to occur sometime this year.

JANUARY 18: At the farewell luncheon given by Matsuoka for Admiral Nomura today I was talking with them both and was expressing the hope that the Admiral would be able to exert his influence to improve American-Japanese relations. Matsuoka remarked, "They certainly couldn't be worse," and turned away.

In the numerous times that I have met Admiral Nomura he has not said a single word to me about the prospects of his job or of his observations during his recent visit to China. I can hardly picture him in a group of hard-boiled American senators or newspapermen holding up his end in a discussion. The only potential usefulness I can see in Admiral Nomura's appointment lies in the hope that he will honestly report to his Government what the American Government and people are thinking, writing, and saying.

JANUARY 25: "Chip" Bohlen arrived from Moscow today. He said that the manners of the Japanese officials in Tsuruga and of the staff on the ship were appalling; whenever he held out his passport or other papers they were rudely snatched out of his hand, and the service on shipboard was practically nonexistent. This was Bohlen's first glimpse of Japan and the so-called courteous race that inhabits it.

JANUARY 27: There is a lot of talk around town to the effect that the Japanese, in case of a break with the United States, are planning to go all out in a surprise mass attack on Pearl Harbor. Of course I informed our Government.

FEBRUARY 7: Recent developments, both factual and reported, are concrete indications of the rapid progress Japan is making in her southward advance policy.

Just as Japan has seized Hainan, Waichow, the Spratley Islands, and northern Indo-China in the course of the past two years, so Japan continues to carry out its nibbling policy.

This Embassy is in no position to determine what

action the United States should take or at what moment such action should be taken, for these are matters of high strategic policy. We recommend avoiding any half-way measure, which would not only be ineffective but would also entail all the possible undesirable results.

A typical report comes from Kunming describing the bombing of the American Catholic Mission at Poyang, in Kiangsi, on November 15: "One Japanese plane dived and released bomb on its church, although the compound was marked with two large American flags. This plane later returned to survey the damage and to machine-gun the compound." Another unavoidable mistake; excuse it, please.

FEBRUARY 22: Baron Fain, Counselor of the French Embassy, asked how my golf was going. I said: "Why is it, my dear Baron, that whenever a colleague or a Japanese opens a talk with me, instead of commenting on the weather he almost always asks about my golf?" "Why, Mr. Ambassador," replied Fain, "your golf is the thermometer which measures the temperature in the diplomatic corps. If a week goes by without your playing golf, the fact is cabled to every chancellery the world over, for the situation is then indeed critical!"

FEBRUARY 28: The roughneck Japanese are not rough only with foreigners but with their own people as well; jostling, disorder, and actual fighting are occurring in the waiting lines before the movie houses. When Mr. Kita, Director of the National Life Guidance Department of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association (how's that for a title!) was asked for his view, he is reported to have said: "I should say that it resulted from lack of training on the part of the crowd." The fact is that amusements, and in fact all the joy of life, are now so restricted that people are getting ugly.

Yet some of them have a sense of humor in spite of all, and the following item recently appeared in the Japan Times and Advertiser:

"Because Britain has occupied Danish Iceland illegally the German Government has denounced it and applied the submarine blockade thereto. That should teach the British not to take over other people's territory without due process of law."

A certain Japanese once remarked about the Germans: "What do they think we are? Vassals?" And the other day he told me he thought that the touchiness of the Germans springs from a marked inferiority complex. That from a Japanese is good.

APRIL 22: In Matsuoka's first talk with Stalin on the former's way to Berlin, he lectured Stalin on Japanese ideology for fifty-eight minutes out of the sixty-minute interview. Stalin is said thereupon to have remarked that he saw no reason why Russia and Japan could not be friends in spite of differences in ideology, and left the room.

On returning from Berlin, Matsuoka told Steinhardt that he had little hope of concluding a treaty with Stalin. But then at the last minute it appears that Stalin suddenly suggested a neutrality pact, which was signed in a few minutes, with no concessions (unless there were secret concessions) on the part of Japan. Nobody, apparently, was more surprised than Matsuoka.

JUNE 22: News of the war between Germany and Soviet Russia came today. We had long expected it, but I was surprised at its suddenness, believing that it would break somewhat later.

Japan is in a quandary as a result of the German-Soviet war; she is pledged to the Axis and also pledged to neutrality vis-à-vis Soviet Russia; what policy will she now follow? One highly placed Japanese said that he thought Japan would sit on the fence until the combatants had fought it out and then step in and pick up the pieces.

JULY 6: In the process of settling the last World War, Japan secured for herself a place among the great powers which gave her considerable self-satisfaction, and it was not fully appreciated until Japan's invasion of Manchuria to what extent she had become involved in purely European problems. Following Japan's withdrawal from the League in 1932, Japan announced her intention to liquidate her European commitments and to confine herself to East Asia. This policy was followed with some show of determination for eight years, but it was sharply reversed when Japan concluded the Tripartite Alliance, which again involved her in European affairs.

It is generally held that what Germany most wants Japan to do is to take steps which will tend to divert America's attention from Europe and that she is not pressing Japan to intervene in Soviet Russia.

JULY 25: We now learn that the official spokesman in Vichy announced on the 24th that a request had been presented by Japan to occupy bases as strategic points in Indo-China; he said that negotiations were going on both at Vichy and Hanoi and that there had been no ultimatum from Japan nor any German pressure. He added that arrangements would be made within the scope of the Franco-Japanese agreement of August 30, 1940, and that no inconvenience in temporarily extending the military agreement with Japan was seen, so long as there was to be no change in French sovereignty over Indo-China and so long as no territorial demands were made by Japan.

I called on the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, Admiral Toyoda, at his request. He said that the Japanese Government would issue an official statement of the agreement reached with the Vichy Government concerning Japan's proposed movement into Indo-China.

As the conversation continued, I spoke in detail of the consequent endangering of the safety of other areas in the Pacific, including the Philippine Islands.

The Minister did not try to refute my argument except to repeat the peaceful intentions of the proposed Japanese move.

Following is part of the text of a statement, bearing the date July 26, released to the press by the White House at 8 P.M., July 25, 1941:

"In view of the unlimited national emergency declared by the President he has today issued an executive order freezing Japanese assets in the United States. This executive order is designed among other things to prevent the use of the financial facilities of the United States and trade between Japan and the United States in ways harmful to national defense and American interests. . . ."

JULY 27: This Sunday morning there came an exceedingly important telegram reporting an equally important proposal which the President had made to Admiral Nomura with a view to settling the whole situation in the Far East. I shall not at present record the details of this proposal in view of their ultraconfidential nature, but they offer to Japan a reasonable way out of her own alleged difficulties. I therefore immediately telephoned to the Foreign Minister at his private house and asked for an appointment, although it was a Sunday morning. I saw him and made on my own initiative and responsibility the strongest appeal of which I was capable and perhaps the strongest representations that I have ever made. I can't say that I am overoptimistic as to favorable results, but whether Japan accepts or not, the President's step places the United States in an unassailable position from the point of view of history and some day history will record this step in full.

JULY 31: In the midst of the Indo-China crisis the Japanese, with what seems to me the utmost stupidity, allowed one of their Navy aviators to drop a bomb on the Tutuila at Chungking. By the grace of heaven the bomb missed the Tutuila by about eight yards, although the ship was damaged and another bomb again came dangerously near our Embassy. It seems to me utterly inconceivable that the incident was accidental.

Before I could do anything about it, the Acting Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, Yamamoto, called on me at the chancery at 11 o'clock and expressed the deep regret of the Japanese Government. Admiral Toyoda also expressed regrets and assured me that the incident was purely accidental. I openly disagreed with him.

AUGUST 18: The reply of the Japanese Government to the President's proposal of July 24 was sent immediately to Washington.

The Foreign Minister believes that the only way to

surmount the present crisis is to have responsible people of both countries meet face to face and express their true intentions toward each other. He therefore expressed his conviction that it would be highly desirable that Prince Konoye should proceed to Honolulu and talk personally with President Roosevelt if the President would consent. Toyoda has instructed Ambassador Nomura about this matter.

SEPTEMBER 30: At the end of September it seems somewhat ostrichlike to continue to guard in the strictest secrecy the fact that so-called preliminary conversations between the United States and Japan have been going on since early last spring.

So far as I can gather, Admiral Nomura has not handled his end of the line particularly adeptly, for on many occasions he has delayed in carrying out his instructions and on at least one occasion he appears to have thrown a monkey wrench into the works by presenting on his own initiative a new draft agreement which Washington felt had set things back rather than moved them forward.

Just now the conversations have been making little apparent progress and the desired goal is by no means in sight even though the Japanese Government professes to believe that it has already met our desiderata all along the line. It has not done so, simply because the mentality of the Japanese is such that it cannot bring itself to express the commitments, which it claims it is prepared to undertake, in concise, unambiguous language. They present formulae in phraseology which leave the points at issue open to the widest interpretation, befogging rather than clarifying those issues, and then express surprise that we do not accept those formulae hook, bait, and sinker and proceed to arrange for an immediate meeting between the responsible heads of the two Governments.

OCTOBER 3: A Japanese tells me that unless our current conversations should come to a successful head soon, they would undoubtedly be wrecked by the growing opposition of extremist and pro-Axis elements in Japan, and that in such a case the Konoye cabinet would probably fall and no other Japanese statesman than Prince Konoye could succeed in coming to an understanding with the United States.

OCTOBER 16: The Konoye cabinet fell at five o'clock this afternoon, the official announcement having been given out at 8.15. We were in my study, a dozen or more men, when the Brazilian Ambassador called up to tell me the news which he had just heard. Everyone, including myself, was surprised, for although I knew that the failure of progress in the American-Japanese conversations would almost certainly bring about Konoye's fall sooner or later, I had not looked for it so soon.

OCTOBER 19: I put aside this Sunday for a careful review of all material concerning the American-Japanese preliminary conversations since they commenced last spring, making a written résumé of important points. A graph of the movements in the progress and regress of the conversations would show extraordinary fluctuations. Lately the movement has been one of regress.

I feel somewhat "wild West" these days, having carried a gun for the past month or more, especially since the attack on Prince Konoye on September 18, when four men armed with daggers and short swords jumped on the running board of his car as he was leaving his private residence and tried to get at him. The doors were fortunately locked. During September 27, the anniversary of the conclusion of the Tripartite Pact, I expected anything. I know that my own name is included on some of the death lists of the so-called patriotic societies. The guard at the entrance to the Embassy has been materially strengthened, but it would be a very simple thing for a few dagger wielders to climb over some part of our very extensive wall at night and get into the Embassy by breaking a window. I don't like heroics but have no intention of letting a group of those roughnecks carve me up without a reasonable attempt at repartee.

It is important to note that the new Prime Minister General Tojo is not a retired officer but is a full general in the active service. Thus the Japanese Army for the first time in recent years has openly assumed responsibility for the policies and conduct of government in Japan, which it had previously steadfastly declined to accept.

NOVEMBER 4: My thoughts with regard to the general situation in Japan, and as bearing upon American-Japanese relations, were expressed in a telegram dated November 3. If war should occur, I hope that history will not overlook that telegram and especially the statement that if our peace efforts should fail, Japan may go all-out in a do-or-die effort to render herself invulnerable to foreign economic pressure, even to the extent of committing national hara-kiri; and that those of us who are in direct touch with the atmosphere from day to day realize that this is not only possible *but probable;* that Japan's standards of logic or reason cannot be gauged by any Western measuring rod; that we would be lacking in perspicacity if we were to disregard or underestimate Japan's preparations for war; and that war between Japan and the United States may come *with dangerous and dramatic suddenness.*

A message came from the new Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo that he wanted to send Kurusu to Washington to help Admiral Nomura with the conversations.

Kurusu came in at 9 P.M. to see me before leaving early tomorrow morning. He said that he was astonished when Togo broached the mission to him only yesterday afternoon. Since then he had been studying the papers relating to the conversations and he realized that he had a difficult problem.

NOVEMBER 5: The Japan Times and Advertiser came out with a nasty editorial today attacking the United States and listing seven points which the United States, on its own initiative, should adopt as a program to make "restitution" to Japan, as follows:

1. Stoppage of all military and economic aid to Chungking.
2. Leave China completely free to deal with Japan.
3. Stop encirclement of Japan by military, naval, and air bases and by erection of economic barriers. Proceed

no further with military naval movements in the western Pacific under the pretext of defense.

4. Acknowledge Japan's Co-Prosperity Sphere and leadership of the western Pacific.
5. Take the obviously necessary course recognizing Manchukuo if it desires.
6. Stop immediately and unconditionally the freezing of Japan's assets.
7. Restore trade treaties, abolish all restrictions on shipping and commerce, undo everything wrongfully done in the name of peace but with the design of war, whether economic or military.

If anything could render utterly hopeless the prospect of our coming to an understanding with Japan, this editorial, from a newspaper known to be the organ of the Japanese Foreign Office, would appear to do it. It certainly affords no help to Kurusu if it hasn't wrecked his mission in advance.

NOVEMBER 11: Churchill has come out with the statement that "if the United States should be involved in a war with Japan, a British declaration of war would follow within the hour." It does one's heart good to hear such an unqualified statement by the British Prime Minister, leaving nothing whatever to Japan's imagination.

NOVEMBER 18: The editorial in this morning's Japan Times and Advertiser contains the paragraph:

"What seems most important at this juncture is that the American Government should realize the all-importance of imparting to Japan a sense of security. The formidable cordon of naval and air bases which America has developed round Japan . . . constitutes a direct threat against the Japanese Empire. As long as this strategic situation persists, Japan can have little assurance of security or safety. . . ."

Typical of the viewpoint here. It is always we who threaten; it is always we who are the potential aggressor, never Japan. Thus does the United States wholly "misunderstand" Japan's peaceful intentions in developing the New Order and the Co-Prosperity Sphere.

NOVEMBER 29: Our Government has handed to the Japanese a ten-point draft proposal for adjusting the whole situation in the Far East. It is a broad-gauge, objective, and statesmanlike document, offering to Japan practically everything that she has ostensibly been fighting for if she will simply stop her aggressive policy. By adopting such a program she would be offered free access to needed raw materials, free trade and commerce, financial co-operation and support, withdrawal of the freezing orders, and an opportunity to negotiate a new treaty of commerce with us.

The clever move of the Japanese Government now would be to persuade the public that the Government, in the Washington conversations, had won a great diplomatic victory by achieving, without further force of arms, the securities or "freedoms" for which she had been fighting.

DECEMBER 1: I saw one of my old Japanese friends at the Tokyo Club tonight; he looked gray and worn and he told me that the cabinet had decided to break off the Washington conversations. I said that in that case I feared that everything was over and that I would soon be leaving Japan. Soon afterward, however, the press announced that the conversations would be continued. But my friend seemed crushed.

DECEMBER 7: Today the radio announced that the President had sent a message to the Emperor of Japan, but gave no information as to its substance or the channel of transmission. Late in the evening, however, a short triple-priority telegram came from Mr. Hull saying that a telegram was then being encoded containing a message from the President which I was to communicate to the Emperor at the earliest possible moment. Tomoda, Togo's secretary, seemed upset at my asking for an appointment so late, and he asked if the matter was so urgent that it couldn't wait till tomorrow.

Dooman's impression the next day was that Tomoda could not possibly have known of the impending outbreak of war.

Tomoda made the appointment for 12.15 A. M. Togo saw me immediately and I requested an audience with the Emperor in order to present the President's message, which I then read aloud and handed a copy to Togo. He said he would present the matter to the Throne.

The President's message to the Emperor was, in part, as follows:

". . . Only in situations of extraordinary importance to our two countries need I address to Your Majesty messages on matters of state. I feel I should now so address you because of the deep and far-reaching emergency which appears to be in formation.

"Developments are occurring in the Pacific area which threaten to deprive each of our nations and all humanity of the beneficial influence of the long peace between our two countries. Those developments contain tragic possibilities. . . .

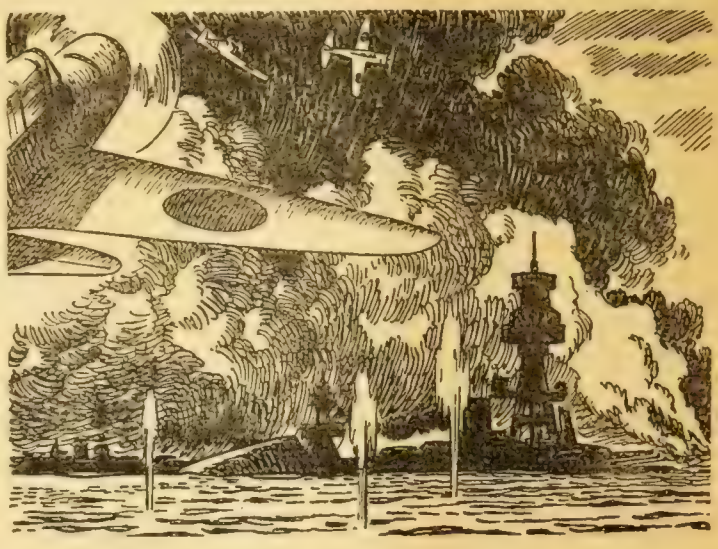
"During the past few weeks it has become clear to the world that Japanese military, naval, and air forces have been sent to southern Indo-China in such large numbers as to create a reasonable doubt on the part of other nations that this continuing concentration in Indo-China is not defensive in its character. . . .

"It is only reasonable that the people of the Philippines, of the hundreds of islands of the East Indies, of Malaya, and of Thailand itself are asking themselves whether these forces of Japan are preparing or intending to make attack in one or more of these many directions.

"I am sure that Your Majesty will understand that the fear of all these peoples is a legitimate fear inasmuch as it involves their peace and their national existence. . . .

"It is clear that a continuance of such a situation is unthinkable. . . .

"There is absolutely no thought on the part of the



United States of invading Indo-China if every Japanese soldier or sailor were to be withdrawn therefrom.

"I think that we can obtain the same assurance from the Governments of the East Indies, the Governments of Malaya, and the Government of Thailand. I would even undertake to ask for the same assurance on the part of the Government of China. Thus, a withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Indo-China would result in the assurance of peace throughout the whole of the south Pacific area.

"I address myself to Your Majesty so that Your Majesty may, as I am doing, give thought in this definite emergency to ways of dispelling the dark clouds.

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

DECEMBER 8: At 7 A. M. I was awakened by a telephone call to come to see the Minister as soon as possible. I hurriedly dressed and got to the official residence at about 7.30. Togo was grim and formal. He made a brief statement and then handed me a memorandum of thirteen pages, dated December 8, breaking off the conversations.

Togo said that he had seen the Emperor (at 3 A. M., I understand), and that the memorandum constituted the Emperor's reply to the President's message. Not a word was said about Pearl Harbor.

On returning to the Embassy we heard that Imperial Headquarters had announced that Japan was in armed conflict with the United States and Great Britain.

Later in the morning Ohno, of the Foreign Office, called on Crocker and read to him, his hands trembling, the official announcement that armed conflict had commenced.

Soon afterward the Embassy's gates were closed and we were told that no one could go in or out.

The Japanese had profited by the German methods of *Blitzkrieg*, a dastardly thing to do while the conversations had not yet broken down. I do not yet know the precise timing, but it seems to be very doubtful if Admiral Nomura had informed Mr. Hull of the breakdown of the conversations before Hawaii was bombed and the war started.

I am glad to have gone on record to the effect that Japan would be perfectly capable of an all-out, do-or-die attempt even if it meant national hara-kiri, and that we should be ready for any step of "dangerous and

dramatic suddenness." That is now precisely what has happened.

At 6.45 in the evening we had the entire staffs of the Embassy and Consulate in for cocktails, about sixty people. We are a well-united and co-operative group, and a congenial one, which is very helpful at times like these.

Everyone was pretty well exhausted tonight, the first day of war with Japan, the only country, so far as I know, that ever declared war on us.

It is significant that the Department's telegram communicating the President's message to the Emperor was actually received at the central telegraph office in Tokyo at noon on the 7th but was not delivered until 10.30 that evening. The notation in Japanese on the telegram made this clear.

DECEMBER 9: The Superintendent General of the Metropolitan Police, Tsukio Tomeoka, called on me this morning and said that he wished to do everything possible for our comfort and convenience. The subsequent actions and attitude of the police, who treated us in every respect as prisoners, if not as criminal prisoners, were no doubt due to orders from subordinate officers and to the utter stupidity of the police guard in interpreting their instructions.

For the record I give below the text of the communication handed to Crocker by Ohno on the morning of the 8th:

Ministry of Foreign Affairs
Tokyo, December 8, 1941

Excellency:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that there has arisen a state of war between Your Excellency's country and Japan beginning today.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration.

SHIGENORI TOGO
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

DECEMBER 14: The police swarmed in the compound, entered the chancery and private apartments of the staff at will. Thus was civilized international diplomatic usage totally ignored. The police took various petty obstructive measures which might have been extremely serious if we had not had the good fortune to receive a large consignment of canned foodstuffs just before our internment. In order to conserve the trivial amount of heating oil allowed us, we very nearly froze.

CHRISTMAS DAY: For the first time during our eighteen days of incarceration several copies of the Japan Times and Advertiser were delivered, and while the reading of it was not particularly cheery, we take the Japanese reports of military and naval successes with several grains of salt. I still confidently count on the eventual crack in Germany.

This is, of course, wishful thinking. What happened in 1918 will in all probability happen again, and Hitler's miscalculation in attacking Soviet Russia will prove to be his downfall.

DECEMBER 30: The Swiss Minister today told us that the Japanese Government has accepted our proposal for an exchange in Lourenço Marques. So at last things seem to be moving.

At Dooman's wise suggestion I called a meeting of the staff and told them the news, which called forth loud applause; it will help their morale.

1942

JANUARY 9: About one half of the Foreign Office was burned in a big fire during the night. It appears that some of the records concerning our eventual evacuation were destroyed, and although the Swiss Minister will furnish extra copies of his own notes, I fear that this may delay matters beyond the delay already encountered.

JANUARY 29: Today was the funeral service for General Pabst, the Netherlands Minister. The Japanese Government had arranged that one member from each enemy diplomatic mission might attend, and for the first time in fifty-two days I emerged from our Embassy compound, but had no opportunity to speak to anyone.

FEBRUARY 15: Singapore, now Shonan, fell. The new name combines the thought of the Showa era and the southward advance.

This is a heavy blow, but I look on it as only a temporary one.

FEBRUARY 19, 1942: Appointed to Japan ten years ago today. They have been an interesting ten years, and despite the final failure of my mission I would not now willingly have given up that experience even in the light of events.

MARCH 24: Fujimoto, one of our translators, a full American citizen without dual nationality, was today actually kidnaped from the Embassy by the police and arrested, charged with some breach of Japanese law about which we are ignorant. The Swiss Minister has made strong representations, but so far without avail. This is just one more of the outrages inflicted on us by the Japanese police.

APRIL 8: It now looks as if we should not get away until the middle of May at earliest. It is amusing to remember how, in December, Alice remarked that we had better conserve our firewood because we might be here until February and how everyone had laughed at the joke. I lost ten dollars to Ned Crocker in a bet that we should be away before St. Valentine's Day, and I believe that he cleaned up in several other monthly bets.

APRIL 18: The Swiss Minister came again, and just as he was leaving before lunch we heard a lot of planes overhead and saw five or six large fires burning in different directions with great volumes of smoke. At first we thought that it was only maneuvers, but soon became aware that it was the first big raid on Japan by American bombers, which are reported to have attacked first in the Hokkaido and then, in turn, Tokyo, Yokosuka, Nagoya, and Kobe. We saw one of them, apparently losing altitude and flying very low, just over the tops of the buildings to the west, and at first we feared that it had crashed, but then realized that it was intentionally following these tactics in order to avoid the dives of pursuit planes and the antiaircraft fire.

We were all very happy and proud in the Embassy, and the British told us later that they drank toasts all day to the American fliers.

From the radio address delivered over the CBS network August 30, 1942, just after the return on the exchange ship Gripsholm:

"Never before has my native land looked to me so beautiful. Never before has a home-coming meant so much.

"I shall have something to say tonight about the Japanese military machine. But before turning to that subject, there is something else which I cannot leave unsaid. I have lived for ten years in Japan. I have had many friends in Japan, some of whom I admired, respected, and loved. They are not the people who brought on this war. As patriots they will fight for their Emperor and country, to the last ditch if necessary, but they did not want this war and it was not they who began it.

"But there is the other side to the picture, the ugly side of cruelty, brutality, and utter bestiality, the ruthlessness and rapaciousness of the Japanese military machine which brought on this war. That Japanese military machine and military caste and military system must be utterly crushed; their credit and predominance must be utterly broken, for the future safety and welfare of the United States and of the United Nations, and for the future safety and welfare of civilization and humanity.

"I know my own country even better than I know Japan and I have not the slightest shadow of doubt of our eventual victory. But I do not wish to see the period of our blood, sweat, and tears *indefinitely and unnecessarily prolonged.* That period will be prolonged only if our people fail to realize . . . that we are up against a powerful fighting machine, a people whose morale cannot and will not be broken even by successive defeats, who will certainly not be broken by economic hardships; a people who . . . can be brought to earth only by . . . complete defeat in battle."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

Ride with Me, by **Thomas B. Costain,** is a vigorous and vivid story of the England of the Napoleonic era. Through the eyes of Francis Ellery, a London newspaper publisher, the author shows the impact of "Boney's" invasion threat on everyday British life.

Taking full advantage of the fact that his protagonist is a newspaperman, Mr. Costain unfolds history in terms of day-by-day headlines. He shows the England that met the Bonaparte threat in its early stages with the same bland overconfidence that a later regime displayed when Hitler first rose to power. He pictures the England that canceled its political mistakes on the battlefield. And, since he has set himself the job of doing a well-rounded portrait of the era, he doesn't omit such details as the hospitals provided for wounded veterans of Waterloo by their grateful nation—horribly squalid wards in which the maimed soldiers were packed three in a bed.

Thomas B. Costain

The title of Mr. Costain's novel is taken from the slogan of "Riding Bobby" Wilson, the swashbuckling general whose daring strategy helped get Napoleon in hot water in Spain—and whose gadfly statements to British politicians and War Office officials achieved the same result for himself at home.

The romantic side of the story is provided by Gabrielle de Salle, belle of the aristocratic French refugees in London. Of course young Ellery falls in love with her, and of course, after his fair share of perilous escapades, he gets the gal. But the yarn is told with good taste and restraint. It's several notches above the conventional sort of cloak-and-sword romance.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $3.00.

BENNETT CERF, being a keen book publisher (he's the head of Random House), knows that a sprinkling of good anecdotes has made the difference between stodginess and readability for many a non-fiction book. In **Try and Stop Me,** he has compiled a lavish collection of good anecdotes—enough to supply the leavening for a year's output of biographies.

Bennett Cerf

Here's a typical Cerf miniature:

"Morris Ernst has resurrected the story of an attorney who journeyed to California to try an important case, promising to wire his partner the moment a decision was announced. At long last the wire came and it read, 'Justice has triumphed.'

"The partner in New York wired back, 'Appeal at once.'"

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.

IN Dear Sir, the wits get serious competition from the half-wits. This little book, edited by **Juliet Lowell,** is a collection of unconscious humor contained in letters received by government agencies and war plants. A sample is that of the serious young man who wrote to his draft board:

"Gentlemen:

"I want to inform you that my status has changed. My wife gave birth to a baby, and I want to thank every member of the local board."

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., N. Y. Price $1.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Grandma's Jitterbug Session
5 This big squirt dashes around to hotspots, putting a wet blanket on things (2 wds.)
14 A fat man yelling at a fat woman in Italian
15 B.C. housing projects
16 Waterwagon highballs
17 Snake lamp, kind of
18 What watermelons live in
19 Word not to forget
20 This has the rumble-seat in front
22 I Luv U was wrote on it yeers ago
23 One for all, all for one
24 Scram, fly!
25 Pianos that burp, whine and go on toots
29 Broadway as a boy
33 Places where sidewalks are taken in at night (slang)
34 Shirt stuffers
36 Old-fashioned gin rummy
37 When the leaves turn red and yellow, you turn what?
38 How a smart gal acts in a tomato-packing factory
39 Sublimated scream
40 Everybody Inherits Numskullism (abbr.)
41 Sissy bridge
42 A WAC's mink coat
43 A new cap for a worn-out rounder
45 Roman Indian
46 Hoss vitamins
47 Hotfooted
48 A secret new military palindrome
51 Yokel circus
54 Xword perzin tree
55 Kind of powder a desperate Mexican takes
57 He does General house and dirty work
58 Loosen up when the heat's on
59 A Stokowski shillalah
60 We've sure made one out of Goebbels
61 Maker of silk purse out of sow's ear (2 wds.)
62 He was an admiral fellow in the last war

VERTICAL

1 Every man whose child has a piggie bank is a potential one (2 wds.)
2 Lots of space
3 Every Tom dreams of growing up and becoming one
4 Most folks have a speaking acquaintance with one
5 Pleasure wheel
6 A blooming nut
7 Scene of recent liberation
8 Gridiron flank attacks take place here
9 Snake's tail
10 Third speed on the hayburner
11 When your wife gets one, you're stuck with it
12 An open-air penthouse on Elm & Maple
13 Xword family
21 Gals' names
22 They're usually attached to dozens of fat little all-day suckers
24 What women's evening apparel will be this fall
25 This is divine
27 To Goebbels again
28 This is music to a pig's ear
30 Solofied
31 Grammaw's vitamins (sing.)
32 Kansas canaries
34 Vanishing Americans (fem.)
35 Seagoing shavetail (abbr.)
38 Two short hours of chin exercise, practiced by two women
39 B. C. Bulovas
41 What a Scotchman gets out of a pair of old trousers
42 Kind of awkward age
44 80-pointers
45 Run like hell for a piece of tin for dear old Whoozis
47 Literary booze parlor
48 Horse's parking place
49 A like doer
50 Glen's close pal
51 Quote and unquote
52 A V8
53 Mr. 1
55 Cockeyed Brain Assaulters (abbr.)
56 An overripe tomato (fem.)

A	R	M	■	E	Q	U	A	L	I	S	E	■	■	■
S	A	A	R	■	G	E	N	T	I	L	E	S	■	■
P	Y	R	A	M	I	D	S	■	L	E	A	P	■	■
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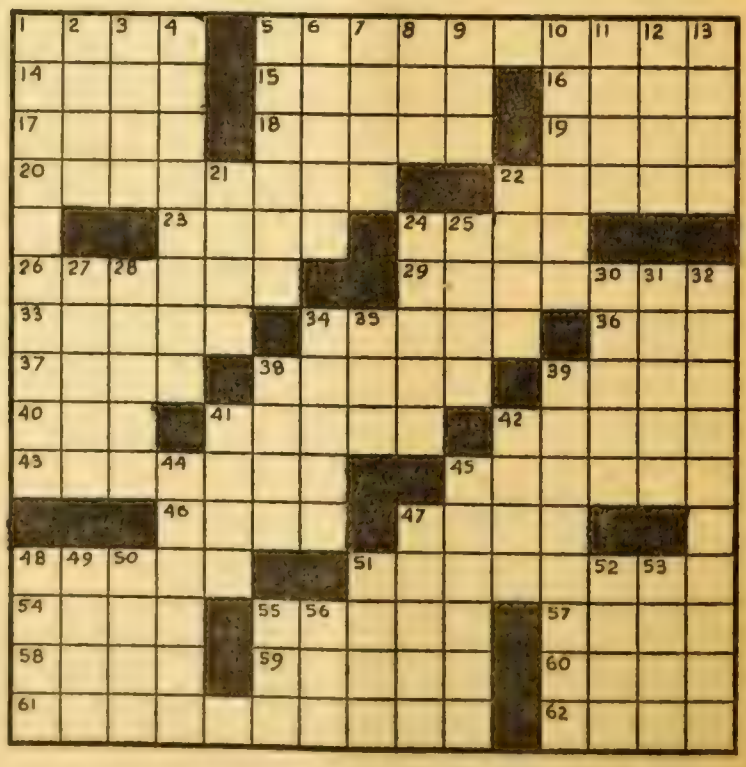
T	I	R	E	L	E	S	S	■	A	G	E	N	■	■
S	A	N	D	U	S	K	Y	■	E	A	T	■	■	■

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!

PERHAPS this quizzical pup will give you some idea of how our friends feel when they meet up with a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

You see, they know Calvert is "the real thing." One *taste* tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence...a whiskey that can't be imitated. That's why, no matter how many *other whiskies* may come along, the *preference* for Calvert doesn't change. In fact, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now—Calvert *was*, and *is*, the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We're happy to say that a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is available today. So if you keep on asking for Calvert, the chances are you'll now *get* this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

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The nation's huge war industry gets every pound of its workers' food with the help of America's motor haulers. Many thousands of those truck operators depend on *AC Spark Plugs* to help keep that food moving. To conserve gasoline, oil, and many engine parts for themselves and for Victory, those motor-wise operators have their spark plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000-5,000 miles. *The same care will produce the same results for YOU.* When replacement is necessary, select AC Spark Plugs and be sure of *utmost reliability.*

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BRING YOUR SOLDIER HOME SOONER • BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND

SUCKER BAIT

Continued from Page 19

close to three hundred pounds. The armchair in which he sat had been custom-built. He had black hair, graying slightly at the temples. He had bushy black eyebrows. His eyelids were hooded so that Colin couldn't determine the color of his eyes, but he had the feeling that Coyle could read the maker's label on the inside of his shirt.

ON the desk in front of Coyle were remains of a Gargantuan meal. There must have been at least four broiled lobsters, a punch bowl of potato chips, a loaf of Italian bread, cheese, salad, and several bottles of beer.

Coyle just sat there looking at Colin. In his pudgy fingers was a deck of cards. Just as Colin had decided they were clumsy fingers, Coyle accordioned the deck from left hand to right. The cards floated together like gently falling autumn leaves.

"Mr. Coyle?" Colin asked.

"Well, I'm obviously not Governor Dewey," Coyle said irritably.

"Where's my wife?" Colin asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Coyle said.

"But she was just here!"

"Yes."

"Then where is she?"

"She left," Coyle said. "I didn't ask her where she was going."

"I didn't see her leave."

"Have you never seen a house with more than one door, commander?"

"Mr. Coyle, what did Marcia want?"

Coyle's hands were still for a moment.

"She wanted to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars," Coyle said.

Colin stared at him.

"I let her have it," Coyle said casually.

"Lord Almighty!" Colin exploded.

"I expect to get it back," Coyle said. He began dealing himself a hand of solitaire.

"But Marcia can't raise twenty-five thousand dollars!"

"She did," Coyle said. "From me."

"But, in heaven's name, what security ——"

"I didn't say I expected to get it back from her," Coyle said. "Why don't you sit down, commander? You look a little green around the gills."

Colin sat down in a chair Coyle indicated beside the desk. His voice was unsteady. "I don't know what Marcia told you," he said. "I have my Navy pay and a small income. It would take half a lifetime to pay off that amount of money."

"That's interesting," Coyle said quietly. "Because at the moment your wife owes me twenty-five thousand and she owes twenty thousand to two other men. The theory is that she will use the money she borrowed from me to pay the other two gentlemen—at the right time. Of course she could simply run out with the money."

Colin felt punch-drunk. The figures Coyle had mentioned were astronomical in his economy.

"I expect to get my money back, commander," Coyle said. "However, if I don't, I might be willing to write it off, if certain things happen."

"Write it off?" Colin was a drowning man, grasping at a straw.

Coyle sighed. "McGrath, the war does strange things to some people, particularly women. If I told you there was an enormous increase in women gamblers since the war, would it surprise you?"

"Nothing would surprise me at the moment," Colin said.

"When a woman's man goes off to war, it does something to her. You might say it changes her metabolism—her psychic

(Continued on page 58)

There's a Place for Them in Our Post-War Plans

War has put oceans between these men and their peacetime jobs. But back home, where they held those jobs with America's intercity bus lines, they are not forgotten. Their future has a big place in our plans.

These men, and thousands like them from the Nation's bus lines, joined the armed forces already highly trained as drivers, mechanics, dispatchers, and other types of transportation experts. Now, they make these skills count in the service of their country.

Tomorrow, along with fellow-workers who left to carry rifles, sail the seas, and pilot planes for Uncle Sam, they'll be warmly welcomed back by the motor bus lines. At the side of employees who have loyally served on the home transportation front, they will share the great work of bringing America still finer public travel by highway.

With a proud record of millions of war-busy passengers carried, intercity bus lines have proved a powerful force in the defense of the nation. They will prove an equally powerful force in contributing to the nation's post-war progress.

Look forward to better buses and many improvements in bus line facilities. They're on the way!

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(Continued from page 56)

metabolism. Some of them take jobs and sweat their brains and bodies out in the war effort. Some of them go haywire."

"That's what's happened to Marcia."

Coyle nodded. "Some of them take to drink. Some of them get interested in other men. It's all part of a search for excitement to help forget. Gambling is a wonderful anesthetic, commander. With women, it seems to get hold of them like a drug. They can't let it alone once they get started."

"But how can you lose what you haven't got?" Colin asked. "She couldn't have paid a tenth of what you say she's lost. Why would anyone give her credit?"

COYLE'S eyes were hooded; muscles rippled along the sides of his massive jaw. "Money isn't everything, commander. I don't want to sound corny, but there are things women can do for men."

"Look here, Coyle—"

"Keep your shirt on," Coyle said. "I'm not saying I think that's the story here. But it's not a new story. Woman gets in over her head. She looks good to some mobster who's backing the place. There are ways to get the I O Us torn up."

"Did Marcia say that was the story here?"

"This is what your wife told me," Coyle said. "Somebody took her to a gambling house on East Fifty-second Street. It's run by a man named Lewis Grant. Grant is a character. We used to call his kind soldiers of fortune. This Grant flew planes for the Chinese. He flew planes for Franco in the Spanish war."

"That isn't consistent," Colin said. "The Chinese and Franco were on different sides."

"He wasn't fighting for ideals," Coyle said. "He was fighting for money. Whatever he's up to now is for money."

"I see."

"Your wife got into a bridge game the first time she went to Grant's place. She and her friend played with two men to whom they were introduced. One of them was supposed to be a Texas oil man named Tierney. One of them was a refugee Hungarian count named Vanescue. Your wife and her friend lost—not heavily. They thought it was fun. The gentlemen suggested they should come back the next night for revenge. Your wife's friend was a smart girl. She'd had enough. But your wife went back."

"Bridge seems a safe enough game."

"There's more cheating at bridge than at any other card game extant," Coyle said. "But I doubt if Tierney and Vanescue had to cheat. They were better players. Your wife got in way over her head. They were charming about it. They accepted I O Us. Your wife kept going back because it seemed the only possible way to get square. Old story, that. Finally she reached a point where she told them she couldn't possibly meet her debt. They insisted she keep on. There would be ways of meeting the debt, they said."

"What ways?"

"That's the catch, commander. They haven't shown their hand yet."

"But what threat can they hold over her head? If she can't pay, she can't pay."

"They have pointed out one fact to her, commander. You are connected with Navy Intelligence. If your superiors knew the kind of jam your wife was in they might decide you weren't a safe person to entrust with official secrets. The average man will go a long way to protect the woman he loves."

"Not treason, Mr. Coyle," Colin said.

"It's happened before now," Coyle said. "Now don't get red-necked about it, com-

(Continued on page 60)

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(*Continued from page 58*)

mander. Count Vanescue has explained to your wife that an exposure of her situation might result in your losing your job. It's conceivable, they told her, that the Navy might not risk keeping you in the service at all."

"But—"

"Your wife knows what that would mean to you. She would go to considerable lengths to keep it from happening."

"But what do they really want of her?" Colin asked. "It can't do Tierney and this count any good to discredit me."

"If we knew what they wanted, there'd be nothing to it," Coyle said.

Colin was beginning to get a glimmering of an explanation as to why Marcia had refused to tell him the truth.

"What I don't understand is how you came into it, Mr. Coyle."

"A taxi driver," Coyle said. "It seems this fellow's been taking your wife to Grant's gambling house for weeks. He's a shrewd little guy. Name of Ziggy Danzigger. He figured she was in a box. He suggested she come and see me."

"And you saw her on *his* recommendation?"

"Do you know of any reason why a taxi driver shouldn't be a solid citizen, commander? Danzigger knows I hate crooked gamblers. Quite frankly, they're bad for my business."

"But why did you give Marcia the money, Mr. Coyle?"

Coyle's gray eyes fixed steadily on Colin's face. "I'd like to nail these men, commander. I'd like to know what their racket is. I want your wife to lead them on to the point of the actual proposition. I gave her the money in case matters got too hot. It leaves her in the position of being able to pay off if she has to."

"But if she has to pay up—"

"Stop worrying about the money. I'll get it out of Tierney and Vanescue. More ways than one of skinning a cat."

"How can I help?" Colin asked.

"Now you're talking. I can't go to Grant's place. Too well known. Out of uniform, you would be a stranger. Go there. Get every scrap of information you can on Grant, on Tierney, on Vanescue. Report to me. Don't try to handle it yourself."

"And Marcia?"

"I don't ordinarily interfere in private lives, commander. But I told your wife you were waiting outside to see me. She guessed you'd follow her. I told her I'd explain the situation to you. I think she needs you—needs you badly. I think she's waiting for you at home."

Colin stood up. "Mr. Coyle, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," Coyle said. "Time enough to pat each other on the back when we've won this fight—*if* we do!"

COLIN left Coyle's place and went down to the street, where he stood waiting for an empty cab. Away from the spell of those hooded gray eyes, the fat man's calm statement of the case seemed less plausible. The tangled and dangerous situation Coyle had outlined seemed to enter the field of the fantastic.

Could he accept it as fact? After all, he had only the word of an unknown taxi driver that Coyle was on the level. Or was that all he had? He had listened to Coyle, he had seen him, and he had subconsciously formed his own opinion of the fat man. His impulse was to believe, to accept the story in full.

One thing was over, the thing which had hurt and bewildered him. That was his estrangement from Marcia. He could go to her now, take her in his arms, and the shutter which had been drawn between them could be lifted. Perhaps that was why he was so ready, actually eager, to believe Coyle's story.

Colin knew that the thing he had come to value most in life was his closeness to Marcia. They had always understood each other. A money problem could somehow be met. Danger could be faced head on. But the lack of understanding between him and Marcia had been unendurable.

It was a funny thing, he thought, but when your perception of a situation comes from the wrong angle it assumes huge and menacing proportions. Coyle's explanation had altered that point of perception and he was looking straight at the problem. The fear of the unknown was gone. Grant was a man. Tierney and Vanescue were men. They were as strong and as vulnerable as only men can be. They could be met and fought on an even footing. Colin understood that kind of fighting.

He remembered a day, five years ago. It was the day he had asked Marcia to marry him, and she had said, "I thought you'd never ask me, darling." They had sat on the bank of a little pool in the woods and talked about the future.

"As long as there are no secrets, nothing can ever go wrong," he had said.

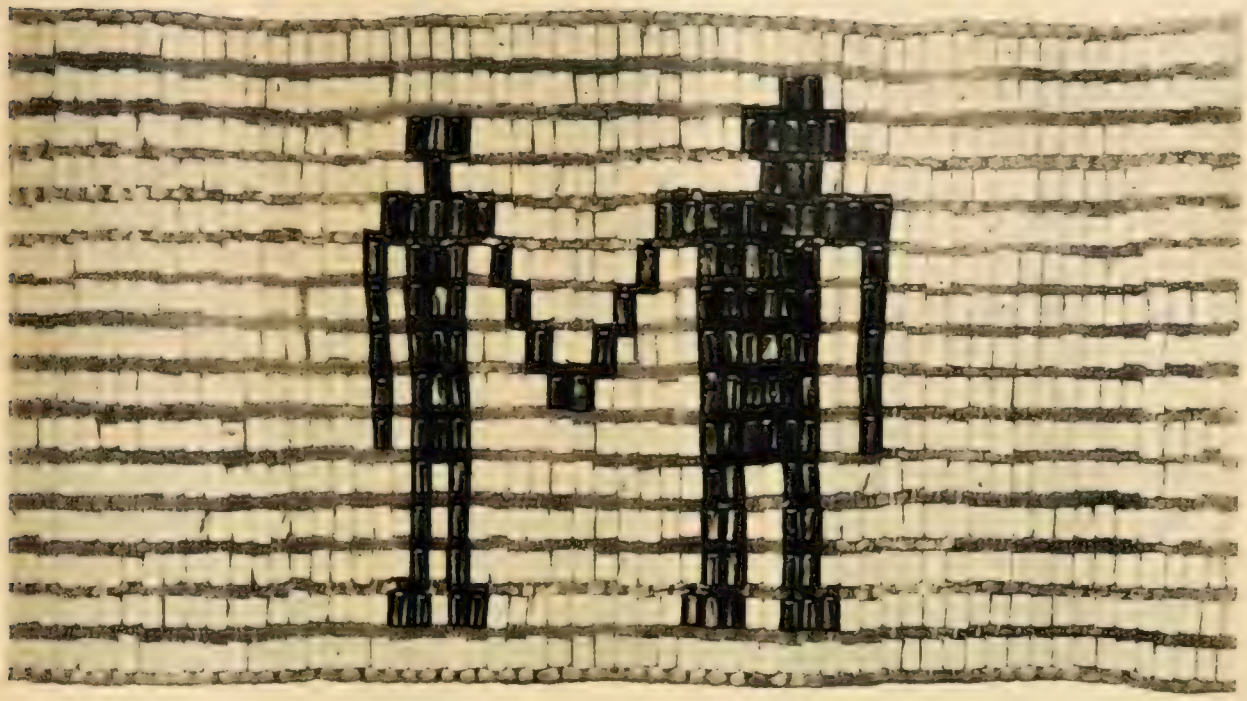
She had put her red-gold head on his

(*Continued on page 63*)

THE HOME FRONT

"Lift 'em, Larry—don't throw 'em!"

THIS TREATY WAS NEVER BROKEN



Section of the wampum belt presented to William Penn. It is now in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia.

When William Penn made his traditional treaty with the Indians in 1682, they gave him a wampum belt, part of which is shown above.

The crude figures worked in beads show an Indian and a Quaker, their hands clasped in friendship, standing side by side.

Voltaire said that this was the only treaty with the Indians that was not sworn to and never broken. Perhaps that was because it was based on mutual friendship and respect for the rights of others.

In his Indian Treaties, as in all his works, William Penn practiced true democracy, fair dealing and honesty. On these simple virtues, the peace and prosperity of his colony were founded. Not only the Quakers, but men of many nations and many creeds found religious and civil freedom in the province of Pennsylvania.

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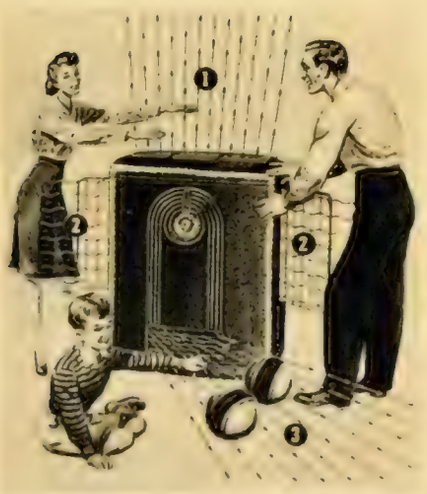

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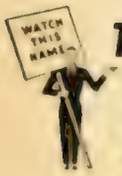

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(Continued from page 60)

shoulder. The warmth of her was close. "There'll be no secrets," she had said. "There'll never be any secrets."

It seemed to Colin now that his taxi was interminably slow. He could see her, waiting at home for him to come. He would take her in his arms and say, "Don't go away from me again, darling. Don't ever go away from me again."

Then they could face the problem unafraid.

He paid the cab driver, overtipping him because he couldn't wait for change. He hurried up the stairs to the apartment and let himself in with his key. A light burned on the small table in the foyer, but the living room was dark. At the end of the hall he saw a crack of light under their bedroom door.

"Marcia!"

He hurried down the hall. Lights burned on her dressing table. The bed was turned down and he saw the negligee he had given her just before he'd gone on active duty laid out on the bed.

"Darling!" he called out.

The bathroom door was closed, but he saw the streak of light under it. He glanced at the dressing table. Her emerald earrings and the big emerald ring lay there. He listened, but he couldn't hear her moving about. He went over to the bathroom door and knocked.

"Darling! Marcia!"

She didn't answer, so he opened the door. The lights beside the cabinet mirror burned brightly. Marcia wasn't there.

The toxic feeling of fear ran through him. He went quickly back to the bedroom, calling out to her loudly now. Perhaps she was in the kitchen. But somehow he knew that she wasn't going to be there.

NOW he began to see things that had escaped notice in the beginning. The drawers of the dressing table were open and the neat arrangement of her things was no longer neat. He saw his own briefcase in the corner. Papers had been taken from it and tossed around and the case itself had been ripped to shreds. He saw his suitcase, which he had left put away in the closet. It stood, open, on a chair. The lining had been slit by something sharp—slit and torn out.

He stood dead still in the center of the room, the blood pounding at his temples. He had followed Marcia to Coyle's. Suppose someone had been following both of them—someone in the pay of Grant or Tierney or Vanescue. Going to Coyle's could have meant only one thing to them. Marcia had spilled the game. They hadn't waited to see what the consequences would be. They had struck first. They must have followed her back to the apartment—come in only a couple of moments after her and taken her away.

He went to the phone in the hall. His fingers shook as he hunted for Coyle's number in the directory. He found it and dialed. A man answered.

"I want to speak to Mr. Coyle. It's urgent," Colin said.

"He's not here." Colin recognized the bartender's voice.

"This is Commander McGrath. It's very important."

"I'm sorry, commander. Danny's gone out."

"Do you know where he can be reached?"

"I'm sorry. I can have him call you when he comes in."

"That will be too late," Colin said.

He couldn't wait for Coyle's advice. He would have to act on his own.

To be concluded next week.

Private Pringle's Thoughts Drift Homeward

It is Sunday in a Fred Harvey restaurant. Private Pringle of the American Armed Forces has just ordered his dinner. His thoughts drift homeward . . .

"Sunday . . . Sunday dinner. Funny how clear it is. About now Dad would be settling down in the front room with the paper . . . his coat off . . . but still looking kind of glorified, after ushering in church . . .

"And Mom . . . you'd catch a glimpse of her in the kitchen, her face flushed . . . and glowing happily. Under her feet would be Buddy and Joan, faces freshly polished . . . still glistening a bit behind the ears. Then we'd sit down together . . .

"It wasn't just a meal . . . that Sunday dinner back home, clear across the continent from here. It was more of a tradition. It stood for the family and the way we felt about one another . . . for all the feelings we didn't talk about . . .

"Guess I took it all for granted . . . but I can understand it now. Maybe it's because it might be a long time before I'll be sitting down to one of those Sunday dinners again.

"But wherever I am . . . whatever I'm doing, when Sunday comes, I always imagine being back there at home with Mother and Dad . . . Joan and Buddy . . . sitting down to Sunday dinner.

"Some day I will be. Maybe it will be a long time . . . but it will be worth it . . . if I can do my bit to help the folks back home . . . and people everywhere . . . to sit down together . . . without fear, or hate or sorrow . . ."

★ ★ ★

We serve meals to tens of thousands of Private Pringles daily. That's our most important wartime job, situated as we are along America's continental travel routes. We print the above message because we want you to see these men as we see them . . . as they move ever outward toward the seas.

Fred Harvey

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Send me the name of the nearest retailer where I can see the full range of your Buck Skein Joe sportswear. ☐

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LEAVE THE WARDEN LAY IN THE WOODS

Continued from Page 25

A common violation of the fish laws is the "man-and-boy" racket. It goes like this: Father takes son fishing, and son, being under age, requires no license. So father doesn't bother to buy one either. The fish begin to bite well, and father, who hadn't intended to fish at all, just can't stand the pressure. About the time he is really enjoying himself, a warden shows up and finds him fishing without a license. That's one offense no warden will overlook. License fees are the lifeblood of the Fish and Game Commissions. Without license fees we would have no wardens.

Spite often is a motive for violation of the law. A Pennsylvania farmer was caught red-handed, dumping carbide into a stream to kill the fish, just to spoil the sport of his angling neighbor who lived a short distance downstream.

Ignorance of the law accounts for many violations. It is strange how few—how very few—sportsmen take time to read the game laws. Some years ago, when the grouse in Pennsylvania were scarce to the danger point, and the season had been shortened to save the few remaining birds, one of the game wardens met a contented-looking hunter walking along a road in Pennsylvania's Black Forest, carrying an automatic shotgun. Automatics have been taboo in this state for many years. Interrogation revealed that the man was a resident of New Jersey, although he had a Pennsylvania resident's license. In his game pocket were three grouse, one over the legal limit, and all three illegal because the grouse season had been ended for several days. He was quite indignant when the warden told him that he was in serious trouble. He didn't know about the law banning automatic guns, he had looked up the grouse season in a two-year-old syllabus of the game laws, and, being a taxpayer on property he owned in Pennsylvania, he assumed that he had every right to carry a resident license. His fine would have paid for a week's hunting in Canada.

Another warden, during the deer season, came upon a sedan stopped in the middle of a mountain road. Its owner sat in the driver's seat, blazing away across the valley with a .30-30 Winchester. The warden climbed out of his car and walked up to the side of the sedan.

"What are you shooting at?" he inquired.

"Don't know for sure. Either a deer or a bear over there in the brush." The bear season had ended at least two weeks before.

"Are you sure it isn't a man?" asked the warden.

"Don't *think* so," was the reply. Whereupon he raised his gun for another try at his unidentified target. It cost him a tidy sum, the temporary loss of his gun, and considerable inconvenience to learn that shooting from an automobile and carrying a loaded gun in a car are two rather serious breaches of the law.

THE tendency to "show off" before others or to satisfy personal vanity constitutes another common motive for breaking fish and game laws. Some men enjoy bringing home and exhibiting huge illegal catches of fish or bags of game. Others pride themselves on being "outlaws" and on their ability to outsmart the wardens. One confirmed violator has a comfortable income. He gives away most of his illegal fish and game. Evidently his sole reason for habitual violation is that he has gained the reputation of being a devil-may-care poacher, and his stories of how he has outwitted "the law" are received with great acclaim in some circles. Not long ago I had a talk with a warden about him.

"Sure," said the warden, "we know all about him—have for years. I could have arrested him a dozen times in the past two years for minor violations. But that wouldn't do any good. He's in this thing so far that a minor fine would only prompt him to break more laws to regain lost prestige. One of these days we'll get him for a violation that runs into important money. And it's too bad. He's a good fellow, but he just got started wrong. With proper early training he could be as big a power *for* law enforcement as he now is *against* it. We all wish he'd get wise to the fact that he's making a fool of himself before he gets into real trouble."

Another case in point is that of a woman who lives in a small town in central Pennsylvania. She hates wardens and makes no bones about saying so. The fish warden in her district knew she was a constant violator, but couldn't manage to catch her at it. Time after time he searched her car in vain, always under a cascade of abuse.

"I'm too smart for you dumb so-and-sos," she would tell him. "Why, if I wanted to break the law you'd never catch me in a thousand years! Never saw a warden yet

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY
(Unabashed)

GASOLEAN: Low-octane car fodder.

STREPTOCOCKEYE: A cross-eyed bacterium.

APPENDUCKTOMY: If Walt Disney's Donald had one.

TACETERNITY: Silent forever.

DAFFYCULTY: Having a tough time with these words.

DINERSORE: A big creature mad at the Pullman waiter.

JOECOSE: A witty doughboy.

MEWLATTO: A black-and-white cat.

SARCOUGHAGUS: Where they put whooping-cough victims.

SOURCE-ERY: The beginning of magic.

that had the brains of a gnat." And so on, and on.

One summer day the warden was paddling down a river in his canoe when he saw his female antagonist of many years up to her waist in water, fishing for bass. Before she realized what was happening, the canoe was beside her and he was opening her creel. Sure enough, it contained one illegal bass. Then he searched her car. In it he found a canvas bag that could be fastened to the lady's waist so that it hung down in front, *under her skirt.* That was where she hid the illegal fish that no warden would ever be smart enough to find.

Having served notice on her to appear at the alderman's office on the following day, he went downstream and arrested her husband for the possession of two illegal bass.

"O. K., warden," said the man. "You've got me. But please—*please* don't tell my wife. I'd never hear the last of it."

"You needn't worry," replied the warden. "I arrested *her* only fifteen minutes ago."

Don't ever be fooled into thinking you can hide illegal fish or game in an automobile where a warden can't find it. The wardens know all the tricks. False floors, secret pockets, bogus spare tires, small game hidden under the hub caps of the wheels, compartments between the lining and the top of the car, false padding in the cushions, seats, and doors—all these are old stuff to them.

Here's another thing to remember. Even if you can look around and see no sign of a warden, that doesn't mean that he can't see you. Spotting violators with the aid of powerful binoculars is the only really efficient method of apprehending confirmed lawbreakers. Few seasoned violators will carry illegal fish or game on their persons. Instead, the evidence is hidden in some convenient spot until the day's sport is finished. In this way the violator can submit to inspection and search without worry—or so he thinks. All too often he is unpleasantly surprised when the warden walks to his hiding place and lifts out the short trout or the hen pheasant that he had planned to pick up on the way home. Not only is he subject to arrest and fine, but also his equipment—his gun or his fly rod—is confiscated, temporarily or permanently, by the state.

WHILE market hunting and fishing is fast disappearing, it still exists here and there. The men who practice it are, and always have been, a thorn in the side of law enforcement. A poacher has no ethics and little sense of fair play. The methods used by these lawless men not only are highly destructive but are often cruel in the extreme.

It is a relatively simple matter to shoot a deer with the aid of a jack light or a salt lick to attract it, but the poacher must, of necessity, adopt hit-and-run tactics. If the deer is not killed on the spot, it is allowed to die in the woods while the poacher makes his getaway. Many more fish can be caught with a fyke net or a trotline than with a fly rod. But if these illegal devices are not tended regularly, the fish thus taken will die of starvation. Snares, deadfalls, and poachers' traps will account for many more animals and birds than will the shotgun and the rifle. These, too, must be tended regularly or many of the creatures caught in them will die lingering deaths. A man with a flare and two experienced men with fish spears can clean out a small trout stream in a single night, but the poacher strikes first and looks afterward. Inevitably, many fish are killed or wounded which are not included in the poacher's bag. It is the wardens' job to see to it that these abuses are stamped out.

"And what are you planning to do with the hundred dollars you've just won, Mr. Apgar?"

One of the most despicable poacher's tricks is "netting" ducks for the market. A good duck marsh is baited heavily with grain; then row after row of gill nets are spread over it. Gill netting has a wide mesh and is made from comparatively fine twine. A duck dives under the water to feed on the grain and pushes his head through the mesh of the net. When he tries to come up for air, the net catches him across the neck. Instead of backing out of the mesh, he struggles against the net until he drowns. In the morning the poacher comes and harvests his grisly crop for the market. It takes a mean man to make his living that way.

Market hunting and fishing often assume the proportions of a full-fledged racket, departmentalized and intelligently managed. It takes a bit of doing for the enforcement officers to blot out enterprises of this magnitude, but they do it. Too often they give their lives in the performance of their jobs, but that is the risk they know they run when first they put on the uniform.

No longer are wardens appointed haphazardly as a reward for political services or because of influential friends. Their records are checked thoroughly and appointments are made on the basis of intelligence, honesty, and proven ability in the field. Before being assigned to active duty, they are sent to training school, where they are taught game and fish management, marksmanship, self-defense, the legal aspects of their jobs, and kindred subjects. They are tough, courageous men, ready and willing to fight if they have to (as is the case all too often), but they are good fellows whose sole aim is the protection of fish and game and not the persecution of well-meaning sportsmen. A surprisingly large part of their work is correctional and educational.

LAST spring a warden was informed that one of the youngsters at our high school was heard joking about bringing home a duck, a grouse, and a rabbit from a fishing trip. Instead of obtaining a search warrant and making trouble for the boy, the warden called at his house and explained to him and his father that each of those illegal trophies might very well have had young to care for, as it was the nesting season. Thus, through a thoughtless breach of the game laws, twenty-five or thirty small creatures might have been left to starve. He gave the boy and his father a clearer

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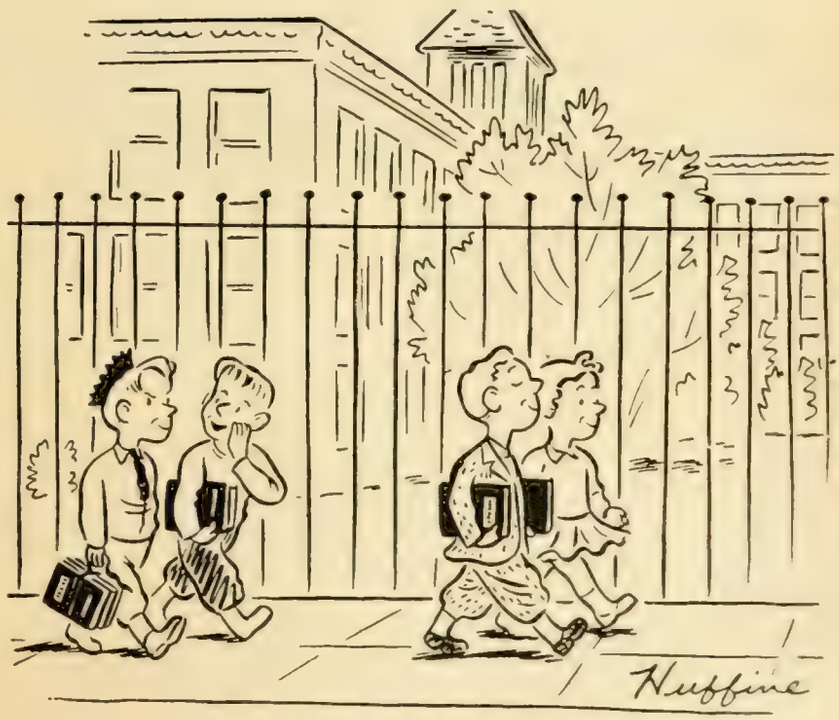

"He's carrying her books again. Guess her Mother got in a new supply of Wheaties."

Annie's got "It." Yes, Wheaties. Big flakes of nourishing whole wheat. Roasted and toasted. And flavored just right to make a big hit with the younger generation. Give 'em lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." And save a big bowlful for yourself.

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"Since baby came, it's *so* hard for him to get attention."

insight into the purpose of the game laws and a favorable opinion of the enforcement officers.

Few if any wardens will arrest a sportsman because he happens to have forgotten his license or, for that matter, spoil the day's sport because of the oversight. But it is up to the sportsman to produce the license for the warden's inspection within the immediate future. Minor infractions, committed through ignorance, frequently are excused by the wardens, who let them pass merely with a warning. *Intent*, or the absence of it, to break the law always has direct bearing on the case in hand.

THE pay of the average fish and game warden (some states prefer the term "protector") unfortunately is small—so small, in fact, that it is surprising that these men stick to their jobs. That is, it is surprising until you know them. Recently I asked one of them, point-blank, why he risked life and limb, went without sleep for days on end, worked twelve or fourteen hours day after day, all for a salary that is less than that of the average Washington stenographer. He looked at me and smiled.

"Well, it's interesting work and I get a kick out of it. And *somebody's* got to do it. Just suppose," he added, "we all went into war work. There'd be nothing left in the woods and streams, time this war's over. In a way, ours *is* war work of a sort. Besides, we're so busy we don't have time to spend money anyway."

As new generations replace the old, a more tolerant attitude is being displayed toward the wardens by the hunting and fishing public. Educational projects, sportsmen's organizations, and the outdoor magazines gradually are showing the average sportsman that the wardens are welcome necessities. The next time a warden stops you to check your license and inspect your bag, instead of feeling resentful, be thankful that he is there and on the job. His very presence means more fish for you to catch and more game for you to shoot. If you want information about the fishing or the hunting, just ask him. If you are a sportsman—and one of every three people you pass on the street is a devotee either of hunting or fishing—you had better become acquainted with the wardens in your territory. Make their jobs easier by sticking to the rules and working with them. You will find that their friendship will pay you dividends in more ways than one.

THE END

Say, dad, this KIMSUL* is what they use to insulate our Quonset Huts up in Alaska

Yes, Bob, I figure that if the Navy uses it, KIMSUL must be a top rate insulation

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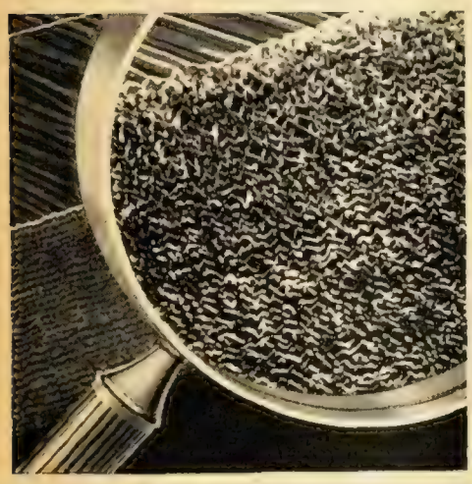

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Installing is Easy as A B C—Anyone who can use a hammer can install KIMSUL. Put it between joists of the unfloored attic... or between rafters of the sloping roof, if your attic is floored. Extremely light in weight and compressed into a convenient, compact roll, KIMSUL is easy to carry. Pleasant to handle. Contains no sharp, metal-like ingredients to irritate the skin.

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Stays Put—Once installed, KIMSUL does not sag, sift or settle.

Lasting Protection—Made of wood fibers impregnated with asphalt, KIMSUL lasts indefinitely. It is a permanent investment.

Economical—Pays for itself in fuel savings; reduced housecleaning expense; added comfort.

†*KIMSUL Double Thick Attic Insulation has 44 layers. KIMSUL is also available in Standard Thick (approximately 1") and Commercial Thick (approximately ½").*

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HOW WILL THE NEGRO VOTE?

Continued from Page 17

electoral votes. And in Connecticut, as another illustration, a Negro vote of 20,704 in 1940 has by now probably been doubled by the labor needs of plants in Bridgeport, New Haven, and other cities. In 1938 Senator John A. Danaher, Republican, was elected by only 17,987 votes and in 1940 Senator Francis Maloney, a Democrat, by 58,427.

Similar situations in others of the listed states and perhaps a few additional states give opportunity and responsibility to the Negro voter of which he and party leaders are keenly aware.

There are significant reasons, many of them unfamiliar to white America, for fundamental changes in the political orientation of the Negro vote since the last Presidential election.

The Negro has become acutely aware that the race problem is a world one. He sees parallels between his own plight and that of brown, yellow, and black people in India, China, Burma, Africa, and the West Indies, where men and women, because of their color, are exploited by white overlords.

But the Negro is not thinking exclusively of a white versus a colored world. Though he has been duped by American Communists, he has followed with tremendous interest the military victories of the Russian Army. He thinks he sees in Russia a bulwark against extreme racial discrimination and exploitation. He takes comfort in the fact that Russia and China will have something to say at the peace table as well as England and the United States.

This new world-consciousness is reflected in the Negro's appraisal of American institutions, particularly political parties. He is more cynical about the blandishments of party platforms and candidates. He reacts spontaneously to the appeal of men like Wendell Willkie and Henry Wallace and discerns the menace to himself and to others equally circumstanced of reactionary elements in Congress. His organizations of protest reflect in their growth and influence this combined cynicism and hope of a better world.

"I have to wash the dishes every night to get my wife's vote."

His entrance into the ranks of organized labor has profoundly affected Negro thinking. During the past four years there has been a greater movement of Negroes into the ranks of organized labor than ever before. The Wagner Act has played a part in this. The fight of the Negro for jobs in war industries and the modest success which has attended these efforts have played an even greater role. The nondiscriminatory policy of the C. I. O. and the more liberal A. F. L. unions has made a considerable contribution. But chief of the factors has been the growth of realization by the Negro worker himself that what affects his white fellow worker affects him too. Both white and Negro trade-unionists have become increasingly aware that neither can advance very far or permanently so long as either is used as a reservoir of cheap labor to threaten the other. Emphasis by the press, magazines, books, and the radio in pressing home this more enlightened viewpoint has helped immeasurably.

Most significant in this peaceful political revolution among Negroes has been the growing unity of organizations representing Negro churches, civic leagues, labor unions, fraternities, sororities, and educational and business groups.

On June 17, 1944, a joint statement to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions was drafted and adopted at a meeting of twenty-five of these national organizations representing a total membership of 6,500,000.

The political conventions were told, in part:

"Negroes, like all other Americans, recognize the war as the chief issue confronting our country. We demand of any political party desiring the support of Negroes a vigorous prosecution of the war. We are opposed to any negotiated peace as advocated by the Hitler-like forces within our country. Victory must crush Hitlerism at home as well as abroad.

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Filter COOLS the smoke...
as it CLEANSES the smoke
THE changeable filter has a patented construction that keeps flakes and juices out of the mouth. Royal Demuth Filter Pipe is age-mellowed, carefully seasoned, exquisitely finished.
If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.
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"In evaluating the merits of parties and candidates we must include all issues—those touching the life of Negroes as a group as well as those affecting the entire country. The party or candidate who refuses to help control prices, or fails to support the extension of social security, or refuses to support a progressive public program for full postwar employment, or opposes an enlarged and unsegregated program of government-financed housing, or seeks to destroy organized labor, is as much the enemy of Negroes as is he who would prevent Negroes from voting.

"We insist upon the right to vote in every state, unrestricted by poll taxes, white primaries, or lily-white party conventions, the gerrymandering of districts, or any other device designed to disfranchise Negroes and other voters. . . .

"The ever-serious evil of lynching and mob violence has become more critical as a result of unrestrained violence against Negroes in the armed services. No national administration can merit the support of Negroes unless it is committed to a legislative and administrative program for the elimination of this national disgrace.

"Negroes will not any longer accept the subterfuge of those who claim to favor anti-lynching, anti-poll-tax and other progressive legislation, yet refuse to invoke cloture so that their votes can be registered. Negroes will expect both major parties and all candidates for Congress not only to commit themselves to such legislation, but also to support such reasonable limitation of debate as may be necessary to bring these measures to a vote.

"The program now being carried on through the Fair Employment Practice Committee to secure and protect the right to work without racial or religious discrimination must be continued and expanded during and after the war. . . .

"No injustice embitters Negroes more than continued segregation and discrimination in the armed forces. The national policy of segregating Negroes in the armed forces violates every principle of democracy. Any party or candidate that hopes to win the support and respect of Negroes and all progressive groups must prove their belief in democracy by adopting a democratic program for the integration of all Americans into unsegregated military forces. . . .

"We believe that political and economic democracy must displace the present system of exploitation in Africa, the West Indies, India, and all other colonial areas. We insist that all parties and candidates formulate a foreign policy which will recognize China as an equal partner with America, England, and Soviet Russia, and which will resolutely and unequivocally oppose either perpetuation or extension of exploitations based upon 'white superiority' or economic or political advantage to 'white' nations at the expense of the two thirds of the people of the earth who are brown, yellow, or black of skin. . . .

"We repudiate all persons, Negro and white, who attempt for personal profit to 'deliver the Negro vote.' . . ."

The Republican platform pledged Congressional support of legislation to make the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice a permanent agency. (Elsewhere in the platform, however, the Republicans pledged to vest in the states complete control of employment services. Thoughtful Negroes interpret that as negation of much that the FEPC can do against discrimination in government and industry.) The G. O. P. also pledged legislation against lynching, but without specifying whether federal or state legislation is meant; promised a Congressional investigation of discrimination against and segregation of the Negro in the armed services,

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and endorsed a constitutional amendment to abolish the poll tax.

Because a constitutional amendment requires a two-thirds affirmative vote by both houses of Congress and ratification by the legislatures of three fourths of the states of the Union, Negroes place little hope in a constitutional amendment for the abolition of the poll tax within any measurable period of time.

The Republican nominee, Mr. Dewey, has as yet created little enthusiasm among Negro voters. Held against him are his pocketing of legislation recommended by a New York State committee appointed to investigate discrimination in war industries and his appointment of a new committee to traverse the same ground and to report some time in 1945. Led by Dr. Channing H. Tobias, distinguished Negro leader who had been a close associate of Mr. Dewey, a large number of members of the committee resigned in protest against the governor's action. On the new committee Mr. Dewey was able to get only two Negroes to serve, one of them a political appointee. Particularly harmful to Dewey, so far as Negroes are concerned, is his party's advocacy of "states' rights," the doctrine of the anti-Negro South which Negroes hate and fear.

To the Negro it has come to mean the machinery and excuse for a completely free hand by his worst enemies in perpetuating disfranchisement, lynching, unequal job and educational opportunity, and segregation for Negroes.

On the Democratic side the view to the Negro is equally depressing. It is lightened only by the liberalism of the President in the '30s and of men like Senator Wagner, a liberalism which resulted in legislation to protect the bargaining rights of workers, social security, housing, and other benefits from which the Negro has also profited. But these are offset by domination of the Democratic Party by the Southern wing, a seeming tendency on the part of the President now to cater to the anti-Negro segment of his party, the sidetracking of Henry Wallace, who alone had the courage to speak out at the Chicago Democratic Convention for justice to minorities, and the pathetically inadequate Negro plank in the party platform.

So bitter was Negro reaction against the Democrats immediately after the convention that the tide swung sharply away from that party toward its opponents, despite Negro skepticism of the G. O. P. and its candidates. But that tide was abruptly checked on August 11 when Republican senators voted almost unanimously for the George "states' rights" postwar unemployment bill, which vested absolute control in the several states, though much of the money would come from the federal treasury for those services.

Long and unhappy experience has taught the nine million Negroes who yet live in the South and the four million who reside in other parts of the country that they can expect little but crumbs of democracy as long as the Southern Negro is voteless. When the Republican platform promised federal aid to education but pledged to vest control of that aid in the states, Negroes knew that meant perpetuation of the three-to-one ratio of expenditure of state funds for education of whites and Negroes in the South. So, too, did they look with alarm upon the G. O. P. platform pledge to put complete control of employment services and other agencies designed to help the little man in the hands of the states.

The Negro is aware that his chances are virtually worthless of getting other than low-paid menial employment, whatever his qualifications, in a federally-financed but state-controlled employment service in postwar Mississippi or South Carolina.

When this article was written, the Negro vote had not yet chosen sides for 1944. But during recent weeks I have talked with many hundreds and have had correspondence with many thousands of Negro men and women in all sections of the country. These contacts reveal, first, that the Negro vote is today the most independent vote in the country, so far as party affiliations are concerned; second, that the majority of Negroes will decide how they will vote on the basis of what happens between now and November; third, that the Presidential candidate and party will gain the Negro's support which most honestly, vigorously, and successfully fight for legislation to make the FEPC permanent, to make attacks on men and women in uniform a federal offense, to outlaw lynching and the poll tax, to extend public housing, to grant federal aid to education, and to provide major extensions and improvements in the social security system.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, after several glasses of port one afternoon, set out with a companion to go to tea at a house where he had been once before. When they reached the street, Sir Arthur could not remember the number of the building. "Never mind," he said—and proceeded to walk up to every door in turn and give its boot scraper a gentle kick with his foot.

"Here we are," he said at last. "E flat!"

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Have you found it difficult to keep *your* hair looking attractively groomed? And that combing it down with water only leaves hair stiff, standing on end or stringing down after the water dries? Then *do* try Kreml at once!

Kreml makes hair so much easier to comb. It keeps stubborn hair *neatly* in place all day long. So *naturally lustrous.* So *handsome* yet so *masculine* looking! Hair *never* looks greasy or "glued down," when you use Kreml!

Kreml also relieves itching of dry scalp and removes unsightly dandruff flakes. Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy it at your drug-store. Use Kreml daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.

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Nothing takes the place of BACARDI
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Juice of half a lime, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some finely chipped ice...
plus this...
One jigger of Bacardi (White or Silver Label) shake well, strain, serve...
equals this...
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In all the world no drink is more famous than the Bacardi Cocktail. Prepared the one and only way, as shown above, with the one and only Bacardi . . . it is the most delicious of all Cocktails. According to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936, a Bacardi Cocktail *must* be made with Bacardi, a name renowned over 82 years for matchless quality.

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Back our fighting forces with fighting dollars . . . sign up for more war bonds today. You can't put any pen to better use.

INK-O-GRAPH $2

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WING MAN

Continued from Page 38

about. When suddenly it was there, he hit it like a wall, sideways, and was half stunned. Slowly, groggily, he inflated his dinghy and climbed onto it. The sea was icy as death. He knew his chances. A wet man in the Channel is a poor insurance risk.

AN Air Sea Rescue launch, vectored by a plane that had spotted the tiny yellow dot in the sea, pulled him out the next day, at twilight. Then, for a week it was touch-and-go. Pneumonia complicated things. In another two weeks he was trying to curse his way out of the hospital.

Katie came to see him on a Tuesday.

"I couldn't get away before today," she said, when they were outside, trying to get a bit of sun and privacy. "You're looking swell, Mort."

He was horribly embarrassed. "Katie—what about that letter? Silly stuff. You know. A guy—moment—"

"Did you write me since you've been here?"

But of course—it wouldn't have been given to her until he'd been missing ten days, and he hadn't been missing that long. "Why—I guess I didn't mail it."

"What did it say?" she persisted, with a woman's intuition.

"Any news from Bill Hastings?"

"Didn't you hear? Bill walked in yesterday. Beat his way across the country."

"I want to see Bill! Why didn't he come up with you?"

"I asked him to. But he thought it might be—well, awkward, is what he said."

Morton frowned. "I don't get it. Just before he went down we sort of—it seemed like the past was gone, and all that."

Very casually Katie said, "He thought you'd want to see me alone."

"I haven't got anything to say to you that he—"

Morton stopped.

"Oh," Katie said quietly, "*haven't* you?"

"Well—I'm no rat. You're engaged to him. He asked you to marry him."

Her head tilted, half reprovingly, half saucily. "Do I look like the sort of girl who'd be going out with you *if* I had accepted Bill?"

"Oh."

"Mort, you needed a little disciplining all around. And maybe my hand still stung a bit. But enough's enough."

"But—Bill's a colonel—"

"*Lieutenant* colonel."

"All right, lieutenant colonel. But I'm only a plain lieutenant. And he's one of the leading aces, and—well, hell, Bill's a great guy, and I'm only—"

"That's all right, honey," she said. "A girl can't argue with love. Maybe I'm making a terrible mistake—but I'll take you just as you are."

IT was four months later that the PRO, sitting one morning with his feet on the desk, reading the Stars and Stripes, suddenly said, "Well!"

The sergeants paused to listen.

"It says here that J. J. Morton just donated money for a whole squadron of Mustangs."

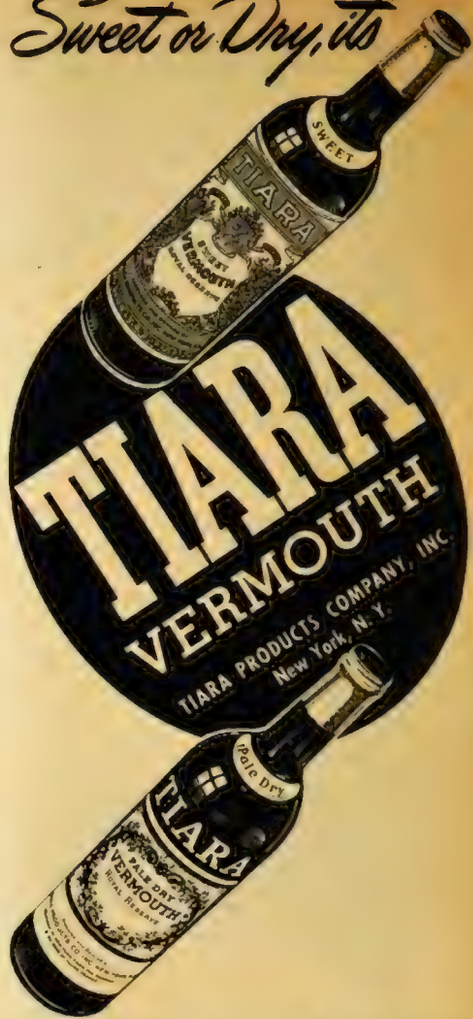
The sergeants whistled.

"And all it says about him is this: 'J. J. Morton is the father of Captain Robert G. Morton, Mustang pilot whose score of victories makes him number three among ETO aces.' He's only the father to the pilot now. I'll bet old J. J. just simply loves that!"

But, curiously enough, J. J. did.

THE END

Sweet or Dry, it's



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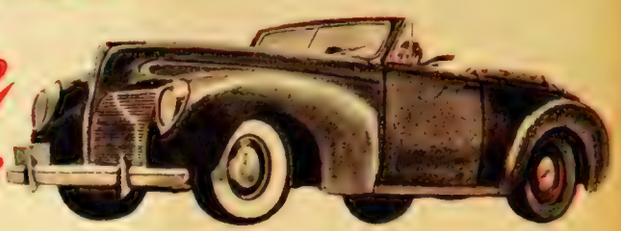

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IT'S AN ENGINEER'S WAR

Continued from Page 21

gineer troops were laying down landing mat on a coral runway more than a mile long.

Seventy thousand cubic yards of soil had been moved from the runway and replaced with coral dug from the drainage ditches. The pay-off on that earth-moving job is that we were soon on New Britain, in position to put the squeeze on Rabaul.

The most surprising thing about the development of the bulldozer and its related heavy earth-moving machinery as revolutionary weapons of this war is the fact that none of it is entirely new—to peacetimes at least. As early as 1928, when the Corps of Engineers had to control the lower Mississippi floods from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf, equipment manufacturers helped develop American machinery that could move earth faster than anything had ever moved it before. They had to. The job of placing a billion cubic yards of earth in the river levees couldn't have been done otherwise. Bulldozers, dump trucks, power shovels, and draglines whipped the raging Father of Waters.

So while the tree dozers on Bougainville and the big bull graders on Burma's Ledo Road inspired awe in others, Engineer officers took them for granted. They remembered too well how tree dozers had cleared floodways in Louisiana's jungle swamps. To men trained in the Army Engineers' river and harbor and flood-control work, the war is just a somewhat bigger job of shoving earth around.

WHAT is unique about the bulldozer is that the American Army was the first in the world to see its military possibilities, even though it had been well known to construction men the world over. Its origin is uncertain. Some claim that it had its birth in Milwaukee some years ago when a board was attached to a tractor to shove junk and garbage. However that may be, American Engineers fought for its adoption as a standard combat weapon, and as a result, the Army's work power was stepped up on a scale commensurate with the increase in fire power and mobility.

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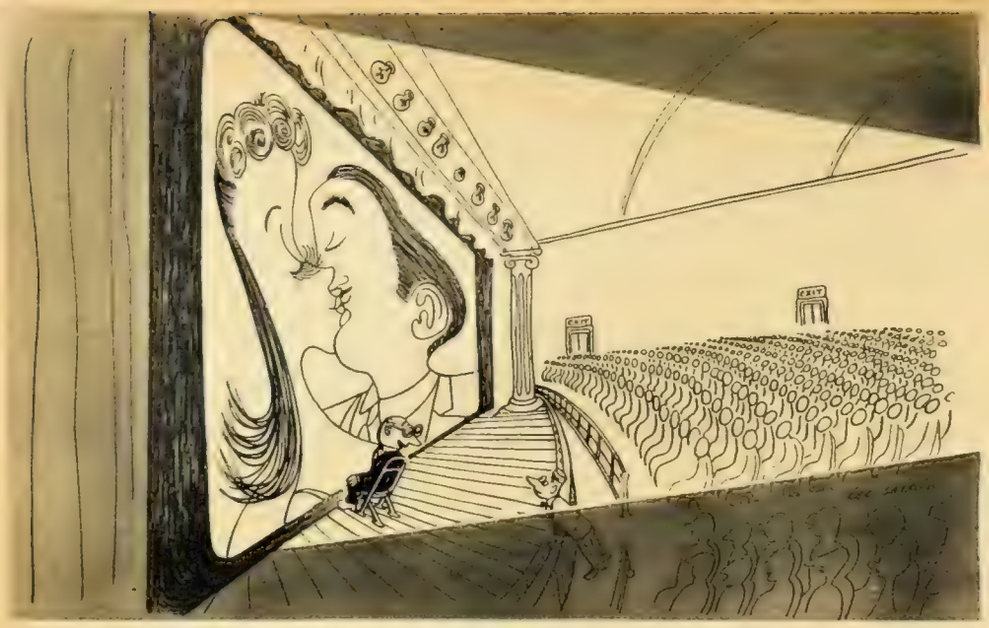

"I'm nearsighted!"

Aviation Battalion at Salerno wrote: "Such construction and transportation equipment . . . cannot be equaled by any other army in the world." His four angle dozers, seven graders, and twenty-two dump trucks had built one brand-new airfield within twelve working hours after landing and two more airfields within seven days, despite a private battle with the Luftwaffe and two hurried evacuations to escape enemy break-throughs.

Respect for this American-made equipment and for the speed with which it works is shared by our allies as well as by the Axis. At Foggia, for instance, the captured airdromes on that strategic plain were assigned to the R. A. F. for its operations, while the A. A. F. took those sites upon which new fields were to be built.

The reason was the American Engineers' ability to build an entirely new field in the same time it would take the British, not so well heeled with equipment, to repair an abandoned one.

The men who run the equipment are tough, too. The engineers who barged and manhandled their heavy stuff ashore on Adak, in the Aleutians, finished an air strip even before they pitched tents for shelter. Ernie Pyle came across an Engineer outfit in Central Africa, the first American troops to hit the Congo. They hadn't slept in a building since they left the States in the spring of 1942. "Hell, no," said one sergeant. "We build 'em; we don't use 'em."

AN observer for the General Staff at Salerno still holds his breath when he recalls what he saw there. A bulldozer had been hit and set afire by a German 88. Enough of it remained on the water's edge to make a good aiming point. Two Engineer soldiers brought up a Duck to pull the burning dozer out of the target area. The Duck was loaded with ammunition, but the two engineers appeared to be oblivious to the Nazi fire directed at their load. They finished the job.

And it was a bulldozer driver at Bône who caused Frenchmen to gape. Somewhere the driver, a huge rawboned Midwesterner, had picked up a large cabana umbrella, a reminder of the better days of Mediterranean resorts.

Under this canopy of bright orange and red and blue he bulldozed about his business, safe from whatever the weather might bring.

Yes, they catch the eye, these dozer soldiers. Here's what a writer for the British training magazine, War, had to say about one of the clan:

"The driver never made a false or an unnecessary move with his machine. He knew exactly where to come, what to do, the minimum distance to haul a truck before it could move under its own power again.

"He knew his equipment and it didn't seem that hell or high water would stop him, or disturb his placid enjoyment of chewing his gum!"

THE END

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"I'm an oldtimer in this yard—been working here on ships, as a machinist, for twenty-five years. But I never got such a kick out of my job as I'm getting now." Clarence E. Breyer, a veteran employee of Bethlehem's Baltimore ship-repair yard, speaking.

"I've always liked working on ships," continues Mr. Breyer, "but it's more than that, now. It's knowing that I'm really helping to win the war. It means a real thrill when word comes through that a ship I've worked on has done a fine job, such as running the gauntlet of a heavy air attack or helping to carry out a big landing operation overseas. Man, it's things like that that make you feel proud!"

★ ★ ★

Men and women of the Bethlehem production army have the satisfaction of playing an active part in the war.

They know that the steel they are making is going straight into planes, guns, ammunition, ships—and the thousand and one other vital war uses. They know that the warships and cargo vessels they are building and servicing will, often within a matter of weeks, be carrying supplies to Europe or hitting hard at the enemy in the Pacific.

When news came through of the sweep of Allied columns across France, of new Pacific landings by our forces, they knew that their jobs, their efforts, had helped to make those actions successful.

Bethlehem employees are part of an organization whose wartime assignment is to build a fleet of a thousand fighting ships and cargo vessels, and to repair and recondition thousands more; to produce over a million tons of steel a month, and vast quantities of guns and projectiles. The job is huge, but it is being done. The enemy is feeling every day the results of the industry and skill of Bethlehem men and women. No wonder they feel proud!

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BIG MONEY AND LITTLE EDDIE

Continued from Page 23

table, but if you knew how to get along with it you came out all right.

Eddie was making more money than ever. He actually bought me a solid diamond bracelet from Woolworth's which I did not like. When I told him so, he said what the heck, he had plenty of dough even with buying a bond every week, and if I did not like my bracelet to give it to the cat. He was very free with sodas too.

It was because we were chummier that he told me how he had taken bologna sandwiches to Miss Carson one night and she had never given him even a dime though he had run every step of the way. She just said thank you and asked him when he did his homework, and looking back I figure it was from that moment my brother began putting love outside his life.

SO it was no surprise to me when he announced to the family that he was changing positions again. Only grandpa made time to be indignant. "Time I was young we hung onto our jobs like grim death," he said.

"Why?" Eddie wanted to know. "Golly fishooks, there's always jobs."

"I wisht you'd stick to the delicatessen," grandpa remarked quite wistfully. We all knew he was thinking of those slices of buttered bread.

Eddie asked, sounding pretty hurt, "Isn't anyone interested in my new job?"

"Of course, son," mama said. "Tell us."

"I'm going into the newspaper game."

"I hope you didn't have to break your record by applying for this position," papa said.

Eddie just scoffed. "Course not. I took over some sandwiches and beer to the Morning Sun and the m. e.—"

"The what?" I wanted to know.

Eddie glanced at me scornfully. "That's the managing editor. His name's Burton."

Mama asked how Mr. Burton had gone about making his offer. She made the remark to papa that the technique of hiring boys was beginning to intrigue her.

"When I walked into the editorial room," Eddie began, "you never saw such excitement. A man who was a reporter grabbed me and he took me over to the m. e. and he called out, 'Look, look what I got! It's a boy! A real boy and he even looks bright.'" Eddie quoted that and I muttered like on the radio, "End quote."

"And Mr. Burton agreed that you looked bright?" Papa said.

"The m. e.," Eddie went on, "he said, 'Who cares if he's bright? He's got two legs.' And another reporter yelled, 'Don't let him get away!' And someone else ran up and took me by the collar. And when I told how I was working for Gus, the m. e. said if Gus was going to make a stink—"

"Eddie!" mama cried.

Eddie was real pained. "I'm just telling you, mama. He said if Gus was going to make a—a—you know, about losing me, why he said the Sun still had some influence in this town and they'd make the mayor close up Gus's, and someone else said why didn't the Sun have the legislature pass a law while they were about it so that newspapers could get a—now—priority on boys and—so well, now I'm a copy boy and that's all."

"What do you do, Eddie?" But even as I asked I was dead sure I knew. "I bet you took the position so's you could deliver the paper to that old Miss Carson."

If Eddie could of withered me he would of, only I am unwitherable. But papa explained what a copy boy does and grandpa said he hoped they'd all make things very, very pleasant for Eddie at the newspaper.

THEY certainly did. Eddie carted home heaps and heaps of copy paper and dozens of lovely lead pencils and old type, and our back yard began to look like it used to before Eddie went into businesses. I thought maybe he was getting his mind back to inventing things; or maybe, I thought, he was just lovelorn on account since he was busy with all these positions he never had time to hang around the halls at school to get even a look at Miss Carson.

I don't know of any way to find out things except by asking. So one day in the back yard, before school, I asked him if he was still in love.

"Me?" He looked positively uncredulous. "Don't know what you're talking about."

I told him, "Miss Carson." Furthermore I told him how I could plainly see she was getting worse than ever about Prof. Goodwell. Because even if Eddie is a nuisance, it is also true that a brother is one of the family, and families are thicker than water, as the saying is. So I did not want Eddie

(Continued on page 80)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

OF LIBERTY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the LIBERTY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul Hunter, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Edward Maher, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, John Dungan, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.) PAUL HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of September, 1944.

(Seal) EDITH M. GARRAMONE.

(My commission expires March 30, 1946)

The Debt...

Reported "Missing in action," he was found. He came back—carried in the arms of a primitive brown man, like a gift to the world—and he lived and went out again. They are doing this. Now — even as we read these lines — going out again and again. Their heroism is our constant reminder that "never before in history have so many owed so much to so few."

What is the debt we owe to our flyers and fighting men . . . and how can it be paid?

Our debt to them is security—permanent peace—jobs, and a better life than they left behind . . . and we who help to build the planes they fly have something to say about how that debt can be paid.

Today, the plants, skills and wartime developments of aviation offer us our most valuable single legacy of this war.

Nearly 200,000 planes since Pearl Harbor . . . 2,000,000 skilled workers and 3,000,000 superbly trained men of the air . . . 110,000 miles of new air routes opened during war . . . American-built air bases throughout the world . . . some 12,000 transport planes, compared to a pre-war air fleet of less than 400 planes.

This is American airpower—over 30 billion dollars' worth since Pearl Harbor! Here is the power to maintain peace and promote human betterment throughout the world. Here is the power to insure our national security and make a richer life for all in a new era of trade and transportation.

But many problems must be faced immediately, if we are to make the widest and wisest use of our airpower assets after the war:

Problems of reconversion and finance . . . the distribution of surplus aircraft . . . international agreements and our program of security . . . establishment of a definite airpower policy . . . encouragement for our overworked airlines, and modernization of domestic airways.

An airminded American people — insisting upon sound legislative planning now—can make of our airpower assets the greatest hope for permanent peace the world has ever known. The payment of our debt to the men who come back depends upon all of us here at home.

Look to the Sky, America!

Thousands of C-46 Commandos—world's largest twin-engine transport planes—are today flying on the toughest air routes in the world. Three-fourths of the supplies ferried into China, for instance, are transported by Commandos "over the hump" on the aerial Burma Road.

Newest and deadliest dive bomber of the U. S. Navy, Curtiss SB2C Helldivers spearheaded the Marianas attack of Task Force 58, in America's greatest victory since Midway. The Helldiver is powered with Wright Cyclone engine harnessed to a Curtiss 4-bladed propeller.

Only U. S. fighter plane in quantity production at the start of war, the veteran Curtiss P-40 Warhawk is still in the fight. The extreme versatility of this plane, in its many improved versions, has made it the only plane of its type to fight the war from start to finish.

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(*Continued from page 78*)

to waste the best years of his life on a woman whose heart she wished belonged to another. "She would certainly and entirely get married with Prof. Goodwell if she could," I said.

"Well then, why don't she?" he asked.

"I guess Prof. Goodwell won't propose."

Since Eddie was with the Sun he had learned how to interview people. "Why won't he propose?" he said.

"I suppose he doesn't want to."

Eddie couldn't see why that made any difference. "All men get married," he pointed out. "I don't imagine it matters whether a man wants to or not. He just does and Prof. Goodwell has another guess coming if he goes and considers himself unique or something."

I was feeling pretty hopeless though. It would of been so grand if Miss Carson stopped being my teacher and got married before examinations because I am not good in arithmetic, and it seems to me she simply goes out of her way to prove my problems are wrong. "Well," I said to my brother, "there's nothing we can do."

"Oh yeah?" he kind of drawled. It was then I should of suspected something. Only who would ever have thought that a boy would have any ineative?

It was just two mornings after Eddie and I had our tatatay that papa, who was reading the Morning Sun at breakfast in spite of mama, remarked in a surprised way, "Well, I see that your Miss Carson is going to marry Prof. Goodwell."

For a minute I was just stunned. "Is it in the paper? Let me see."

Papa passed the Sun over and under where it said Local Gossip there it was as big as life: "Miss Irma Carson is getting ready to get married with Prof. Wilbur Goodwell."

"Funny way of writing it," papa said.

Eddie simply bristled. "What do you mean, funny?"

I shrieked. "Eddie! Eddie wrote it!" It was the first time in all my life I was proud of him. I must admit I thought it was wonderful that he thought up doing it. I knew perfectly well that if Miss Carson had her engagement announced, Prof. Goodwell couldn't do anything about it and besides and moreover she wouldn't let any old examinations go and interfere with her getting her dreams to come true. "Eddie put that in the paper all himself," I explained to papa.

Papa's voice was slow and even like a steam roller. "Eddie Southwick, is what your sister says true?"

Even grandpa was real interested. "You stick that in without anyone knowing, Eddie?"

"Without even Miss Carson or Prof. Goodwell knowing," I told them.

"Did you, Eddie?" papa persisted.

I knew by that time that papa wasn't pleased. Papa was in a panic.

"Sure I put it in," Eddie answered. I knew right then and there I'd of found something else to answer papa. But that boy, no ineative as I said.

Papa kind of clutched his hair and moaned, "Oh-oh!"

"What is it?" mama cried, coming in with more pancakes.

Grandpa reached over and took the three top ones. "Eddie's been fired," he chuckled.

Mama sank into her chair. "Oh, Eddie, why have you? What have you done?" She turned to papa. "I was so happy to have him in the newspaper business like Mr. Pulitzer and Walter Winchell."

"He's undoubtedly got me into a lovely lawsuit," papa gasped, "and all I needed right now is a lawsuit!"

"I have not been fired!" Eddie declared.

"You don't know it," grandpa said comfortably, "but you have. Even with this dearth of boys there's got to be a limit to what employers'll stand."

"But, Eddie, what did you do?" mama begged to know.

"Well, there was all that copy paper and those typewriters," Eddie began, "and I wasn't doing much between editions. So I sort of begun writing, and then when they sent me to the composing room with a bunch of copy I kind of—" He stopped and then ended very modestly, "Oh, shoot! Almost anyone could of done it."

"He announced the engagement of that Carson teacher and Prof. Goodwell!" papa explained or exploded.

I might as well say right now that what Eddie did worked, and get on to more important things than marriages. I'll just remark how Miss Carson was being congratulated all over the school that day and Prof. Goodwell too, by some.

But what grandpa had said about Eddie's being fired had me a little confused like the old generation is always doing. So after school I decided to take a walk and in a little while there I was in front of the Sun office and I thought that if Eddie was really fired I'd like to be the first to know. So I went in.

"Is my brother still working here?" I asked a man.

"Brother?" he said. "Have you a lovely Four-F brother, little girl?"

I told him, "I have Eddie Southwick."

A sad look came into the man's eyes. "No, dear little Eddie isn't with us any more."

IT was a great shock to find grandpa had been right about something. Then I remembered how much it meant to me, what Eddie had done, and I wanted to stick up for him. "About him writing that up about Miss Carson—"

"Oh, that," the man said. "We found out about that, of course. But our mistake was in even mentioning it to Eddie."

I asked why.

"Eddie considered we were criticizing," the man said. "Eddie replied he didn't have to be talked to like that. We did everything we could. We told him he could write stuff for the hellbox every day, but he insisted we take his resignation."

They certainly use lovely words around newspapers. "Are you the m. e.?" I asked.

The man said no and pointed to where the m. e. was sitting.

When I got home they were all at the table and I heard Eddie saying, "But I've got enough money. Golly fishooks, I got my pile of war bonds. I'm pretty well fixed. Why should I go on killing myself on any old job? Golly fishhooks," he said, "a fellow gets to a point where he's got a right to take it easy."

I slipped into my chair and mama said how I shouldn't ought to be late and grandpa said that when he was young he wouldn't of been given any supper. I just let them talk. I took a lot of butter and then I told them. "I've got a job."

Everyone stopped eating, even Eddie.

Then mama and papa and grandpa all said at once, "You've got a job?"

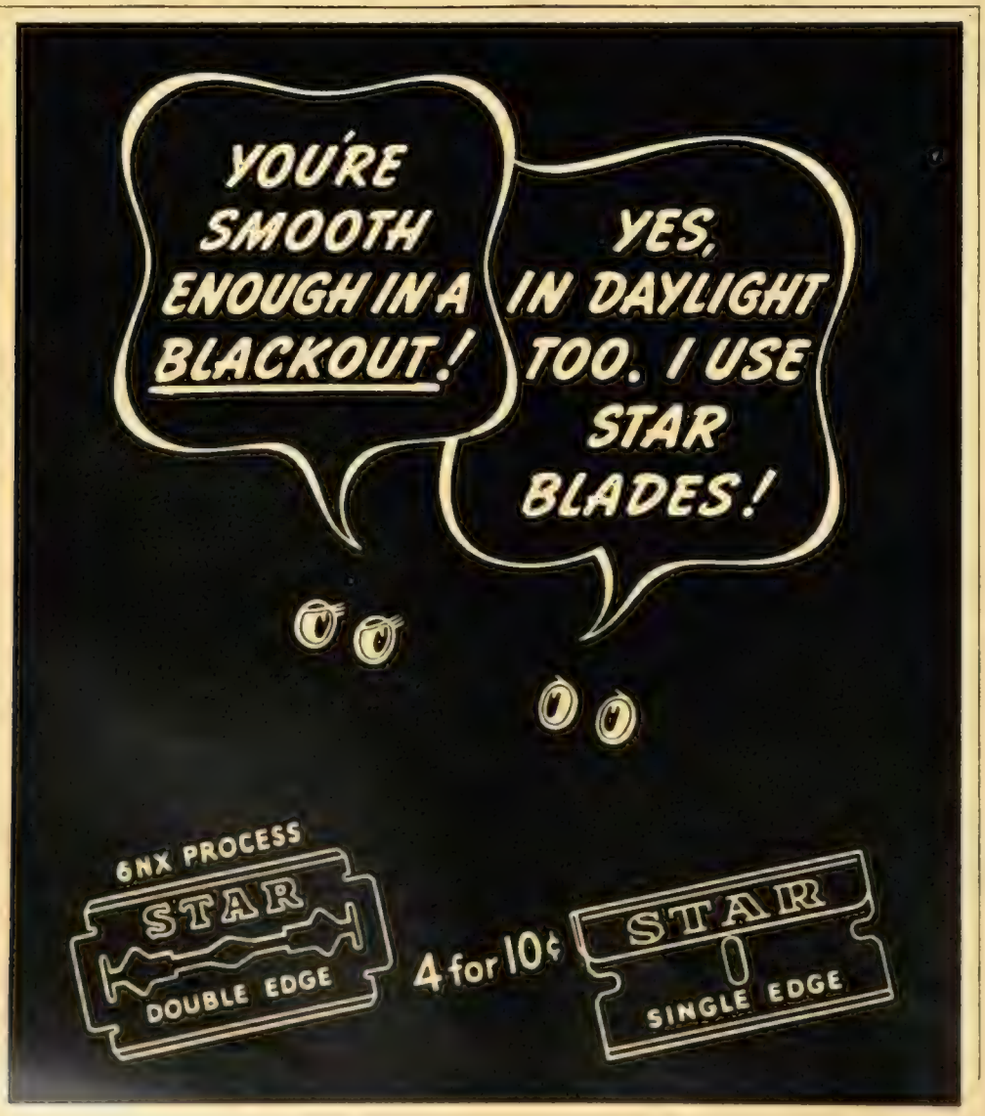
"I'm the copy boy on the Morning Sun," I told them. "I'm the first girl to be a copy boy the paper ever had."

Eddie was doing his best to look disgusted. "Yah," he said. "Yah. Well, O. K. You can take my leavings."

"Leavings nothing," I laughed. "I didn't have to start with any old grocery store or delicatessen and work up. I stepped right in because I've got ineative!"

P. S. I didn't pass my arithmetic examination even with my new teacher.

THE END



Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start*.

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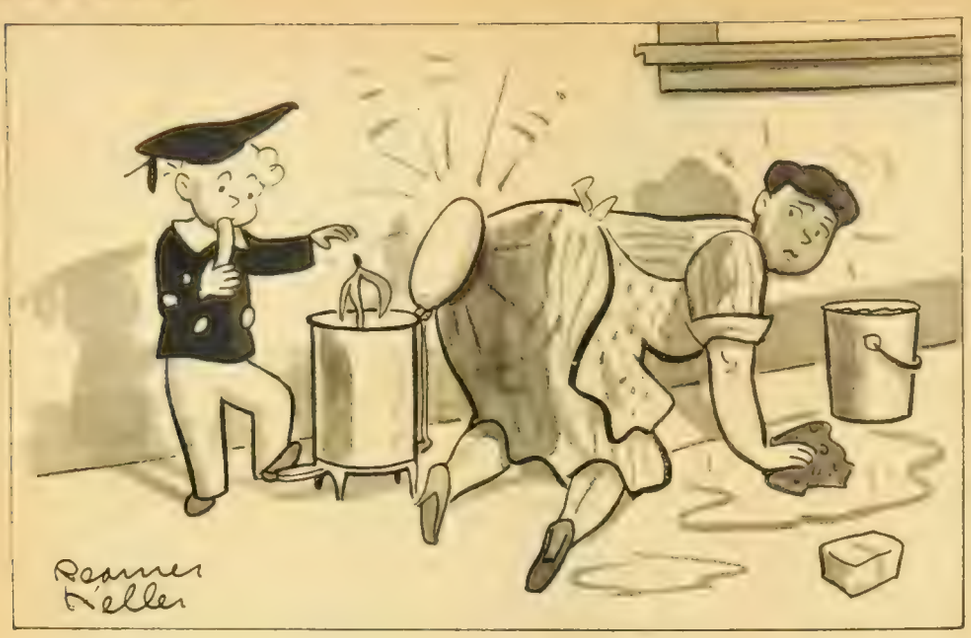

RADIO'S ONE-MAN CIRCUS

Continued from Page 31

electric iron. A split second before, the assistant whispered that the iron had short-circuited. "A short order," gagged Brad, but he did it.

He hissed and spluttered and the noise that came out was far more realistic than the iron ever could have been. In fact, it was so good that henceforth he was known in the sound studios as "the fried egg."

When talkies ended such unnatural feats, Brad tried his hand at directing. He did two color films on his own—writing, directing, and cutting. Then Pathé hired him again. This time he was an ace director, not a rooster. After Mother's Boy, which starred Helen Chandler and Morton Downey, Brad directed twenty-four two-reelers for them. He was casting for another film the day Pathé's Harlem studios went up in smoke.

That fire was almost like a portent to Brad. "Once a Barker, always a barker," he says wryly. He might have gone to Hollywood, where most of the studios were by then. Instead, he went back to radio in 1930. Except for time out to do the Buck pictures, he's been there ever since.

Although Brad's career can hardly be described as a quiet one, his domestic life is as calm as a tree on a windless day. The only jarring note in the Barkers' five-room terraced apartment in uptown Manhattan is the sound of the telephone. It's constantly jangling with studio calls for Brad. "Some day," sighs his wife, Mae, "when Brad retires, we're going to get a little place in the country—and no telephone."

Every spring Brad gets what Mae calls his "circus itch." He hasn't missed a circus within traveling distance—that means anywhere from Connecticut to Philadelphia—in forty years. That love dates back to the time he was a youngster of five on his grandfather's farm in Hempstead, Long Island. His grandpappy, a friend of P. T. Barnum, took him to the circus and introduced him to the great Barnum in person. He's never forgotten that meeting.

"He wore white kid gloves," relates Brad with small-boy awe, "the whitest gloves I've ever seen. He took one off with a great flourish and shook my hand."

There's a picture of Barnum in his circus room. Once Brad gets a stranger in that room, it's good-by, time. He's a great story-teller anyway, but that room really sets him going. The walls are plastered with gaudy circus posters dating back to the '80s, with mounted animal heads and signed photographs of great performers, past and present. Volumes of circus literature are stacked in one corner, including the autographed works of Courtney Ryley Cooper, who was one of Brad's most beloved friends. Candy-striped canvas drapes hang at the windows. A genuine elephant's foot serves as the base for a smoking stand.

For years Brad has been making 16-mm. color films of the circus. He's got reel upon reel of old acts that'll never play again, the

(Continued on page 85)

"Aim to kill gossip!"—says HI to HATT
There's flocks-a rumors flyin' what a patriot must kill
Yeah—someone's always spyin', so the blabbers should keep still!
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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IF you guys will take a back seat for a couple of minutes, we'll dedicate the opening part of today's column to the ladies.

First, here's a salute to the 40,000 members of the Army Nurse Corps who, by the terms of a Presidential order signed under authority of the recently enacted Public Law 350, have achieved full military status —with the same pay and prerogatives as other officers—for the first time since the corps' organization in 1901.

Hitherto, the nurses have held what was

Full-fledged

termed "relative rank," which carried subordinate status and limited authority. Now when you salute a nurse you're extending military courtesy to a gal who's every inch an officer. They're no longer an auxiliary, but a full-fledged Army branch—and one which thousands of our wounded will remember with undying gratitude.

We had only 403 Army nurses at the time of Pearl Harbor. Despite the vast expansion of their corps of nurses, both the Army and the Navy still need more. They'll be recruited for the next few months at the rate of 1,000 additional per month for the Army and 500 for the Navy, officials have announced.

Sister, if you're a registered nurse and eligible for service, you couldn't possibly do more for your country at this time than to volunteer for one of these two branches. Talk it over at your local Red Cross chapter.

And you young girls who are ambitious for careers, have you considered nursing? The Cadet Nurse Corps offers free training. Get the details at your local Red Cross or the nearest Army recruiting station.

Navy nurses, by the way, preceded their Army sisters by more than a year in obtaining full military status.

Before disbanding this session of the ladies' auxiliary, I guess I'd better run a letter from Corporal Sara, a WAC, who complains, from Abilene, Texas, that I haven't done right by Frank Sinatra.

She referred to letters I used from a couple of overseas soldiers who were retained in service despite perforated eardrums, and who wanted to know why Sinatra was turned down by the draft because of the same defect. I explained that Sinatra's rejection was strictly in line with a revised Selective Service order against taking further perforated-eardrum cases, and I agreed with one of the G. I.s—who was then on a steady K. P. assignment—that Sinatra probably could peel spuds as well as he could.

But Corporal Sara yells, "Unfair!"

"Few are the 4-Fs who have done as much to win this war as Frankie," she writes. "He pays more than a quarter of a million dollars in taxes, has raised more than a million in war bonds, and has given lots of shows for servicemen. They seem to like him, too; at least, I saw some applauding recently about as much as us girls.

"He's done a lot to help recruiting, also. I'd like to quote from a letter from my sister, a lieutenant overseas. She wrote: 'We saw a Sinatra picture here last night and, believe me, you've never seen a happier bunch of girls. I bought a couple of Frank's records from a captain last week —and already they're almost worn out.'

"Can you name another 4-F who has done more? Semper Sinatra!"

O. K., Sara. Who am I to argue with 80,000 WACs? Bravo Bing!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I thought I knew all the various types of landing craft we have been using, but LBK has me stopped. Could you tell me what sort of contraption that one is?

Pfc. E. H., Washington, D. C.

It's Landing Boat, Kitchen, and it prepares hot food for small landing craft that have no galleys.

* * *

Sarge, I put in nine months in Italy, qualifying myself for one gold overseas stripe (representing six months), and leaving three months over. I think I'm taking another boat ride soon—to the Pacific war. Will I get credit for that extra three months toward my second overseas stripe, or do I start from scratch?

Cpl. B. E., Rome, Ga.

Three months after sailing from an American port, you can sew on your second overseas stripe. When a G. I. does more than one period of active service overseas, the total number of months and days may be lumped in computing time.

* * *

If one of the dogs of the Army's canine corps is killed in action, how is the owner notified?

N. R., Seattle, Wash.

Canine casualty notices are transmitted by mail from the nearest office of the K-9 organization.

* * *

We enjoy your column, and I'm sending this culinary tip in the hope you will pass it on to some of your other overseas readers. Here in the jungles of Burma we've finally found a way of eating the notorious square biscuit, Type C. In its original

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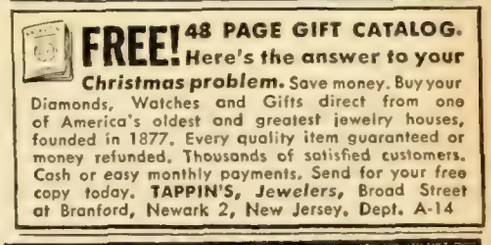
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state it becomes rather dull. But heat some bacon grease or butter to boiling, at a depth of two to three inches in the pan. Then take a biscuit and soak it in water a few minutes. It will swell to a thickness of about half an inch. Carefully drop it into the boiling grease. As soon as the biscuit has browned, roll it in sugar. You'll have a swell-tasting dessert that's really a treat!

Major F. J. S., M. C.,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Thanks, Major. That description set my mouth watering. Any recipe that makes a delicacy of issue chow is a welcome one, indeed.

* * *

Sarge, here's a question from Corsica, with a bet of $100 hanging on your answer. Is there a rule or law that the President, in his capacity of Commander in Chief, cannot wear a uniform?

Sgt. J. T., c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

LBK

You guys make me nervous when you hang bets that size on my word. But here goes. There's no law or regulation saying that the President may or may not wear the uniform of one of the armed forces. There's only tradition—yet no President thus far has been known to wear a uniform in his role of Commander in Chief of our Army and Navy.

* * *

I busted an ankle in a parachute landing and now I'm in the hospital. Will my extra allowance, or paratrooper's jump pay, be stopped while I'm laid up?

Pvt. J. R., Washington, D. C.

No. Men hurt while on parachute operations are entitled to receive their extra pay for three months while in hospital, according to AR 35-1495.

* * *

While gathering material for the scrap-paper drive, I came across an old magazine with an article on paratroopers. Since my son is now overseas with the paratroopers, I read the piece. It told of their strenuous training and then stated they couldn't buy insurance. Is that true?

Mrs. R. T. B., Brunswick, Ga.

That *was* an old magazine, mom! The truth is that paratroopers are eligible for National Service Life Insurance just as other soldiers are, and on the same terms.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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"Now, sir, what is *your* problem?"

(*Continued from page 82*)

only camera record of its kind anywhere. He's dubbed in the animal noises himself. Occasionally he shows it to high-school audiences in New York City and vicinity. The kids are wild about it.

Mae tries to encourage him to keep up with some of his other hobbies, like painting and sculpturing. Twenty years ago he made miniature plaster models of Broadway shows. Although he did them mostly for fun, they attracted so much attention that the Philip Morris Company gave him a $1,000 order for plaster cigarette designs. But, outside of a little cartooning, he hasn't bothered with his artistic leanings in recent years.

Brad is a wit and a wag, but he has no use for practical jokes. At least, none which involve animal imitations. He never uses his incredible talents to entertain guests or startle strangers. However, he admits that he was strongly tempted on one occasion. He was in the audience the night Wild Cargo opened at Radio City Music Hall. He sat directly behind two elderly ladies who clutched nervously at each other as the picture progressed. In one sequence where a tiger roared defiance at his captors, one of them shudderingly exclaimed, "Dear me, I wouldn't want to be within fifty miles of that beast!"

"My face was just about one foot from the back of her neck," chuckles Brad.

Only once has he offered an unsolicited public performance. It was an emergency. He was taking his nine-year-old Boston bull terrier, Mr. Chips, for a walk near his home. Suddenly a black mongrel dog bore down upon gentle little Mr. Chips, blood in his eye. Barker didn't have his resonator handy, but the roar he let loose could be heard in the Bowery. The black dog was last seen heading north on Route 9.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

It has been reported, although there may be a tinge of Yankee exaggeration to it, that the swift work of the Seabees is causing complications. The Seabees build roads so fast that the Japs, so it is said, are using them to retreat on.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

On board the pirate ship, Dona St. Columb awakens to a whole new world of romance.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK *(Paramount)*

Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova, Basil Rathbone

HERE'S a $4,000,000 package of romance made from Daphne du Maurier's swashbuckling novel. What with a lavish Technicolor display of gorgeous trappings straight out of the seventeenth century, costumes splendiferous enough to steal whole scenes on their own account, and a double measure of all the accepted romantic ingredients, you don't have to do a thing but soak it in.

The Lady Dona St. Columb (Joan Fontaine) is tired to death of her frivolous London life—and no wonder. Nothing seems to make much sense, especially the sinister overtures of her foppish husband's best friend (Basil Rathbone), so she ups and takes the children to a neglected family estate on the Cornish coast. Alone in the wind-swept spaces, it doesn't take Dona long to find that an exciting French pirate has been sleeping nights in the bedroom she plans to use. That's as good an introduction as any, and with the assistance of her major-domo (Cecil Kellaway), who's been in cahoots with the Frenchman all along, she visits his ship, hidden in a nearby creek, straightway falls in love with him, and even indulges in a little pirating, cutely disguised as a cabin boy. When her old life catches up with her, you get everything from some genuine Dumas swordplay to a grisly murder scene, with Dona and that dastardly London pursuer crawling breathless up the stairs.

Joan Fontaine, lovely as a period portrait, fills in her papier-mâché role with determined artifice; while Arturo de Cordova fits into the Frenchman's romantic boots with ease, assurance, and an attractive (Spanish) accent. Pictorially, this is one of the most sumptuous period pictures ever made. Now if you can manage to bring the hollow story to life with your own imagination—you'll have real romance.

Dona guards her secret while acting as gracious hostess to her husband's friends.

Aided by Sister Clothilde, John attempts a desperate escape from occupied France.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

(Paramount)
Ray Milland, Barbara Britton, Lucile Watson

THE valiant French underground is in for another bit of cinema exploitation here; but the old escape story is so closely interwoven with deeper themes that the melodrama often rings true.

The story begins in a convent in occupied France, full of Old World atmosphere, tranquillity, and glimpses of nuns and children living together in peaceful harmony. Into this idyllic retreat come two disturbing influences—the Nazis, who suspect the courageous mother superior (Lucile Watson) of harboring fugitives—and John (Ray Milland), a grounded American flier. The mother superior is shot; the flier is slated for the same fate unless he can be smuggled out of danger. When the French agent assigned to help him escape is caught, youthful Sister Clothilde volunteers, though it means leaving the safety of her beloved convent and posing as his wife.

In the dangerous, difficult days which follow, John carries on his masquerade as a shell-shocked French veteran, while Sister Clothilde pilots him through the countryside, nurses his wounds, and struggles with her own misgivings. Suspecting her doubts and terrors of earthly love, John gradually tries to impart to the young girl the meaning of his own deep and tender faith in his absent wife and son, and the spiritual reality of a happy marriage. By the time they reach their journey's end, Sister Clothilde is ready to sacrifice more than he knows in order to send him back to the life he loves.

The good things here—the excellent atmosphere, background of religious faith, and the delicate handling of the spiritual relationship between man and woman—are confusingly intermingled with sentimentality and movie heroics. So don't be surprised if it's a bit hard to decide whether to be bored or uplifted by it all.

STORM OVER LISBON

(Republic) Vera Hruba Ralston, Richard Arlen, Erich von Stroheim

IF you yearn for intrigue, espionage, and mystery, Continental style, whipped up with Lisbon fog and served with Hollywood sauce, here's your dish. Richard Arlen is a personable American with a Vital Secret on a piece of film (hidden in one of those candles). Vera Hruba Ralston lends a cool, polished glamour to the role of a beauteous lady spy who dances. Then there's ominous, white-gloved Erich von Stroheim, who incarcerates everybody en masse in his luxurious tower penthouse. All this makes no real dramatic pretensions, but furnishes a kind of ready-made escape from reality.

SPECIAL MENTION

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.
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BARGAIN HUNTER FOR THE WORLD

Continued from Page 27

culated skepticism on the buyers and the sellers of this world's goods.

He became a special agent in the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The thoroughness of his work soon brought him to the attention of Elmer L. Irey, chief of the unit, who has put most of the big-shot gangsters in prison for failing to remember about income tax. Within three years Mack was made head of the New England office of the Intelligence Unit, and in that job he sent a great many absent-minded criminals to jail.

A little later, at the suggestion of his chief, he was performing special jobs for the Treasury Department. His reputation as a trouble shooter was excellent; so when serious trouble developed in the Treasury's Procurement Division, Secretary Morgenthau turned to him.

Mack was assigned to survey all the operations of the division.

One of his first recommendations was to fire 600 employees. In June, 1940, he was named Director of Procurement. Since then he has completely revised the procurement technique. Separate government departments were all shopping on their own and paying a wide variety of prices. They had duplicating warehouses, most of them only half full, in cities all over the United States. Along with the war job, Mack is getting this tangle straightened out.

He has created and nurtured a new philosophy of buying. He has set up requisites for his officers that were unprecedented. He even wrote a 398-page book on Federal Procurement, subtitled A Manual for the Information of Federal Purchasing Officers. The remarkably comprehensive volume, incidentally, is required reading for the purchasing class at American University, of which Mack is professor.

Up to 1944 his division had spent more than three billion dollars for lend-lease materials, a billion and a half for emergency relief, including expenditures under the Work Projects Administration, 221 million since 1933 for ordinary purchases for government buildings, 48 million for strategic and critical materials under the war program, 38 million for the Red Cross since 1941, and 36 million for Defense Housing.

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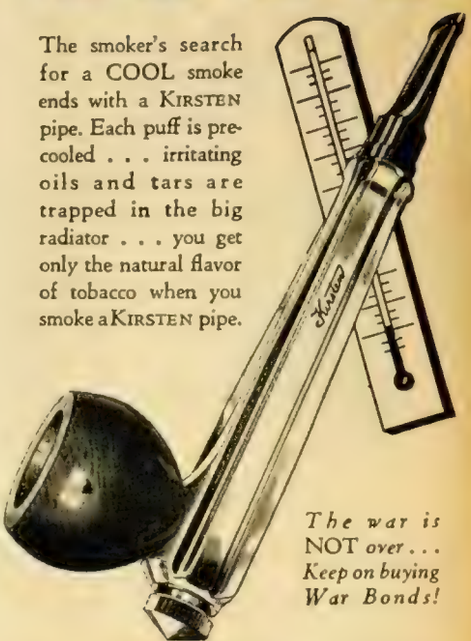

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Visitors to the central Procurement office building in southwest Washington do not realize that it is the nerve center of purchasing for a world at war. There is an air of quiet efficiency about the place. The four glass-partitioned salesrooms, to be sure, are crowded with factory representatives meeting some of Mack's 100 buyers, but the conferees are not noisy, even when they overflow into the hall.

On another floor are many of the 22,000 different items catalogued in the division's bulky General Schedule of Supplies, a kind of Sears Roebuck index of the articles most frequently needed by governmental agencies. The agencies thumb through the procurement catalogue when they need an item, get its number, and order it from Mack. If he hasn't got it in stock, he sends the order on to the proper supply house. The federal warehouse in Washington handles about fifteen tons of goods every hour.

With the end of the war drawing closer, Mack faces a new task of towering proportions. Under the supervision of Ernest L. Olrich, who was appointed last May by Secretary Morgenthau to oversee the disposal of the Procurement Division's war surplus consumer goods, Mack will direct the details of sales to the public of such consumer goods as desks, typewriters, drugs, shoes, trucks, lumber, electrical equipment, and a variety of other commodities.

He has already been getting experience in his new line. In the year ending last February 1, the Procurement Division sold approximately $100,000,000 worth of surplus property, ranging from grenade aprons, with a pocket for each grenade, to padlocks, and from smudge pots to bolos and machetes.

The division has just completed the sale at public auction of 20,000 horses, made available as a result of the Army's program of deactivating cavalry units. Professional auctioners were hired, and the government cleared an average of seventy dollars a head. As high as $700 was bid for a span of two mules.

Ten thousand used trucks are now being sold by Mack to established dealers at OPA ceiling prices. And 4,600 new motorcycles are in process of disposal. Just sold for a "take" of $837,000 were harnesses and saddles purchased during World War I. They have been kept in storage by the government ever since, and when it was decided recently that they would not be needed, on the block they went.

Forty-four saddle dealers participated in the purchase.

NOT infrequently Mack's role as surplus property recipient brings him some strange objects. Among the strangest were two massive limestone eagles that had perched atop the new Social Security Building in the capital. Passing citizenry protested that they could not help dodging wildly on looking up. Down came the stone eagles, promptly dubbed "Awful" and "Awfuller," and Mack found himself the only paternal claimant of the thirty-one-ton horrors.

Mack's one objective was to get rid of the ponderous pests. For once, money was no consideration. He offered them at public auction, and a Virginian rashly bid twenty-five dollars, or about $4,975 less than the government had shelled out for them. Reportedly the purchaser, after the lightning acceptance of his offer, confessed to friends he had been under the impression he was bidding for something else. At any rate, he finally sold them to a school for chiselers, and the Procurement office heaved an almost audible sigh of relief as one more job was brought to a magnificent conclusion.

THE END

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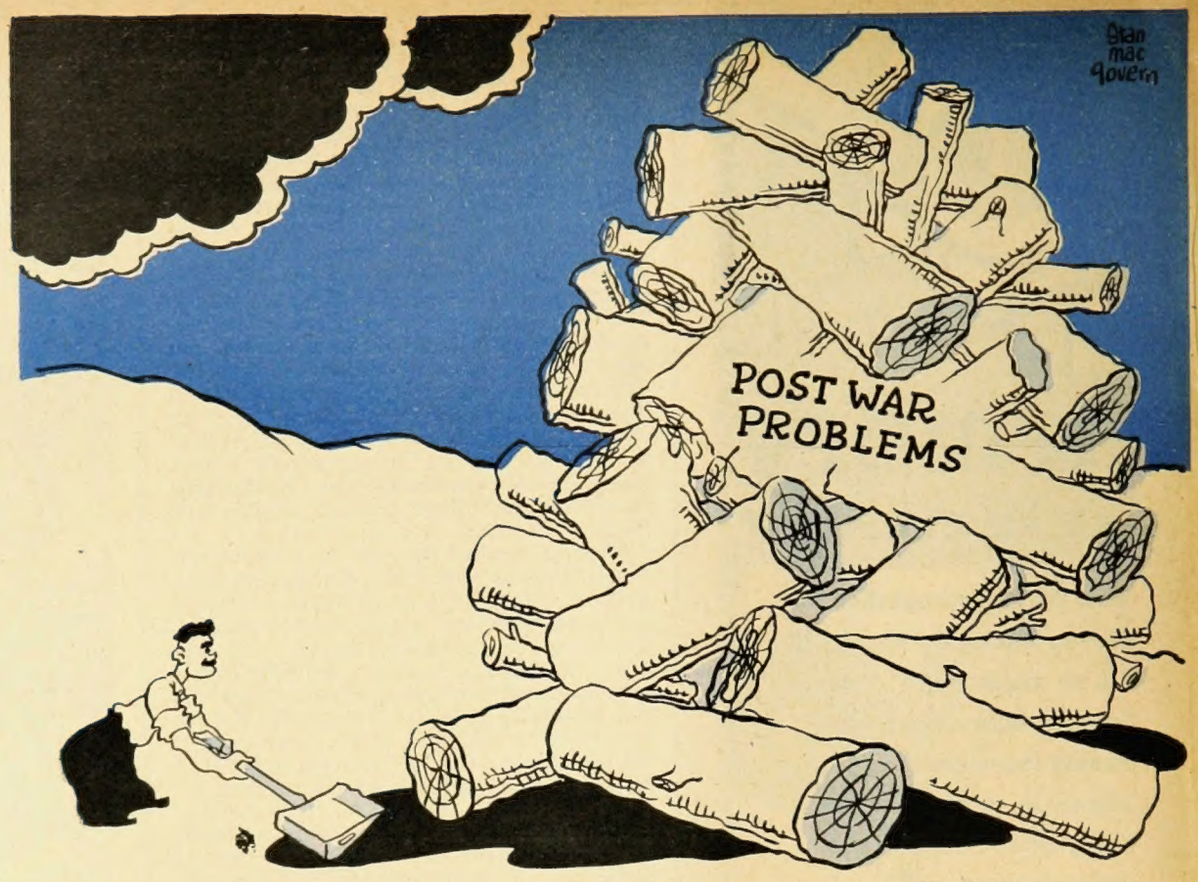

Is he big enough for the job?

WE'VE GOT OUR FINGERS CROSSED ON DEWEY

THE expression of editorial opinion in a weekly magazine such as Liberty is hampered by the fact that about one month elapses between the time an editorial is written and its appearance before the public. It is Liberty's intention to support without equivocation a candidate for President. However, due to the time factor, we will have to make up our minds before the campaigns are completed. In the weeks that remain before we must pick our man we hope the rival campaigns develop fully.

We hope particularly that Mr. Dewey will enlighten us more completely as to his ideas and his plans for handling the country's problems.

At the present writing Liberty's position is as follows: We believe Mr. Roosevelt has been in office too long already. He has stated that he prefers to retire to Hyde Park. We think he is sincere in this statement, and if there is an adequate replacement available, we think F. D. R. should be allowed to rest on his laurels. The people should not ask him to serve another four years if our interests as a nation will not suffer by electing a successor.

The big question, as we see it, is whether or not Mr. Dewey can fill the President's shoes during the coming four years. Mr. Dewey has quite a bit of ground to cover to prove that he can. An ability to criticize sharply is not nearly so important as concrete plans for governing the country in the critical years which lie ahead.

Through nearly twelve years of the New Deal we have been warned during and between election campaigns that it was ruining the country and destroying our American way of life. To date we are neither ruined nor has our way of life been destroyed. A man as smart as Mr. Dewey seems to be will realize that, and will give us something more than criticism of the present administration.

What we need are some new ideas. The American people want to know where they go from here. They want a blueprint for the future. They want a definite program for conducting the affairs of this country both at home and abroad.

The problems of demobilization and reconversion are of major proportions. They will require skilled handling, new ideas, and bold action. In the postwar years America will enter upon a new role in the world.

Whether we like it or not, we occupy a position of international leadership. To be successful at it requires knowledge of the world and its people, diplomatic sense, and shrewdness of the highest order.

Does Mr. Dewey possess the attributes needed to be a successful President in the years ahead? We hope so, but as yet we are not convinced.

Paul Hunter

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